

THE
WORKS
OF

Alexander Pope, Esq;

VOL. IV.

A



THE
WORKS
OF

Alexander Pope, Esq;

VOLUME the FOURTH.

CONTAINING THE
D U N C I A D,
I N
FOUR BOOKS.

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B Y

A U T H O R I T Y.

By virtue of the Authority in Us vested by the
Act for subjecting Poets to the Power of a Licensor, We
have revised this Piece; where finding the style and
appellation of KING to have been given to a certain
Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the name of
TIBBALD; and apprehending the same may be deem-
ed in some sort a reflection on *Majesty*, or at least an
insult upon that Legal Authority which has bestow-
ed on another Person the *Crown of Poesy*: We have
ordered the said *Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom*,
utterly to *vanish and evaporate* out of this work; and
do declare the said Throne of Poesy from henceforth
to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully
supplied by the LAUREATE *himself*. And it is here-
by enacted, that no other person do presume to fill
the same.

THE
DUNCIA D:

TO
DR JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK the FIRST.

A R G U M E N T.

The Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the original of the great Empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The College of the Goddesses in the City, with her private Academy for Poets in particular; the Governors of it, and the four Cardinal Virtues. Then the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her Sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on Bays, to be the instrument of that great event which is the Subject of the Poem. He is described pen-sive among his Books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her Empire. After debating whether to betake himself to the Church, or to Gaming, or to Party-writing, he raises an Altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his-unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddesses, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out, by casting upon it the poem of Thule. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds her Arts, and initiates him into her Mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden the Poet-Laureate, anoints him, carries him to Court, and proclaims him Successor.



B O O K L

THE mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings,

REMARKS.

The Dunciad.] It is an inconvenience to which writers of reputation are subject, that the justice of their resentment is not always rightly understood: for the calumnies of dull authors being soon forgotten, and those whom they aimed to injure not caring to recall to memory the particulars of false and scandalous abuse, their necessary correction is suspected of severity unprovoked. But in this case it would be but candid to estimate the chastisement on the general character of the offender, compared with that of the person injured. Let this serve with the candid reader in justification of the *Poet*; and, on occasion, of the *Editor*.

The Dunciad, sic MS. It may well be disputed whether this be a right reading; ought it not rather to be spelled *Dunceiad*, as the etymology evidently demands? *Dunce* with an *e*, therefore *Dunceiad* with an *e*. That accurate and punctual man of letters, the Restorer of Shakespeare, constantly observes the preservation of this very letter *e*, in spelling the name of his beloved author, and not like his common careless editors, with the omission of one, nay, sometimes of two *ee*'s, (as Shakspear) which is utterly unpardonable. "Nor is the neglect of a single letter so tri-

VARIATIONS.

l. 1. The mighty Mother, &c.] In the first edition it was thus:

Books and the Man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings.
Say, great Patricians! since yourselves inspire
These wond'rous works (so Jove and Fate require)
Say, for what cause, in vain decry'd and curs'd,
Still——

IMITATIONS.

Say, great Patricians! since yourselves inspire
These wond'rous works——

—Dii coeptis (nam vos mutastis et illas.) Ovid. *Met.* i.

I sing. Say you, her Instruments the Great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;

REMARKS.

"wial as to some it may appear; the alteration whereof in
"a learned language is an atchievement that brings honour
"to the critic who advances it; and Dr Bentley will be re-
"membered to posterity for his performances of this sort,
"as long as the world shall have any esteem for the re-
"mains of Menander and Philemon." *Theobald.*

This is surely a slip in the learned author of the forego-
ing note; there having been since produced by an accurate
antiquary, an *autograph* of *Shakspeare* himself, whereby
it appears that he spelled his own name without the first *e*.
And upon this authority it was, that those most critical co-
rators of his monument in Westminster-abbey erased the
former wrong reading, and restored the true spelling on a
new piece of old Egyptian granite. Nor for this only do
they deserve our thanks, but for exhibiting on the same
monument the first specimen of an *edition* of an author in
marble; where, (as may be seen on comparing the tomb
with the book) in the space of five lines, two words and a
whole verse are changed, and it is to be hoped will there
stand, and outlast whatever hath been hitherto done in pa-
per; as for the future, our learned sister-university (the other
eye of England) is taking care to perpetuate a *total new*
Shakspeare, at the Clarendon press. *Bentley.*

It is to be noted, that this great critic also has omitted
one circumstance; which is, that the inscription, with the
name of *Shakspeare*, was intended to be placed on the mar-
ble scroll to which he points with his hand; instead of
which, it is now placed behind his back, and that specimen
of an edition is put on the scroll, which indeed *Shakspeare*
hath great reason to point at. *Anon.*

Tho' I have as just a value for the letter *e* as any gram-
marian living, and the same affection for the name of this
poem as any critic for that of his author; yet cannot it in-
duce me to agree with those who would add yet another
to it, and call it the *Dunceiade*; which being a French and
foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely
English, and vernacular. One *e* therefore in this case is
right, and two *ee*'s wrong. Yet, upon the whole, I shall
follow the manuscript, and print it without any *e* at all.



You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst, 5
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first;

REMARKS.

moved thereto by authority, (at all times, with critics, equal, if not superior to reason.) In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praise my good friend, the exact Mr Tho. Hearne; who, if any word occur, which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the text with due reverence, and only remarks in the margin, *sic MS.* In like manner, we shall not amend this error in the title itself, but only note it *obiter*, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention. *Scribl.*

This Poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo; and three others in twelves the same year: but there was no perfect edition before that of London in quarto, which was attended with notes. We are willing to acquaint posterity, that this Poem was presented to King George II. and his Queen, by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9. *Schol. Vet.*

It was expressly confessed in the Preface to the first edition, that this Poem was not published by the Author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign country. And what foreign country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up at their pleasure.

The very *Hero* of the Poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we are obliged to open our Notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former editor, that this piece was presented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his *Hero* is the man

——who brings

The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings.

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this Prince conferred the honour of the *laurel*.

It appears as plainly from the *apostrophe* to the *Great* in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an author in fashion, or caressed by the *Great*: whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out

Say, how the Goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her Spirit o'er the land and deep.

REMARKS.

the true Hero ; who, above all other Poets of his time, was the *peculiar delight* and *chosen companion* of the nobility of England ; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the *earnest desire of persons of quality*.

Lastly, The sixth verse affords full proof ; this poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a *son* so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral capacities, that it could justly be said of him

Still Dance the Second reigns like Dance the First.

Bentley.

¶ 1. *The mighty Mother, and her Son, &c.*] The reader ought here to be cautioned, that the *Mother*, and not the *Son*, is the principal agent of this poem : the latter of them is only chosen as her colleague, (as was anciently the custom in Rome before some great expedition) the main action of the Poem being by no means the coronation of the Laureate, which is performed in the very first book, but the restoration of the empire of Dulness in Britain, which is not accomplished till the last.

Ibid. — *her Son, who brings, &c.*] Wonderful is the stupidity of all the former critics and commentators on this work ! It breaks forth at the very first line. The author of the critique prefixed to Sawney, a poem, p. 5. hath been so dull as to explain the *Man who brings, &c.* not of the Hero of the piece, but of our Poet himself, as if he vaunted that *Kings* were to be his readers ; an honour, which tho' this Poem hath had, yet knoweth he how to receive it with more modesty.

We remit this Ignorant to the first lines of the *Aeneid*, assuring him that Virgil there speaketh not of himself, but of Aeneas :

“ Arma virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab oris

“ Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit

“ Littora : multum ille et terris jactatus et alto,” &c.

I cite the whole three verses, that I may, by the way, offer a *conjectural emendation*, purely my own, upon each : first, *oris* should be read *aris*, it being, as we see, *Aen.* ii. 513. from the *altar* of Jupiter Hercaeus that Aeneas fled as soon as he saw Priam slain. In the second line I would read *fluit*

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
 Ere Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head, 10
 Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
 Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
 Fate in their dotage this fair Ideot gave,
 Gross as her fire, and as her mother grave;

REMARKS.

for *fato*, since it is most clear it was by *winds* that he arrived at the *shore* of Italy. *Factatus*, in the third, is surely as improperly applied to *terris*, as proper to *alto*; to say a man is *toss'd on land*, is much at one with saying *he walks at sea*: *Risum teneatis, amici*? Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to be, *vexatus*. Scribl.

ψ. 2. *The Smithfield Muses.*] Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew fair was kept, whose shews, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the rabble, were, by the Hero of this poem, and others of equal genius, brought to the theatres of Covent-Garden, Lincolns-inn-Fields, and the Hay-Market, to be the reigning pleasures of the court and town. This happened in the reigns of K. George I. and II. See book iii.

ψ. 4. *By Dulness, Jove, and Fate.*] i. e. by their *Judgments*, their *Interests*, and their *Inclinations*.

ψ. 7. *Say, how the Goddesses, &c.*] The Poet ventureth to sing the *action* of the Goddesses; but the *passion* she impresseth on her illustrious votaries, he thinketh can be only told by themselves. Scribl.

ψ. 12. *Daughter of Chaos, &c.*] The beauty of the whole allegory being purely of the poetical kind, we think it not our proper business, as a scholiast, to meddle with it; but leave it (as we shall in general all such) to the reader; remarking only that *Chaos* (according to Hesiod's *Θεογονία*) was the progenitor of all the Gods. Scribl.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 6.] Alluding to a verse of Mr Dryden, not in Mac Fleckno, (as is said ignorantly in the Key to the Dunciad, p. 1.) but in his verses to Mr Congreve,

“And Tom the Second reigns like Tom the First.”

Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
 She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.
 Still her old Empire to restore she tries,
 For, born a Goddess, Dulness never dies.

REMARKS.

Y. 15. *Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, &c.*] I wonder the learned Scriblerus has omitted to advertise the reader, at the opening of this poem, that dulness here is not to be taken contractedly for mere stupidity, but in the enlarged sense of the word, for all slowness of apprehension, shortness of sight, or imperfect sense of things. It includes (as we see by the Poet's own words) labour, industry, and some degree of activity and boldness: a ruling principle not inert, but turning topsy-turvy the understanding, and inducing an anarchy or confused state of mind. This remark ought to be carried along with the reader, throughout the work; and without this caution he will be apt to mistake the importance of many of the characters, as well as of the design of the Poet. Hence it is, that some have complained he chuses too mean a subject, and imagined he employs himself, like Domitian, in killing flies; whereas those who have the true key will find he sports with nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compass; or, (as one saith, on a like occasion),

"Will see his Work, like Jacob's ladder, rise,"

"Its foot in dirt, its head amid the skies." *Bentl.*

Y. 16. *She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.*] The *native Anarchy of the mind* is that state which precedes the time of Reason's assuming the rule of the Passions. But in that state, the uncontrolled violence of the Passions would soon bring things to confusion, were it not for the intervention of Dulness, in this absence of Reason; who, though she cannot regulate them like Reason, yet blunts and deadens their vigour, and indeed produces some of the good effects of it: hence it is that Dulness has often the appearance of Reason. This is the only good she ever did; and the candid Poet is careful to tell it in the very introduction of his Poem. It is to be observed, indeed, that this is spoken of the universal rule of Dulness in ancient days; but we may form an idea of it from her partial government in later times.

Oh Thou! whatever title please thine ear,
 Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver! 10
 Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
 Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair;
 Or praise the Court, or magnify mankind,
 Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind;
 From thy Bæotia tho' her Pow'r retires, 25
 Mourn not, my SWIFT! at ought our Realm acquires.
 Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-spread
 To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.

REMARKS.

Y. 20. —*Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!*] The several names and characters he assumed in his ludicrous, his splenetic, or his party-writings; which take in all his works.

Y. 23. *Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind.*] *Ironice*, alluding to Gulliver's representations of both. — The next line relates to the papers of the Drapier against the currency of Wood's copper coin in Ireland, which, upon the great discontent of the people, his Majesty was graciously pleased to recal.

Y. 26. *Mourn not, my Swift! at ought our Realm acquires.*] *Ironice iterum*. The politics of England and Ireland were at this time by some thought to be opposite, or interfering with each other: Dr Swift of course was in the interest of the latter, our Author of the former.

Y. 28. *To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.*] The ancient golden age is by Poets styled *Saturnian*, as being under the reign of Saturn; but in the Chemical language Saturn is lead. She is here said only to be spreading her wings to hatch this age; which is not produced completely till the fourth book.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 22. in the MS.

Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,

Or silent let thy morals tell thy mind.

But this was to be understood, as the Poet says, *ironice*, like the 23d verse.

Cloſe to thoſe walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,

VARIATIONS.

Y. 29. *Cloſe to thoſe walls, &c.*] In the former edit, thus,

Where wave the tatter'd enſigns of Rag-fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;
Keen hollow winds howl thro' the bleak receſs,
Emblem of muſic caus'd by empieneſs;
Here in one bed two ſhiv'ring ſiſters ly,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.

Var. *Where wave the tatter'd enſigns of Rag-fair.*] Rag-fair is a place near the Tower of London, where old cloaths and frippery are fold.

Var. *A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;—*
Here in one bed two ſhiv'ring ſiſters ly,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.]

Hear, upon this place, the foreſaid critic on the Dunciad.
“ Theſe lines (ſaith he) have no conſtruction, or are non-
“ ſenſe. The two ſhiv'ring ſiſters muſt be the ſiſter-cave
“ of Poverty and Poetry, or the bed and cave of Poverty
“ and Poetry muſt be the ſame [*queſtionleſs, if they ly in*
“ *one bed*], and the two ſiſters the Lord knows who.” O
the conſtruction of grammatical heads! Virgil writeth
thus: Aen. i.

“ Fronte ſub adverſa ſcopulis pendentibus antrum :
“ Intus aquae dulces, vivoque ſedilia ſaxo ;
“ Nympharum domus.”——

May we not ſay, in like manner, “ The Nymphs muſt be
“ the waters and the ſtones, or the waters and the ſtones
“ muſt be the houſes of the nymphs ?” *Inſulſe !* The ſecond
line, *Intus aquae, &c.* is a parentheſis (as are two lines of
our Author, *Keen hollow winds, &c.*) and it is the *Antrum*,
and the *yawning Ruin*, in the line before that parentheſis,
which are the *Domus* and the *Cave*.

Let me again, I beſeech thee, Reader, preſent thee with
another *Conjectural Emendation* on Virgil's *ſcopulis pen-*
dentibus: he is here deſcribing a place whither the weary
quariners of Aeneas repaired to dreſs their dinner.—*Fer-*
—frugesque receptas, et torrere parant flammis: What
has *ſcopulis pendentibus* here to do ? Indeed the *aquae dulces*
and *ſedilia* are ſomething; *ſweet waters* to drink, and

Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand, 31
 Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;
 One Cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
 The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.
 Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the black recess, 35
 Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness.
 Hence Bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
 Escape in Monsters, and amaze the Town.
 Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
 Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post: 40

REMARKS.

ψ. 31. —*by his fam'd father's hand.*] Mr Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the poet-laureate. The two statues of the lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist.

ψ. 34. —*Poverty and Poetry.*] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our Author to every one, who shall attentively observe that humanity and candour which every where appears in him, towards those unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad poets. He here imputes all scandalous rhymes, scurrilous weekly papers, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs and verses, (even from those sung at court, to ballads in the streets), not so much to malice or servility as to dulness; and not so much to dulness as to necessity. And thus, at the very commencement of his satire, makes an apology for all that are to be satirized.

ψ. 40. —*Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post.*] Two Booksellers, of whom see Book ii. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.

VARIATIONS.

seats to rest on: the other is surely an error of the copyists. Restore it, without the least scruple, *Populis prandentibus*.

But for this, and a thousand more, expect our *Virgil Restored*,
Scribl.

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, MAGAZINES;
Sepulchral Lies, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-street race.

REMARKS:

ψ. 41. *Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines.*] It is an ancient English custom for the malefactors to sing a psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.

ψ. 42. *Magazines.*] The common name of those upstart collections in prose and verse; where Dulness assumes all the various shapes of Folly, to draw in and cajole the rabble. The eruption of every miserable scribbler; the dirty scum of every stagnant newspaper; the rags of worn-out nonsense and scandal, picked up from every dunghill; under the title of *Essays, Reflections, Queries, Songs, Epigrams, Riddles*, &c. equally the disgrace of human wit, morality, and common sense.

ψ. 43. *Sepulchral Lies.*] It is a just satire on the flat-teries and falsehoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of churches, in epitaphs; which occasioned the following epigram:

"Friend! in your epitaphs I'm griev'd

"So very much is said;

"One half will never be believ'd,

"The other never read."

ψ. 44. *New-year Odes.*] Made by the poet-laureate for the time being, to be sung at Court on every New-year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 41. in the former edit.

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,

Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's day.

ψ. 42. Alludes to the annual songs composed to music on St Cecilia's feast.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 41, 42. *Hence hymning Tyburn's—Hence, &c.*

"——Genus unde Latinum,

"Albanique patres, atque altae moenia Romae."

Virg. Aen. I.

In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone; 45
 Your guardian Virtues, round, support her throne :
 Mercè champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
 Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears :
 Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
 Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling sake : 50

REMARKS.

and instruments. The *new-year Odes* of the Hero of this work were of a cast distinguished from all that preceded him, and made a conspicuous part of his character as a writer, which doubtless induced our Author to mention them here so particularly.

Y. 45. *In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone.*] See this cloud removed, or rolled back, or gathered up to her head, book iv. ver. 17, 18. It is worth while to compare this description of the Majesty of Dulness in a state of peace and tranquillity, with that more busy scene where she mounts the throne in triumph, and is not so much supported by her own virtues, as by the princely consciousness of having destroyed all other.

Y. 50. *Who hunger and who thirst, &c.*] "This is an allusion to a text in Scripture, which shews in Mr Pope a delight in profaneness," said Curl upon this place. But it is very familiar with Shakespeare to allude to passages of Scripture. Out of a great number I will select a few, in which he not only alludes to, but quotes the very text from Holy Writ. In *All's Well that Ends Well*, "I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, I have not much skill in grass." *Ibid.* "They are for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire." Mat. vii. 13. In *Much Ado about Nothing*, "All, all; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden," Gen. iii. 8. (in a very jocose scene.) In *Love's Labour Lost*, he talks of Samson's carry-

IMITATIONS.

Y. 45. *In clouded Majesty.*]

—— "The Moon

"Rising in clouded majesty."—— Milton, b. iv.

Y. 48. — *that knows no fears*

Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears.]

"Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent."

Hor.

Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,
'Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third day,
Call forth each mass, a Poem, or a Play:
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo ly,
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry,
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulness new meanders takes;

REMARKS.

ing the gates on his back: in the Merry Wives of Windsor, of Goliath and the weaver's beam; and in Henry IV. Falstaff's soldiers are compared to Lazarus and the prodigal son.

The first part of this note is Mr Curl's, the rest is Mr Theobald's. Appendix to Shakespeare Restor'd, p. 144.

✓. 57. — *genial Jacob.*] Tonson. The famous race of booksellers of that name.

✓. 63. *Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes.*] It may not be amiss to give an instance or two of these operations of Dulness out of the works of her sons, celebrated in the Poem. A great critic formerly held these clenches in such abhorrence, that he declared, "he that would pun, would pick a pocket." Yet Mr Dennis's works afford us notable examples in this kind: "Alexander Pope hath sent abroad into the world as many *bulls* as his namesake Pope Alexander. — Let us take the initial and final letters of his name, *viz.* A. P—E, and they give you the idea of an

IMITATIONS.

✓. 55. *Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless Somethings, &c.]*

That is to say, unformed things, which are either made into poems or plays, as the bookfellers or the players bid most.

Where motley Images her fancy strike, 65
 Figures ill-pair'd, and Similies unlike.
 She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
 Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
 How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
 How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race; 70
 How Time himself stands still at her command,
 Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land.
 Here gay Description Egypt glads with show'rs,
 Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;

REMARKS.

Ape.—*Pope* comes from the Latin word *Pops*, which signifies a little wart; or from *poppysma*, because he was continually *popping* out squibs of wit, or rather *popyf. mata*, or *popysmus*."

Dennis on Hom. and Daily Journal, June 11, 1728.
Y. 70, &c. How Farce and Epic—How Time himself, &c.]
 Allude to the transgressions of the *unities* in the plays of such poets. For the miracles wrought upon *time* and *place*, and the mixture of tragedy and comedy, farce and epic, see *Pluto* and *Proserpine*, *Penelope*, &c. if yet extant.

Y. 73. —Egypt glads with show'rs.] In the Lower Egypt rain is of no use, the overflowing of the Nile being sufficient to impregnate the soil.—These six verses represent the inconsistencies in the descriptions of poets, who heap together all glittering and gawdy images, though incompatible in one season, or in one scene.

See the *Guardian*, No. 40. parag. 6. See also *Eusden's* whole works, if to be found. It would not have been un-

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These lines allude to the following in *Garth's Dispensary*, canto vi.

"Within the chambers of the globe they spy
 "The beds where sleeping vegetables ly,
 "'Till the glad summons of a genial ray
 "Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day."

Y. 64. And ductile Dulness, &c.] A parody on a verse in *Garth*, canto i.

"How ductile matter new meanders takes."

Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted vallies of eternal green,
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the scene.
She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.

'Twas on the day, when *** rich and grave,
Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad
faces)

REMARKS.

pleasant to have given examples of all those species of bad writing from these authors, but that it is already done in our treatise of the *Bathos*. *Scribble*

ψ. 83. *Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,—And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.*] i. e. Sets off unnatural conceptions in false and tumid expression.

ψ. 85, 86. *'Twas on the day, when *** rich and grave,—Like Cimon, triumph'd.*] *Viz.* A Lord Mayor's day; his name the author had left in blanks, but most certainly could never be that which the editor foisted in formerly, and which no way agrees with the chronology of the poem.

Bentley.

The procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water.—Cimon, the famous Athenian general, obtained a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day, over the Persians and Barbarians.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 85.] in the former editions,

'Twas on the day when Thorold, rich and grave.

Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year 1720.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 79. —*the cloud-compelling Queen.*] From Homer's epithet of Jupiter, *νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς*.

Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
 But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more. 90
 Now May'rs and Shrieves all hush'd and fatiate lay,
 Yet ate, in dreams, the custard of the day;
 While pensive Poets painful vigils keep,
 Sleepless themselves, to give their reader sleep.
 Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls 95
 What City Swans once sung within the walls;
 Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
 And sure succession down from Heywood's days.
 She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,
 Each fire impress'd and glaring in his son; 100
 So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
 Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.

REMARKS.

ψ. 88. *Glad chains.*] The ignorance of these moderns! This was altered in one edition to *Gold Chains*, shewing more regard to the metal of which the chains of aldermen are made, than to the beauty of the Latinism and Graecism, may of figurative speech itself: *Latas segetes*, glad, for making glad, &c. Scribl.

ψ. 90. *But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.*] A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with poets in praise of poetry, in which kind nothing is finer than those lines of Mr Addison:

" Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,

" I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,

" That lost in silence and oblivion ly,

" Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry;

" Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,

" And in the smooth description murmur still."

Ibid. *But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.*] Settle was poet to the city of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the pageants: but that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of City-poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place.

ψ. 98. *John Heywood.*] Whose interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;

REMARKS.

Y. 103. —old Pryn in restless Daniel.] The first edition had it,

She saw in Norton all his father shine:

a great mistake! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote verses as well as politics; as appears by the poem *De Jure Divino*, &c. of De Foe, and by these lines in Cowley's *Miscellanies*, on the other:

“ —One lately did not fear

“ (Without the Muses leave) to plant verse here.

“ But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge-

“ Rhymes, as e'en set the hearer's ears on edge:

“ Written by *William Pryn Esquire*, the

“ *Year of our Lord, six hundred thirty-three.*

“ Brave Jersey Muse! and he's for his high style

“ Call'd to this day the Homer of the isle.”

And both these authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as their writings, having been alike sentenced to the pillory.

Y. 104. *And Eusden eke out*, &c.] Laurence Eusden poet-laureate. Mr Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which are very numerous. Mr Cook, in his *Battle of Poets*, saith of him,

“ Eusden, a laurel'd bard, by fortune rais'd,

“ By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.”

Mr Oldmixon, in his *Arts of Logic and Rhetoric*, p. 413, 414. affirms, “ That of all the Galimatias he ever met
“ with, none comes up to some verses of this poet, which
“ have as much of the Ridiculum and the Fustian in them
“ as can well be jumbled together, and are of that sort of
“ nonsense, which so perfectly confounds all ideas, that
“ there is no distinct one left in the mind.” Farther he says of him, “ That he hath prophesied his own poetry
“ shall be sweeter than Catullus, Ovid, and Tibullus; but
“ we have little hope of the accomplishment of it, from
“ what he hath lately published.” Upon which Mr Oldmixon has not spared a reflection; “ That the putting the
“ laurel on the head of one who writ such verses, will give

She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page, 105.
And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.

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"futuraity a very lively idea of the judgment and justice of those who bestowed it." *Ibid.* p. 417. But the well known learning of that noble person, who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have screened him from this unmannerly reflection. Nor ought Mr Oldmixon to complain, so long after, that the laurel would have better become his own brows, or any others: it were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham upon this matter:

"—In rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, Who shall have it,

"But I, the true laureate, to whom the King gave it?

"Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,

"But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name."

Session of Poets.

The same plea might also serve for his successor, Mr Cibber; and is further strengthened in the following epigram made on that occasion:

"In merry Old England it once was a rule,

"The King had his poet, and also his fool:

"But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,

"That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet."

Of Blackmore, see book ii. Of Philips, book i. ver. 262. and book iii. *prope fin.*

Nahum Tate was poet-laureate, a cold writer, of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr Dryden. In his second part of Absalom and Ahithophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.

ψ. 106. *And all the mighty Mad.*] This is by no means to be understood literally, as if Mr Dennis were really mad, according to the narrative of Dr Norris in Swift and Pope's *Miscellanies*, vol. iii. No; it is spoken of that *excellent* and *divine madness*, so often mentioned by Plato; that poetical rage and enthusiasm with which Mr D. hath, in his time, been highly possessed; and of those *extraordinary hints and motions* whereof he himself so feelingly treats in his Preface to the Rem. on Pr. Arth. See notes on book ii. ver. 268.

In each she marks her image full exprest,
But chief in BAYS's monster-breeding breast;

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Ibid. And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.] Mr Theobald, in the Censor, vol. ii. No. 33. calls Mr Dennis by the name of *Furius*: "The modern *Furius* is to be looked upon as more an object of pity than of that which he daily provokes, laughter and contempt. Did we really know how much this poor man" [*I wish that reflection on poverty had been spared.*] "suffers by being contradicted, or, which is the same thing in effect, by hearing another praised, we should, in compassion, sometimes attend to him with a silent nod, and let him go away with the triumphs of his ill-nature.—*Poor Furius [again]*"

VARIATIONS.

℥. 108. *But chief in Bays's, &c.*] In the former edition thus:

But chief, in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast;
Sees Gods with Daemons in strange league engage,
And earth, and heav'n, and hell her battles wage.
She ey'd the bard, where supperless he fate,
And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate;
Studious he fate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, &c.—

Var. *Tibbald.*] Author of a pamphlet entitled *Shakespeare Restored*. During two whole years, while Mr Pope was preparing his edition of Shakespeare, he published advertisements, requesting assistance, and promising satisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection. But this restorer, who was at that time soliciting favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal his design, till after its publication: (which he was since not ashamed to own, in a *Daily Journal* of Nov. 26, 1728.) And then an outcry was made in the prints, that our author had joined with the bookseller to raise an *extravagant subscription*; in which he had no share, of which he had no knowledge, and against which he had publicly advertised in his own proposals for *Homer*. Probably that proceeding elevated Tibbald to the dignity he holds in this Poem, which he seems to deserve no other way better than his brethren; unless we impute it to the share he had in the Journals, cited among the Testimonies of Authors prefixed to this work.

Days, form'd by nature Stage and Town to bleſs,
And act, and be, a Coxcomb with ſucceſs. 110

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when any of his coteemporaries (are ſpoken well of, quitting the ground of the preſent diſpute, ſteps back a thouſand years to call in the ſuccour of the Ancients. His very panegyric is ſpiteful, and he uſes it for the ſame reaſon as ſome ladies do their commendations of a dead beauty, who would never have had their good word, but that a living one happened to be mentioned in their company. His applauſe is not the tribute of his heart, but the ſacrifice of his *revenge*," &c. Indeed his pieces againſt our Poet are ſomewhat of an angry character, and as they are now ſcarce extant, a taſte of his ſtyle may be ſatisfactory to the curious: "A young, ſquab, ſhort gentleman, whoſe outward form, though it ſhould be that of downright monkey, would not differ ſo much from human ſhape as his unthinking immaterial part does from human underſtanding.—He is as ſtupid and as venomous as a hunch-back'd toad.—A book through which Folly and Ignorance, thoſe brethren ſo lame and impotent, do ridiculous look very big and very dull, and ſtrut and hobble, cheek by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, being led and ſupported, and bully-back'd by that blind Hector, Impudence." Reflect. on the Eſſay on Criticiſm, p. 26, 29, 30.

It would be unjuſt not to add his reaſons for his fury, they are ſo ſtrong and ſo coercive: "I regard him (ſaith he) as an *enemy*, not ſo much to me, as to my King, to my Country, to my Religion, and to that Liberty which has been the ſole felicity of my life. A vagary of fortune, who is ſometimes pleaſed to be frolicſome, and the epidemic *madneſs of the times* have given him reputation, and reputation (as Hobbes ſays) is *power*, and that has made him dangerous. Therefore, I look on it as my duty to King George, whoſe faithful ſubject I am; to my country, of which I have appeared a conſtant lover; to the laws, under whoſe protection I have ſo long lived; and to the liberty of my country, more dear to me than life, of which I have now for forty years been a conſtant aſſertor, &c. I look upon it as my duty, I ſay, to do—*you ſhall ſee what*—to pull the lion's ſkin from this little aſs, which Popular error has thrown round him; and to

Dulness with transport eyes the lively Dunce,
Remembring she herself was Pertness once.

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“ show that this Author, who has lately been so much
“ vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English
“ his expressions.” *Dennis, Rem. on Homer, Pref. p.*
91, &c.

Besides these public-spirited reasons, Mr D. had a private one; which, by his manner of expressing it in p. 92. appears to have been equally strong. He was even in bodily fear of his life from the machinations of the said Mr. “ The story (says he) is too long to be told, but who would be acquainted with it, may hear it from Mr Curl, bookseller.—However, what my reason has suggested to me, that I have with a just confidence said, in defiance of his two clandestine weapons, his *flander* and his *son*.” Which last words of his book plainly discover Mr D.’s suspicion was that of being *poisoned*, in like manner as Mr Curl had been before him; of which fact see A full and true Account of a horrid and barbarous Revenge, by Poison, on the Body of Edmund Curl, printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein these Remarks of Mr Dennis were published. But what puts it beyond all question, is a passage in a very warm treatise, in which Mr D. was also concerned, price twopence, called A true Character of Mr Pope and his Writings, printed for S. Popping, 1716; in the 10th page whereof he is said “ to have insulted people with those calamities and diseases which he himself gave them, by administering *poison* to them;” and is called (p. 4.) “ a lurking way-laying coward, and a stabber in the dark.” Which, with many other things most lively set forth in that piece, must have rendered him a terror, not to Mr Dennis only, but to all Christian people. This charitable warning only provoked our incorrigible Poet to write the following epigram:

Should Dennis publish you had stabb’d your brother,
Lampoon’d your monarch, or debauch’d your mother;
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad:
On one so poor you cannot take the law;
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw:
Uncag’d then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.

Now (shame to Fortune!) an ill run at Play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin Third day:

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For the rest; Mr John Dennis was the son of a saddler in London, born 1657. He paid court to Mr Dryden; and having obtained some correspondence with Mr Wycherley and Mr Congreve, he immediately obliged the public with their letters. He made himself known to the government by many admirable schemes and projects; which the Ministry, for reasons best known to themselves, constantly kept private. For his character as a writer, it is given us as follows: "Mr Dennis is *excellent* at Pindaric writings, *perfectly regular* in all his performances, and a person of *sound learning*. That he is master of a great deal of *penetration and judgment*, his criticisms (particularly on Prince Arthur) do sufficiently demonstrate." From the same account it also appears, that he writ plays "more to get *reputation* than money." Dennis of himself. See Giles Jacob's Lives of Dramatic Poets, p. 68, 69, compared with p. 286.

ψ. 109. *Bays, form'd by nature, &c.*] It is hoped the Poet here hath done full justice to his Hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity: he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a letter he wrote to our Author: "Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me. What! am I only to be dull, and dull still, and again, and for ever?" He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, that "he could not think himself so, or believe that our Poet did; but that he spoke worse of him than he could possibly think; and concluded it must be merely to shew his *wit*, or for some *profit* or *lucre* to himself." Life of C. C. ch. vii. and Letter to Mr P. p. 15, 40, 53. And to shew his claim to what the Poet was so unwilling to allow him, of being *pert* as well as *dull*, he declares he will have the *last word*; which occasioned the following epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, Tho' in verse you foreclose,
I'll have the last word; for, by G—, I'll write prose.
Poor Colly! thy reas'ning is none of the strongest,
For know, the last word is the word that lasts longest.

ψ. 112. *Remembering she herself was Pertness once.*] The

Swearing and supperless the Hero fate, 113
 Blasphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his Fate
 Then gnaw'd his Pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
 Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
 Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
 Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair. 120

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Poet had told us, ver. 13. that this fair daughter of *Night* and *Chaos* was got by them in their dotage; a time of life when parents are most apt to spoil their children by too great indulgence. It is not to be thought strange therefore, that over-much caressing should make even *Dulness* herself *pert*, especially in her youth; though her own natural *alecricity* was in sinking, or towards *gravity*. *Scribl.*

ψ. 113. —*flame to Fortune!*] Because she usually shews favour to persons of this character, who have a threefold pretence to it.

ψ. 115. —*supperless the Hero fate.*] It is amazing how the sense of this hath been mistaken by all the former commentators, who most idly suppose it to imply that the Hero of the Poem wanted a supper. In truth a great absurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the Hero of Homer's *Odyssey* is frequently in that circumstance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of Epic Poem to represent such Hero under a calamity, to which the greatest not only of critics and poets, but of kings and warriors have been subject. But much more refined, I will venture to say, is the meaning of our Author: it was to give us obliquely a curious precept, or, what *Bosſu* calls, a *disguised sentence*, that “*Temperance is the life of study.*” The language of poesy brings all into action; and to represent a critic encompassed with books but without a supper, is a picture which lively expresseth how much the true critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always castigates, and often totally neglects, for the greater improvement of the other. *Scribl.*

But since the discovery of the true Hero of the Poem, may we not add, that nothing was so natural, after so great a loss of money at dice, or of reputation by his play, as that the Poet should have no great stomach to eat a supper? Besides, how well has the Poet consulted his heroic character, in adding that he *swore* all the time? *Bosſu,*

Round him much Embryo, much Abortion lay,
 Much future Ode, and abdicated Play;
 Nonsense precipitate, like running Lead,
 That slip'd thro' Cracks and Zig-zags of the Head;
 All that on Folly Frenzy could beget, 125
 Fruits of dull Heat, and Sooterkins of Wit.
 Next, o'er his Books his eyes began to roll,
 In pleasing memory of all he stole,
 How here he sip'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
 And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious Bug. 130
 Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
 The Frippery of crucify'd Moliere;

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ψ. 131. — *poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes.*] A great number of them taken out to patch up his plays.

ψ. 132. *The Frippery.*] "When I fitted up an old play, it was a good housewife will mend old linen, when she has not better employment." Life, p. 217. Octavo.

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ψ. 121. *Round him much Embryo, &c.*] In the former editions thus,

He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
 Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay;
 Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
 Or which fond authors were so good to gild,
 Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
 The page admires new beauties not its own.
 Here swells the shelf, &c.

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Var. *He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay.*]

"—round he throws his eyes,

"That witness'd huge affliction and dismay."

Milt. book I.

The progress of a bad poet in his thoughts, being (like the progress of the Devil in Milton) through a Chaos, might probably suggest this imitation.

There hapless Shakespeare, yet of Tibbald sore,
 With'd he had blotted for himself before.
 The rest on Outside merit but presume, 133
 Or serve (like other Fools) to fill a room;
 Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
 Or their fond Parents dress'd in red and gold;
 Or where the pictures for the page atone,
 And Quarles is fav'd by Beauties not his own. 140

REMARKS.

ψ. 133. — *hapless Shakespeare, &c.*] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a subscriber to Tibbald's Shakespeare. He was frequently liberal this way; and, as he tells us, "subscribed to Mr Pope's Homer, out of pure generosity and civility; but when Mr Pope did so to his Nonjuror, he concluded it could be nothing but a joke." Letter to Mr P. p. 24.

This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakespeare, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of *Mist's Journals*, June 8, "That to expose any errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "That whatever care might for the future be taken by any other Editor, he would still give above five hundred emendations, that shall escape them all.

ψ. 134. *With'd he had blotted.*] It was a ridiculous praise which the players gave to Shakespeare, "that he never blotted a line." Ben Johnson honestly wished he had blotted a thousand; and Shakespeare would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which, not the actors only (and especially the daring Hero of this Poem) have made on the stage, but the presumptuous critics of our days in their editions.

ψ. 135. *The rest on Outside merit, &c.*] This library is divided into three parts; the first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mangled; the second of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for shew, or adorned with pictures; the third class our Author calls solid learning, old bodies of divinity, old commentaries, old English printers, or old English translations; all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulness.

Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
 There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:
 Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
 A Gothic Library! of Greece and Rome 145
 Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

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Y. 141. *Ogilby the great.*] "John Ogilby was one who, from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time! sending into the world so many *large Volumes*! His translations of Homer and Virgil *done to the life*, and with such excellent sculptures: and (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on *special good paper*, and in a *very good letter*." *Winstanly*, *Lives of Poets*.

Y. 142. *There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete.*] "The Ducheſs of Newcastle was one who buſied herſelf in the raviſhing delights of poetry; leaving to poſterity in print three *ample Volumes* of her ſtudious endeavours." *Winstanley*, *ibid*. Langbaine reckons up eight folios of her Grace's; which were uſually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

Y. 146. —*worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.*] The Poet has mentioned theſe three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our Hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his brother laureate; only indeed upon half pay, for the City inſtead of the Court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occaſions, ſuch as ſhows, birth-days, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in tragedy (though more ſucceſſful) in one of his tragedies, the Earl of Eſſex, which is yet alive: Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. Theſe he dreſſed in a ſort of *beggar's velvet*, or a happy mixture of the *thick ſuſtian* and *thin proſaic*; exactly imitated in *Parolla* and *Iſidora*, *Caesar in Egypt*, and the *Heroic Daughter*. 3. Broome was a ſerving man of Ben Johnſon, who once

IMITATIONS.

Y. 140. In the former edit.

The page admires new beauties not its own.]

"Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma."

Virg. Georg. III.

But, high above, more solid Learning shone,
 The Classics of an Age that heard of none;
 There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide; 15

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picked up a comedy from his betters, or from some scenes of his master, not entirely contemptible.

ψ. 147. — *more solid Learning.*] Some have objected, that books of this sort suit not so well the library of our Bays, which they imagined consisted of novels, plays, and obscene books: but they are to consider that he furnished his shelves only for ornament, and read those books no more than the *dry bodies of divinity*, which, no doubt, were purchased by his father when he designed him for the gown. See the note on ver. 200.

ψ. 149. *Caxton.*] A printer in the time of Edward IV. Richard III. and Henry VII. ; Wynkin de Word, his successor, in that of Henry VII. and VIII. The former translated into prose Virgil's *Aeneis*, as a history; of which he speaks in his proeme, in a very singular manner, as of a book hardly known. " Happened that to my hande cam a lytyl
 " book in frenche, whiche late was translated out of latyn
 " by some noble clerke of fraunce, which booke is named
 " *Eneydos* (made in latyn by that noble poete and grete

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ψ. 146. in the first edit. it was

Well purg'd, and worthy W—y, W—s and Bl—

And in the following altered to Withers, Quarles and Bloome, on which was the following note.

It was printed in the surreptitious editions, W—ly, W—s, who were persons eminent for good life; the one writ the *Life of Christ in verse*, the other some valuable pieces in the lyric kind, on pious subjects. The line is here restored according to its original.

" George Withers was a great pretender to poetical zeal
 " against the vices of the times, and abused the greatest
 " personages in power, which brought upon him frequent
 " correction. The Marshalsea and Newgate were no strangers to him." *Winstanly*. Quarles was as dull a writer, but an honest man. Bloome's books are remarkable for their cuts.

There, sav'd by spice, like Mummies, many a year,
Dry Bodies of Divinity appear :

De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

Of these, twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size, 153
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspir'd he seizes : these an altar raise :
An hecatomb of pure, unfully'd lays
That altar crowns : a folio Common-place
Sounds the whole pile, of all his works the base : 160

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(clerk Vyrgyle) which book I sawe over and redde therein, How after the general destruccyon of the grete Troy. Eneas departed berynge his old fader anchises upon his sholdres, his lytyl son yolas on his hand, his wyfe wyth moche other people followynge, and how he shipped and departed; wyth all thy storye of his adventures that he had er he cam to the atchievement of his conquest of ytaly, as all alonge shall be shewed in this present booke. In whiche booke I had grete playfyr, by cause of the fayr and honest termes and words in frenche, which I never sawe to fore lyke, ne none so playfant ne so well ordred : whiche booke as me semed shold be moche requysite to noble men to see, as wel for the eloquence as the hytories. How wel that many hondred yerys passed was the sayd booke of Eneydos wyth other workes made and lerned dayly in sculis, especyally in ytaly and other places, which historye the sayd Vyrgyle made in metre." Tibbald quotes a rare passage from him in Mist's Journal of March 16, 1728, concerning a *strange and merveilouse beaste called Sagittarye*, which he would have Shakespeare to mean rather than Teucer, the archer celebrated by Homer. *ψ. 153.] Nich. de Lyra*, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.

ψ. 154.] Philemon Helland, doctor in physick. "He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else; insomuch that he might be called *translator general of his age*. The books alone of his turning into English are sufficient to make a country gentleman a complete library." *Winstanly*.

Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre;
A twisted Birth-day Ode completes the spire.

Then he : Great Tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and ever at my heart ;
Dulness ! whose good old Cause I yet defend, 167
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,
E'er since Sir Fopling's Periwig was Praise,
To the last honours of the Butt and Bays :

REMARKS.

ψ. 167. *E'er since Sir Fopling's Periwig.*] The first visible cause of the passion of the Town for our Hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottom'd periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his first play of the Fool in Fashion. It attracted, in a particular manner, the friendship of Colonel Brett, who wanted to purchase it. " Whatever contempt (says he) philosophers may have for a fine periwig, my friend, who was not to despise the world but live in it, knew very well that so material an article of dress upon the head of a man of sense, if it became him, could never fail of drawing to him a more partial regard and benevolence, than could possibly be hoped for in an ill made one. This, perhaps, may soften the grave censure which so youthful a purchase might otherwise have laid upon him. In a word, he made his attack upon this periwig as your young fellows generally do upon a lady of pleasure, first by a few familiar praises of her person, and then a civil enquiry into the price of it; and we finished our bargain that night over a bottle." See *Life*, octavo, p. 303. This remarkable periwig usually made its entrance upon the stage in a sedan, brought in by two chairmen with infinite approbation of the audience.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 162. *A twisted, &c.*] In the former edit.

And last, a little Ajax tips the spire.

Var. — *a little Ajax.*] In *duodecimo*, translated from Sophocles by Tibbald.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 166. *With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end.*

" A te principium, tibi desinet. — " Virg. Ecl. viii.

" Ex Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, ἔς εἰς Δία λήγεις Μῦσαι. Theoc.

" Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende Camœna." Hor.

O thou! of Bus'ness the directing soul!
 To this our head like byas to the bowl, 170
 Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
 Obliquely waddling to the mark in view;
 O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
 Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
 And, lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light, 175
 Secure us kindly in our native night.
 Or, if to Wit a Coxcomb make pretence,
 Guard the sure barrier between that and Sense;

VARIATIONS.

Y. 177. *Or, if to Wit, &c.*] In the former edit.

Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,
 Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;
 Where rebel to thy throne if Science rise,
 She does but show her coward face and dies:
 There thy good Scholiasts with unweary'd pains
 Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains:
 Here studious I unlucky moderns save,
 Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,
 Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
 And crucify poor Shakespeare once a week.
 For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
 Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays:
 Not that my quill to critics was confin'd,
 My verse gave ampler lessons to mankind;
 So gravest precepts may successless prove,
 But sad examples never fail to move.
 As, forc'd from wind-guns, &c.

Var. *Nor sleeps one error—Old puns restore, lost blunders, &c.*] As where he [Tibbald] laboured to prove Shakespeare guilty of terrible *anachronisms*, or low *conundrums*, which Time had covered; and conversant in such authors as Caxton and Wynkin, rather than in Homer or Chaucer. Nay, so far had he lost his reverence to this incomparable author, as to say in print, *He deserv'd to be whipt*. An insolence which nothing sure can parallel! but that of Dennis, who can be proved to have declared before company, that *Shakespeare was a rascal*. *O tempora! O mores!*

Var. *And crucify poor Shakespeare once a week.*] For

Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
 And hang some curious cobweb in its stead! 180
 As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
 And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky;
 As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 The wheels above urg'd by the load below;
 Me Emptiness and Dulness could inspire, 185
 And were my Elasticity and Fire.
 Some Dæmon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)
 And once betray'd me into common sense:
 Else all my Prose and Verse were much the same;
 'This, prose on stilts; that, poetry fall'n lame. 190
 Did on the stage my Fops appear confin'd?
 My Life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
 Did the dead Letter unsuccessful prove?
 The brisk Example never fail'd to move.

REMARKS.

Y. 178, 179. Guard the sure barrier—Or quite unravel, &c.]
 For wit or reasoning are never greatly hurtful to Dulness,
 but when the first is founded in truth, and the other in
 usefulness.

VARIATIONS.

Some time, once a week or fortnight he printed in *Mist's*
Journal a single remark or poor conjecture on some word
 or pointing of Shakespeare, either in his own name, or in
 letters to himself, as from others, without name. Upon these
 somebody made this epigram:

" 'Tis gen'rous, Tibbald! in thee and thy brothers,
 " To help us thus to read the works of others:
 " Never for this can just returns be shown;
 " For who will help us e'er to read thy own?"

Var. Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays.] As
 to Cook's *Hesiod*, where sometimes a note, and sometimes
 even half a note, are carefully owned by him: and to
 Moore's *Comedy of the Rival Modes*, and other authors of
 the same rank. These were people who writ about the
 year 1726.

Yet sure, had Heav'n decreed to save the State, 195
 Heav'n had decreed these works a longer date.
 Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
 This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.
 What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
 Take up the Bible, once my better guide? 200

REMARKS.

Y. 198. —*grey-goose weapon.*] Alluding to the old English weapon, the arrow of the long bow, which was fletched with the feathers of the grey-goose.

Y. 199. —*my Fletcher.*] A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as justly speak thus of Fletcher, as a French wit did of Tully, seeing his works in a library, "Ah! mon cher Ciceron! je le connois bien; c'est le meme que Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher *his own*, having made so free with him.

Y. 200. *Take up the Bible; once my better guide?*] When, according to his father's intention, he had been a *clergyman*, or (as he himself thinks) a *bishop* of the Church of England. Hear his own words: "At the time that the fate of K. James, the Prince of Orange, and myself were on the anvil, Providence thought fit to postpone mine, till theirs were determined: but had my father carried me a month sooner to the University, who knows but that

VARIATIONS.

Y. 195. *Yet sure, had Heav'n, &c.*] In the former edit.
 Had Heav'n decreed such works a longer date,
 Heav'n had decreed to spare the Grubstreet state.
 But see great Settle to the dust descend,
 And all thy cause and empire at an end!
 Could Troy be sav'd, — &c.

IMITATIONS.

Y. 195. —*had Heav'n decreed, &c.*] "Me si coelicolae voluissent ducere vitam,
 "Has mihi servassent sedes." — *Virg. Aen. ii.*
 Y. 197, 198. *Could Troy be sav'd—This grey-goose weapon.*] "—Si Pergama dextra
 "Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent." *Virg. ibid.*

Or tread the path by vent'rous Heroes trod,
 This Box my Thunder, this right hand my God?
 Or chair'd at White's amidst the Doctors sit,
 Teach Oaths to Gamesters, and to Nobles Wit?
 Or bidst thou rather Party to embrace?
 (A friend to Party thou, and all her race;
 'Tis, the same rope at diff'rent ends they twist;
 To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)
 Shall I, like Curtius, desp'rate in my zeal,
 O'er head and ears plunge for the Commonweal?
 Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
 And cackling save the Monarchy of Tories?

REMARKS.

"purer fountain might have washed my imperfections in
 "a capacity of writing, instead of plays and annual odes
 "sermons and *pastoral letters*?" Apology for his Life
 chap. iii.

ψ. 203. —at *White's amidst the Doctors*.] These Doctors
 had a modest and upright appearance, no air of over-bearing;
 but, like true Masters of Arts, were only habited in
black and white: they were justly styled *subtiles* and *grave*
 but not always *irrefragabiles*, being sometimes examined
 and, by a nice distinction, divided and laid open. *Scriven*

This learned critic is to be understood allegorically: the
Doctors in this place mean no more than *false dice*, a
 phrase used among gamesters. So the meaning of these
 sonorous lines is only this, "Shall I play fair, or foul."

ψ. 208. *Ridpath—Mist*.] George Ridpath, author of
 a Whig paper, called the *Flying-post*; Nathanael Mist, of a
 famous Tory Journal.

ψ. 211. *Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories*.
 Relates to the well-known story of the geese that saved the
 Capitol; of which Virgil, *Aen.* viii.

"Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser

"Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat."

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 202. *This Box my Thunder, this right hand my God*.

"Dextra mihi Deus, et telum quod missile libro."

Virgil of the Gods of Mezentia.

Hold—to the Minister I more incline;
 'To serve his cause, O Queen! is serving thine.
 And see! thy very Gazetteers give o'er, 215
 Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.

REMARKS.

A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the antithesis of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the Virgilian majesty? And what absurdity to say a goose sings? *canebat*, Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird, in Eccl. ix.

“——argutos inter strepere anser olores.”

Read it, therefore, *adesse strepebat*. And why *auratis porticibus*? does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

“Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.”

Is this *thatch* in one line, and *gold* in another, consistent? I scruple not (*repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis*) to correct it *auritis*. Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense,

“——Auritas fidibus canoris

“Ducere quercus.”

And to say that *walls have ears* is common even to a proverb. Scribl.

ψ. 212. And cackling save the Monarchy of Tories?] Not out of any preference or affection to the Tories. For what Hobbes so ingenuously confesses of himself, is true of all ministerial writers whatsoever: “That he defends the supreme powers, as the geese by their cackling defended the Romans, who held the Capitol; for they favoured them no more than the Gauls, their enemies, but were as ready to have defended the Gauls, if they had been possessed of the Capitol.” Epist. Dedic. to the Leviathan.

ψ. 215. —Gazetteers.] A band of ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the Note on b. ii. ver. 316. who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in politics.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 213. Hold—to the Minister.] In the former edition:

Yes, to my Country I my pen consign,

Yes, from this moment, mighty Mith! am thine.

What then remains? Ourselves. Still, still remain
 Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
 This brazen Brightness, to the 'Squire so dear;
 This polish'd Hardness, that reflects the Peer: 220
 This arch Absurd, that wit and fool delights;
 This Mess, tofs'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
 Where Dukes and Butchers join to wreath my crown,
 At once the Bear and Fiddle of the Town.

O born in sin, and forth in folly brought! 225
 Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's fault)

REMARKS.

ψ. 218. *Cibberian forehead.*] So indeed all the MSS. read, but I make no scruple to pronounce them all wrong, the Laureate being elsewhere celebrated by our Poet for his great *modesty*—*Modest Cibber*—Read, therefore, at my peril, *Cerberian forehead*. This is perfectly classical, and what is more, *Homerical*; the *dog* was the ancient, as the *bitch* is the modern symbol of impudence: (Κυνὸς ὀμματ' ἰχων, says Achilles to Agamemnon) which, when in a superlative degree, may well be denominated from Cerberus, the dog with three heads.—But as to the latter part of this verse, *Cibberian brain*, that is certainly the genuine reading. Bentl.

ψ. 225. *O born in sin, &c.*] This is a tender and passionate apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice,

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 225. *O born in sin, &c.*] In the former edition:
 Adieu, my children! better thus expire
 Unstall'd, unfold; thus glorious mount in fire,
 Fair without spot; than greas'd by grocers' hands,
 Or shipp'd with Ward to Ape-and-monkey lands,
 Or wasting ginger, round the streets to run,
 And visit Alehouse, where ye first begun.
 With that he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
 And thrice he dropp'd it, &c.

IMITATIONS.

Var. *And visit Alehouse.*] Waller, on the Navy:
 Those tow'rs of oak o'er fertile plains may go,
 And visit mountains where they once did grow.

Go, purify'd by flames ascend the sky,
 My better and more Christian progeny!
 Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets;
 While all your smutty sisters walk the streets. 230
 Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
 Sent with a Pass, and vagrant through the land;
 Nor sail with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,
 Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:
 Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an Ale-house fire; 235
 Not wrap up Oranges, to pelt your fire!

REMARKS.

agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction; and reflecting like a parent on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject.

ψ. 228. *My better and more Christian progeny!*] "It may be observable, that my muse and my spouse were equally prolific; that the one was seldom the mother of a child, but in the same year the other made me the father of a play. I think we had a dozen of each sort between us; of both which kinds some died in their infancy," &c. Life of C. C. p. 217, 8vo edition.

ψ. 231. —*gratis-given Bland,—Sent with a Pass.*] It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer, and ministerial pamphlets, (in which this B. was a writer), and to send them *post-free* to all the towns in the kingdom.

ψ. 233. —*with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes.*] "Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of late years kept a public house in the city, (but in a genteel way), and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale) afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the high-church party." *Jacob, Lives of Poets*, vol. ii. p. 225. Great number of his works were

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 229. *Unstain'd, untouch'd, &c.*]

" —Felix Priameia virgo!

" Jussa mori: quae fortitus non pertulit ullos,

" Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!

" Nos, patria incensa, diversa per aequora vectae," &c.

Virg. Aen. iii.

O! pass more innocent, in infant state,
 To the mild Limbo of our Father Tate:
 Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
 In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest!
 Soon to that mass of Nonsense to return,
 Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn
 With that, a Tear (portentous sign of Grace!)
 Stole from the master of the sev'nfold Face:
 And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand, 24
 And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;
 'Then lights the structure, with averted eyes:
 'The rolling smokes involve the sacrifice.
 'The op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,
 Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns; 25

REMARKS.

yearly sold into the plantations.—Ward, in a book called *Apollo's Maggot*, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public house was not in the *city*, but in *Moorfields*.

ψ. 238, 240.—*Tate—Shadwell*.] Two of his predecessors in the laurel.

ψ. 243. *With that, a Tear (portentous sign of Grace!) &c.*] It is to be observed that our Poet hath made his Hero, in imitation of Virgil's, obnoxious to the tender passions. He was indeed so given to weeping, that he tells us, when Goodman the player swore, if he did not *make a good actor he'd be damn'd*; "the surprise of being commended by
 "one who had been himself so eminent on the stage,
 "and in so *positive a manner*, was more than he could
 "support. In a word, (says he) it almost took away my
 "breath, and (laugh if you please) fairly drew tears from
 "my eyes." P. 149. of his *Life*, octavo.

ψ. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*] In the first notes on the *Dunciad* it was said, that this author was particularly

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 245. *And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand.*] Ovid, of Althaea, on a like occasion, burning her offspring:

"Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,

"Coepit quater tenuit."

Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires;
King John in silence modestly expires :

REMARKS.

excellent at tragedy. "This (says he) is as unjust as to say I could dance on a rope." But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this rope, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four tragedies, (the names of which the Poet preserves in these few lines), the three first of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth suppressed in fear of the like treatment.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*] In the former edit.

Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,

In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,

And last, his own cold Aeschylus took fire.

Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes

When the last blaze, &c.

Var. *Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,*

In one quick flash see Proserpine expire.]

Memnon, a hero in the Persian Princess, very apt to take fire, as appears by these lines, with which he begins the play :

"By Heav'n, it fires my frozen blood with rage,

"And makes it scald my aged trunk."—

Rodrigo, the chief personage of the *Perfidious Brother*, (a play written between Tibbald and a watch-maker.) The Rape of Proserpine, one of the farces of this author, in which Ceres, setting fire to a corn-field, endangered the burning of the playhouse.

Var. *And last, his own cold Aeschylus took fire.*] He had been (to use an expression of our Poet) *about* Aeschylus for ten years, and had received subscriptions for the same, but then went *about* other books. The character of this tragic poet is fire and boldness in a high degree, but our Author supposes it very much cooled by the translation: upon sight of a specimen of which was made this epigram :

"Alas ! poor Aeschylus ! unlucky dog !

"Whom once a *lobster* kill'd, and now a *log*."

But this is a grievous error; for Aeschylus was not slain by the fall of a lobster on his head, but of a tortoise, *teste* Val.

Max. l. ix. cap. 12.

Scribl.

No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
 Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.
 Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
 When the last blaze sent Ilium to the skies.

REMARKS.

ψ. 253. — *the dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old stubble.*
 A comedy thrashed out of Moliere's *Tartuffe*, and so much
 the translator's favourite, that he assures us all our Author
 dislike to it could only arise from *disaffection to the govern-*
ment:

“ Qui meprise Cotin, n'estime point son Roi,

“ Et n'a, selon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi.” *Boileau*

He assures us, that “when he had the honour to kiss his Ma-
 “ jesty's hand upon presenting his dedication of it, he was
 “ graciously pleased, out of his royal bounty, to order him
 “ two hundred pounds for it. And this he doubts not grie-
 “ ved Mr P.”

ψ. 256. *When the last blaze sent Ilium to the skies.* See
 Virgil, *Aen.* ii. where I would advise the reader to peruse
 the story of Troy's destruction, rather than in Wynkyn. Barre.
 I caution him alike in both to beware of a most grievous
 error, that of thinking it was brought about by I know not
 what *Trojan horse*; there having never been any such
 thing. For, first, it was not *Trojan*, being made by the
Greeks; and, secondly, it was not a *horse*, but a *mare*.
 This is clear from many verses in Virgil:

“ —Uterumque armato milite complent.—

“ Inclusos utero Danaos.”—

Can a horse be said *utero gerere*? Again,

“ —Uteroque recusso,

“ Insonuere cavæ—

“ —Atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere.”

Nay, is it not expressly said,

“ Scandit fatalis machina muros

“ Foeta armis?”—

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*]

“ —Jam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam,

“ Vulcano superante domos; jam proximus ardet

“ Ucalegon.”

Rowz'd by the light, old Dulæus heav'd the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thule from her bed;
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire. 260

Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and
May's

She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her sacred Dome: 265
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
So, Spirits ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognize their Native Place.

REMARKS.

How is it possible the word *foeta* can agree with a *horse*?
And indeed can it be conceived that the chaste and virgin
Goddess Pallas would employ herself in forming and fa-
tioning the male of that species? But this shall be proved
to a demonstration in our Virgil Restored. *Scribl.*

ψ. 258. *Thule.*] An unfinished poem of that name, of
which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Ambrose
Philips, a northern author. It is an usual method of put-
ting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some critics have
been of opinion that this sheet was of the nature of the
"Asbestos, which cannot be consumed by fire; but I rather
think it an allegorical allusion to the coldness and hea-
"viness of the writing."

ψ. 265. — *sacred Dame.*] Where he no sooner enters,
but he reconnoitres the place of his original; as Plato says
the spirits shall, at their entrance into the celestial regions.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 263. *Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and
May's*

She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.]

"Alma parens confessa Deam; qualisque videri

"Coelicolis, et quanta solet." — *Virg. Aen. ii.*

"Et laetos oculis afflavit honores." *Id. Aen. i.*

This the Great Mother dearer held than all
 The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall: 270
 Here stood her Opium, here she nurs'd her Owls,
 And here she plann'd th' Imperial feat of Fools.

Here to her Chosen all her works she shows;
 Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose:
 How random thoughts now meaning chance to find
 Now leave all memory of sense behind: 275
 How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
 And these to Notes are fritter'd quite away:
 How Index-learning turns no student pale,
 Yet holds the eel of science by the tail: 280
 How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
 Less human genius than God gives an ape,

REMARKS.

Y. 269. *Great Mother.*] *Magna mater*, here applied to Dulness. The *Quidnuncs*, a name given to the ancient members of certain political clubs, who were constantly enquiring *Quid nunc?* What news?

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 268. In the former editions followed those two lines:

Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
 And in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.

Var. *And in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.*] Tibbald writ a poem called the Cave of Poverty, which concludes with a very extraordinary wish, "That some great genius, or man of distinguished merit might be starv'd in order to celebrate her power, and describe her cave." It was printed in octavo, 1715.

IMITATIONS.

Y. 269. *This the Great Mother, &c.*]

" *Urbs antiqua fuit*—

" *Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam*

" *Posthabita coluisse Samo: hic illius arma,*

" *Hic currus fuit: hic regnum Dea gentibus esse*

" *(Si qua fata sinant) jun tum tenditque fovetque.*"

Virg. Aen. i.

Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespeare, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

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REMARKS.

y. 286. —*Tibbald.*] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced), or Theobald (as written) was bred an attorney, and son to an attorney (says Mr Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was author of some forgotten plays, translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the Censor, and a translation of Ovid. "There is a notorious idiot, one hight Whachum, who, from an under spur-leather to the law, is become an under-strapper to the playhouse, who hath lately burlesqued the Metamorphoses of Ovid by a vile translation, &c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper called the Censor." *Dennis*, Rem. on Pope's Homer, p. 9. 10.

Ibid. —*Ozell.*] "Mr John Ozell (if we credit Mr Jacob) did go to school in Leicestershire, where *somebody* left him *something* to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an office of accounts, in the city, being qualified for the same by his skill in arithmetic, and writing the necessary hands. He has obliged the world with many translations of French plays." *Jacob*, Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 198.

Mr Jacob's character of Mr Ozell seems vastly short of his merits, and he ought to have further justice done him, having since fully confuted all sarcasms on his learning and genius, by an advertisement of Sept. 20. 1729. in a paper called the Weekly Medley, &c. "As to my learning, this envious wretch knew, and every body knows, that the whole bench of Bishops, not long ago, were pleased to give me a purse of guineas, for discovering the erroneous translations of the Common-Prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, &c. As for my genius, let Mr Cleland shew better verses in all Pope's works, than Ozell's version of Boileau's Lutrin, which the late Lord Halifax was so pleased with, that he complimented him

The Goddess then o'er his anointed head,
 With mystic words, the sacred Opium shed.
 And lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
 Something betwixt a Heideggre and Owl)
 Perch'd on his crown. All hail! and hail again,
 My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
 Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
 He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
 Safe, where no Critics damn, no Duns molest,
 Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,

REMARKS.

"with leave to dedicate it to him, &c. Let him shew better and truer poetry in the Rape of the Lock than in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket, (*la Secchia rapita.*) And Mr Toland and Mr Gildon publicly declared Ozell's translation of Homer *to be*, as it was *prior*, so likewise *superior* to Pope's.—Surely, surely, every man is free to desert well of his country!" *John Ozell.*

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimonies, as those of the *Bench of Bishops*, Mr Toland, and Mr Gildon.

ψ. 290. —*a Heideggre.*] A strange bird from Switzerland, and not (as some have supposed) the name of an eminent person, who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Petronius, *Arbiter Elegantiarum.*

ψ. 296. —*Withers.*] See on verse 146.

Ibid. —*Gildon.*] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age, bred at St Omer's with the Jesuits; but renouncing Popery, he published Blount's books against the divinity of Christ, the oracles of reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Mr P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr Wycherley, printed by Curl; in another, called the New Rehearsal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled the Complete Art of English Poetry, in two volumes; and others.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 293. *Know, Eusden, &c.*] In the former editions:
 Know, Settle, cloy'd with custard and with praise,
 Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,

and high-born Howard, more majestic fire,
 With Fool of Quality completes the quire.
 Thou, Cibber! thou, his Laurel shalt support,
 290olly, my son, has still a Friend at Court. 300
 Lift up your Gates, ye Princes, see him come!
 Sound, sound, ye Viols, be the Cat-call dumb!
 Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vine;
 The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.
 295And thou! his Aid de camp, lead on my sons, 305
 Eight-arm'd with Points, Antitheses, and Puns.
 Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
 Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:
 And under his, and under Archer's wing,
 Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the King. 310

REMARKS.

ψ. 297. —*Howard.*] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr Waller, &c.

ψ. 309, 310. —*under Archer's wing, —Gaming, &c.*] When the statute against gaming was drawn up, it was represented that the King, by ancient custom, plays at hazard

VARIATIONS.

Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
 Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest.
 I see a King! who leads my chosen sons
 To lands that flow with clenches and with puns:
 Till each fam'd theatre my empire own;
 Till Albion, as Hibernia, blest my throne!
 I see! I see!—Then rapt she spoke no more,
 God save King Tibbald! Grubstreet alleys roar.
 So when Jove's block, &c.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 304. *The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.*]

“—Quorum imagines lambunt

“Hederæ sequaces.”

P 17.

O! when shall rise a Monarch all our own,
 And I, a Nursing-mother, rock the throne;
 'Twixt Prince and People close the Curtain draw,
 Shade him from Light, and cover him from Law;
 Fatten the Courtier, starve the learned band,
 And suckle Armies, and dry-nurse the land:
 'Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,
 And all be sleep, as at an Ode of thine.

She ceas'd. Then swells the Chapel-royal throat:
 God save King Cibber! mounts in ev'ry note.
 Familiar White's, God save King Colley! cries;
 God save King Colley! Drury-lane replies:
 To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
 But pious Needham dropt the name of God;

REMARKS.

one night in the year; and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exception as to that particular. Under this pretence, the Groom-porter had a room appropriated to gaming, all the summer the Court was at Kensington, which his Majesty accidentally being acquainted with, with a just indignation prohibited. It is reported the same practice is yet continued where-ever the Court resides, and the hazard table there open to all the professed gamblers in town.

"Greatest and justest Sov'reign, know you this?"

"Alas! no more than Thames' calm head can know"

"Whose meads his arms drown, or whose corn o'erflow."

Donne to Queen Elis.

ψ. 319. — *Chapel-royal.*] The voices and instruments used in the service of the Chapel-royal being also employed in the performance of the birth-day, and new-year odes.

ψ. 324. *But pious Needham.*] A matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 311. *O! when shall rise a Monarch, &c.*] Boileau, *Lutrin*, chant. ii.

"Helas! qu'est devenu ce tems, cet heureux tems,

"Ou les Rois s'honoroient du nom de Faineans," &c.

Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,
And Coll! each Butcher roars at Hockley-hole.
So when Jove's block descended from on high
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)

325

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as; that she might "get enough by her profession to leave
it off in time, and make her peace with God." But her
state was not so happy; for being convicted, and set in the
pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great friends
and votaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end
to her days.

y. 325. *Back to the Devil.*] The Devil-tavern in Fleet-
street, where these odes are usually rehearsed before they
are performed at Court. Upon which a wit of those times
made this epigram:

"When Laureates make odes, do you ask of what sort?

"Do you ask if they're good, or are evil?

"You may judge—From the Devil they come to the
Court,

"And go from the Court to the Devil."

y. 328. —*Ogilby*)—*God save King Log!*] See Ogilby's
Æsop's Fables, where, in the story of the Frogs and their
king, this excellent hemistich is to be found.

Our Author manifests here, and elsewhere, a prodigious
indulgence for the *bad writers*. We see he selects the on-
ly good passage, perhaps, in all that ever Ogilby writ; which
shows how candid and patient a reader he must have been.
What can be more kind and affectionate than these words
in the preface to his Poems, where he labours to call up all
our humanity and forgiveness toward these unlucky men,
in the most moderate representation of their case that has
ever been given by any author? "Much may be said to ex-
tenuate the fault of bad poets: what we call a *genius* is
hard to be distinguished, by a man himself, from a pre-
valent inclination; and if it be never so great, he can at
first discover it no other way than by that strong propen-
sity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken.
He has no other method but to make the experiment by
writing, and so appealing to the judgment of others:
and if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin

Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save King Lo

REMARKS.

"in itself) he is immediately made the object of ridicule
"I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the
"worst authors might endeavour to please us, and, in the
"endeavour, deserve something at our hands. We have
"cause to quarrel with them, but for their obstinacy in
"persisting, and even that may admit of alleviating cir-
"cumstances; for their particular friends may be either ig-
"norant, or unsincere; and the rest of the world too well
"bred to shock them with a truth which generally their
"bookfellers are the first that inform them of."

But how much all indulgence is lost upon these people
may appear from the just reflection made on their constant
conduct and constant fate, in the following epigram:

"Ye little Wits, that gleam'd a while,
"When Pope vouchsaf'd a ray,
"Alas! depriv'd of his kind smile,
"How soon ye fade away!

"To compass Phœbus' car about,
"Thus empty vapours rise;
"Each lends his cloud, to put him out,
"That rear'd him to the skies.

"Alas! those skies are not your sphere;
"There He shall ever burn:
"Weep, weep, and fall! for Earth you were,
"And must to Earth return."

THE
D U N C I A D:

T O

DR JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK the SECOND.

A R G U M E N T.

The King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public Games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyss. xxiv. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles.) Hither flock the poets and critics, attended, as is but just, with their patrons and booksellers. The Goddess is first pleased, for her sport, to propose games to the Booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a Poetess. Then follow the exercises for the Poet, of tickling, vociferating, diving: The first holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the second of Disputants and fustian Poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty Party-writers. Lastly, for the Critics, the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, one in verse, and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping: The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth; till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

B O O K II.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far out-shone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,

REMARKS.

TWO things there are, upon the supposition of which the very basis of all verbal criticism is founded and supported: the first, that an author could never fail to use the *best word* on every occasion; the second, that a critic cannot chuse but know *which that is*. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, first, that the author could *never have used it*; and, secondly, that he must have used *that very one*, which we conjecture, in its stead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus for his alteration of the text in the two last verses of the preceding book, which, in all the former editions, stood thus:

Hoarse thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the loud nation croak'd, God save King Log.

He has, with great judgment, transposed these two epithets; putting *hoarse* to the nation, and *loud* to the thunder: and this being evidently the true reading, he vouchsafed not so much as to mention the former; for which assertion of the just right of a critic, he merits the acknowledgment of all sound commentators.

Y. 2. *Henley's gilt tub.*] The pulpit of a dissenter is usually called a tub; but that of Mr Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription, *The Primitive Eucharist*. See the history of this person, book iii.

Ibid. —or *Fleckno's Irish throne.*] Richard Fleckno was

IMITATIONS.

Y. 1. *High on a gorgeous seat.*] Parody of Milton, book ii.

- "High on a throne of royal state, that far
- "Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
- "Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
- "Show'rs on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
- "Satan exalted sat."——

Or that where on her Curls the Public pours,
All-bounteous, fragrant Grains and Golden show'rs

REMARKS.

an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not our Author took occasion to mention him in respect to the poem of Mr Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the *Aeneid* from the *Iliad*, or the *Lutrin* of Boileau from the *Défait de Bouts rimees* of Sarazin.

It may be just worth mentioning, that the eminence from whence the ancient sophists entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a throne;—ἐπὶ θρόνῳ τοῦ ὑψηλοῦ μάλα σοφιστικῶς ἔσθαρῶς. Themistius, Orat. i.

ψ. 3. Or that where on her Curls the Public pours.] Edmund Curl stood in the pillory at Charing-cross, in March 1727-8. "This (saith Edmund Curl) is a false assertion—I had indeed the corporal punishment of what the gentle men of the long robe are pleased jocosely to call mounting the rostrum for one hour; but that scene of action was not in the month of March, but in February." [Curliad, 12mo, p. 19.] And of the History of his being told in a blanket, he saith, "Here, Scriblerus! thou leesteth in what thou asserteth concerning the blanket: it was not a blanket, but a rug." p. 25. Much in the same manner Mr Cibber remonstrated, that his brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned book i. were not brazen but blocks; yet our Author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationship.

We should think, gentle Reader, that we but ill performed our part, if we corrected not as well our own errors now, as formerly those of the printer: since what moved us to this work, was solely the love of truth, not in the least any vain-glory, or desire to contend with great authors. And further, our mistakes, we conceive, will the rather be pardoned, as scarce possible to be avoided in writing of such persons and works, as do ever shun the light. However, that we may not any way soften or extenuate the same, we give them thee in the very words of our antagonists: not defending, but retracting them from our heart, and craving excuse of the parties offended: for surely, in this work, it hath been above all things our desire, to provoke no man.

Scribl.

Great Cibber fate : The proud Parnassian sneer, 5
 The conscious smiler, and the jealous leer,
 Mix on his look : all eyes direct their rays
 On him, and crowds turn Coxcombs as they gaze.
 His Peers shine round him with reflected grace,
 New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
 So from the Sun's broad beam, in shallow urns 11
 Heav'n's twinkling Sparks draw light, and point
 their horns.

Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd,
 With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
 Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit, 15
 Thron'd on seven hills, the Antichrist of Wit.

And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
 By herald Hawkers, high heroic Games.
 They summon all her Race : an endless band
 Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land. 20
 A motley mixture ! in long wigs, in bags,
 In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,

REMARKS.

Y. 15. *Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit.*] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who, hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called *Alexias*. He was introduced as a *buffoon* to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the *laurel*; a jest which the court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the Poet himself was so transported as to weep for joy *. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. *Paulus Jovius, Eleg. Vir. doct. cap. lxxxii.* Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Sirada, in his *Prolusions*.

* See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
 On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots :
 All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd, 25
 And all who knew those Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide hey took their stand,
 Where the tall May-pole once o'er-look'd the Strand,
 But now (so ANNE and Piety ordain)
 A Church collects the faints of Drury-lane. 30

With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call,
 ('The field of glory is a field for all.)
 Glory and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke ;
 And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
 A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes, 35
 And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize ;
 No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
 In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin ;
 But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
 Twelve starv'ling bards of these degen'rate days. 40

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 35. *A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes.*] This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, Aen. x.

" Tum Dea nube cava, tenuem sine viribus umbram

" In faciem Aeneae (visu mirabile monstrum !)

" Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubaſque

" Divini affimilat capitis——

" ——Dat inania verba,

" Dat sine mente sonum——"

The reader will observe how exactly some of these verses suit with their allegorical application here to a plagiarist: there seems to me a great propriety in this episode, where such an one is imaged by a phantom that deludes the grasp of the expecting bookseller.

χ. 39. *But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise.*]

" Vix illud lecti bis sex——

" Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus."

Virg. Aen. xii.

All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
 She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
 With pert black eyes she window'd well its head;
 A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
 And empty words she gave, and sounding strain, 45
 But senseless, lifeless! idol void and vain!
 Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
 A fool, so just a copy of a wit;
 So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
 A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom More. 50

REMARKS.

ψ. 44. *A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead.*] i. e.

A trifling head, and a contracted heart,

as the poet, book iv. describes the *accomplished* sons of Dulness; of whom this is only an *image*, or scarecrow, and so stuffed out with these corresponding materials. *Scribl.*

ψ. 47. *Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit.*] Our Author here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of Dulness making a wit (which could be done no other way than by *chance*.) The fiction is the more reconciled to probability by the known story of Apelles, who being at a loss to express the foam of Alexander's horse, dashed his pencil in despair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate stroke.

ψ. 50. —*and call'd the phantom More.*] Curl, in his Key to the Dunciad, affirmed this to be James-Moore Smith, Esq; and it is probable (considering what is said of him in the Testimonies) that some might fancy our Author obliged to represent this gentleman as a plagiarist, or to pass for one himself. His case indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had stolen his handkerchief. "Sir, (said the thief, finding himself detected) do not expose me, I did it for mere want; be so good but to take it privately out of my own pocket again, and say nothing." The honest man did so, but the other cried out, "See, Gentlemen, what a thief we have among us! look, he is stealing my handkerchief!"

Some time before, he had borrowed of Dr Arbuthnot a paper called an Historico-physical Account of the South-Sea;

All gaze with ardour: Some a poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.

REMARKS.

and of Mr Pope the Memoirs of a Parish Clerk, which for two years he kept, and read to the reverend Dr Young, — F. Billers, Esq; and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were lost; but there happening to be another copy of the latter, it came out in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. Upon this, it seems, he was so far mistaken as to confess his proceeding by an endeavour to hide it: unguardedly printing (in the Daily Journal of April 3. 1728) "That the contempt which he and others "had for those pieces" (which only himself had shewn, and handed about as his own) "occasioned their being lost, "and for that cause only not returned." A fact, of which as none but he could be conscious, none but he could be the publisher of it. The plagiarisms of this person gave occasion to the following epigram:

"Moore always smiles whenever he recites;

"He smiles, you think, approving what he writes.

"And yet in this no vanity is shown;

"A modest man may like what's not his own."

This young gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a passion to be thought a wit. Here is a very strong instance attested by Mr Savage, son of the late Earl Rivers; who having shewn some verses of his in manuscript to Mr Moore, wherein Mr Pope was called *first of the tuneful train*, Mr Moore the next morning sent to Mr Savage to desire him to give those verses another turn, to wit, "That "Pope might now be the *first*, because Moore had left him "unrivalled, in turning his style to comedy." This was during the rehearsal of the Rival Modes, his first and only work, the Town condemned it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modest motto,

Hic castus, artemque repono.

The smaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author, are, An Epigram on the Bridge at Blenheim, by Dr Evans. Cosmética, by Mr Pitt, Mr Jones, &c. The Mock-marriage of a mad Divine, with a Cl. for a Parson, by Dr W. The Saw-pit, a Simile, by a Friend. Certain Physical works on Sir James Baker; and some unown'd Letters, Advertisements, and Epigrams against our Author in the Daily Journal.

But lofty Lintot in the circle rose;

"This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes;

"With me began this genius, and shall end." 55

He spoke: and who with Lintot shall contend?

Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curl; "Behold that rival here!

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Notwithstanding what is here collected of the person imagined by Curl to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion; since our Poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen verses to himself, which every reader had done for him; since the name itself is not spelled Moore, but More; and, lastly, since the learned Scriblerus has so well proved the contrary.

ψ. 50. —*the phantom More.*] It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real person, but fictitious. *More* from *μῶρος*, *stultus*, *μωρία*, *stultitia*, to represent the folly of a plagiarist. Thus Erasmus, *Admonuit me Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad Moriae vocabulum accedit quam es ipse a re alienus*. Dedication of Moriae Encomium to Sir Tho. More; the farewell of which may be our Author's to his plagiarist, *Vale, More! et meriam tuam gnauiter defende*. Adieu, More! and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly.

Scribl.

ψ. 53. *But lofty Lintot.*] We enter here upon the episode of the booksellers; persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr Lintot here, imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a *bull*. This eminent bookseller printed the Rival Modes before-mentioned.

ψ. 58. *Stood dauntless Curl.*] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr Edmund Curl. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caused them to write what he pleased; they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among these; he was taken notice of by the

“ The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won ;
 “ So take the hindmost, Hell, (he said), and run.”
 Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
 He left huge Lintor, and outstript the wind.

REMARKS.

State, the *church*, and the *law*, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all possible dignity: he speaks like the intrepid Diomed; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Nisus: and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises) he is *favoured of the Gods*; he says but three words, and his prayer is heard; a goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter: though he loses the prize, he gains the victory; the great mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with expedients, she honours him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Aeneas from Venus) at once instructive and prophetic: after this he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our Author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations: many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr Curl some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings: witness innumerable instances; but it shall suffice only to mention the Court Poem, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a lady of quality; but being first threatened, and afterwards punished for it by Mr Pope, he generously transferred it from *her* to *him*, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours since received from him: so true is the saying of Dr Sydenham, “ that any one shall be, at some time or other, the better or the worse for having but *seen* or *spoken* to a good or “ bad man.”

IMITATIONS.

Y. 60. *So take the hindmost, Hell.*]

“ Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui est.”

Hor. de Arte.

Y. 61, &c.] Something like this is in Homer, *Iliad* B.

As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the copse
 On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
 So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head, 65
 Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,
 With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.
 Full in the middle way there stood a lake, 69
 Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make :

REMARKS.

ψ. 70. —*Curl's Corinna.*] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs T—, who procured some private letters of Mr Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr Cromwell, and sold them without the consent of either of those gentlemen to Curl, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those let-

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ver. 220. of Diomed. Two different manners of the same author in his families are also imitated in the two following; the first, of the Bailiff, is short, unadorned, and (as the critics well know) from *familiar life*; the second, of the Water-fowl, more extended, picturesque, and from *rural life*. The 59th verse is likewise a literal translation of one in Homer.

ψ. 64, 65. *On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;*

So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head.]

" —So eagerly the Fiend

" O'er bog, o'er steep, thro' streight, rough, dense, or rare,

" With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,

" And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."

Milton, book ii.

ψ. 67, 68. *With arms expanded, Bernard rows his state,
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.]*

Milton, of the motion of the swan,

" —rows

" His state with oary feet."

And Dryden, of another's—*With two left legs—*

(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
 Her ev'ning-cates before his neighbour's shop.)
 Here fortun'd Curl to slide; loud shout the band,
 And Bernard! Bernard! rings thro' all the Strand.
 Obscene with filth the miscreant lyes bewray'd, 75
 Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:

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ters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excuseable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

ψ. 75. *Obscene with filth, &c.*] Though this incident may seem too low and base for the dignity of an epic poem, the learned very well know it to be but a copy of Homer and Virgil; the very words *ὄνθος* and *finus* are used by them, though our Poet (in compliance to modern nicety), has remarkably enriched and coloured his language, as well as raised the versification, in this episode, and in the following one of Eliza. Mr Dryden, in *Mac Fleckno*, has not scrupled to mention the *morning toast* at which the fishes bite in the Thames, *Pissing-alley*, *relics of the bum*, &c. but our Author is more grave, and (as a fine writer says of Virgil in his *Georgics*) *tosses about his dung with an air of majesty*. If we consider that the exercises of his authors could with justice be no higher than *tickling*, *chattering*, *braying*, or *diving*, it was no easy matter to invent such games as were proportioned to the meaner degree of *book-sellers*. In Homer and Virgil, Ajax and Nisus, the persons drawn in this plight, are *heroes*; whereas here they are such with whom it had been great impropriety to have joined any but vile ideas; besides the natural connection there is between libellers and common nufances: nevertheless, I

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ψ. 73. *Here fortun'd Curl to slide.*]

“Labitur infelix, caesis ut forte juvencis

“Fusus humum, viridesque super madefecerat herbas—

“Concidit, immundoque fimo, sacroque cruore.”

Virg. Aen. v. of Nisus.

ψ. 74. *And Bernard! Barnard!*]

“—Ut littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret.”

Virg. Ecl. vi.

Then first (if Poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.

Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any God's, or more; 80

And him and his, if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.

A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.

There in his seat two spacious vents appear, 85
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,

And hears the various vows of fond mankind;

Some beg an eastern, some a western wind;

All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,

With reams abundant t his abode supply; 90

Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills

Sign'd with that ichor which from gods distils.

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Have heard our Author own, that this part of his Poem was (as it frequently happens) what cost him most trouble, and pleas'd him least; but that he hop'd it was excuseable, since it was not at such as understand no delicate satire: thus the politest men are sometimes obliged to swear, when they happen to have to do with porters and oyster-wenchies.

ψ. 82. *Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.*]

The Bible, Curl's sign; the Cross-keys, Lintot's.

ψ. 83.] See Lucian's Icaro-Menippus; where this fiction is more extended.

ψ. 92. Alludes to Homer, Iliad v.

—'Ρέε δ' ἄμεινον αἶμα θεῶν,

Ἰχθὺς, οἷος περ τε ῥέει μακάρεσσι θεῶσιν.

"A stream of nect'rous humour issuing flow'd,

"Sanguine, such as celestial sp'rits may bleed."

Milton.

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ψ. 83. *A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas.*]

"Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasque, fretumque,

"Coelestesque plagas."— Ovid. Met. xii.

In office here fair Cloacina stands,
 And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
 Forth from the heap she pick'd her vot'ry's pray'r,
 And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
 Oft had the Goddess heard her servants call,
 From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
 List'ning delighted to the jest unclean
 Of link boys vile, and watermen obscene;
 Where as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
 She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
 Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
 As oil'd with magic juices for the courie,
 Vig'rous he rises; from th' effluvia strong
 Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
 Repasses Lintot, vindicates the race,
 Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
 Where the tall nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
 A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
 Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.

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ψ. 93. —*Cloacina.*] The Roman goddess of the common sewers.

ψ. 101. *Where as he fish'd, &c.*] See the Preface to Swift and Pope's Miscellanies.

ψ. 104. *As oil'd with magic juices.*] Alluding to the opinion that there are ointments used by witches to enable them to fly in the air, &c.

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ψ. 108. *Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.*]

“ —Faciem ostentabat, et udo

“ Turpia membra fimo.” —

Virg. Aen. 6.

ψ. 111. *A shapeless shade, &c.*]

“ —Effugit imago

“ Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.”

Virg. Aen. 6.

To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
 His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air;
 Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift, 115
 And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
 Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
 That suit an unpay'd tailor snatch'd away.
 No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
 That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ. 120
 Heav'n rings with laughter : of the laughter vain,
 Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.
 Three wicked imps, of her own Grubstreet choir,
 The deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;

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Y. 116. *Evans, Young, and Swift.*] Some of those persons, whose writings, epigrams, or jests he had owned. See Note on ver. 50.

Y. 118. — *an unpay'd tailor.*] This line has been loudly complained of in *Mist*. June 8, Dedication to Sawney, and others, as a most inhuman satire on the poverty of poets; but it is thought our Author will be acquitted by a jury of tailors. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen; if it be a satire on anybody, it must be on a bad paymaster, since the person to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as non-payment; which Mr Dennis so far asserts, as boldly to pronounce, that “if Homer himself was not in debt, it was because nobody would trust him.”

Preface to *Rem. on the Rape of the Lock*, p. 15.

Y. 124. — *like Congreve, Addison, and Prior.*] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary. — *Besaleel Morris* was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers — “Bond writ a satire against Mr P.—” “Capt. Breval was author of the *Confederates*, an ingen-

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Y. 114. *His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air.*] Virgil (*Aen. vi*) of the Sibyl's leaves:

“Carmina—

“Turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.”

Mears, Warner, Wilkins run : delusive thought!
 Breval, Bond, Befaleel, the varlets caught.
 Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
 He grasps an empty Joseph for a John :
 So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
 Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.

To him the Goddesses : Son ! thy grief lay down,
 And turn this whole illusion on the Town :
 As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
 By names of Toasts retails each batter'd jade ;
 (Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
 Of wrongs from duchesses and Lady Maries ;)

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“ous dramatic performance to expose Mr P. Mr Gay, Dr Arbuthnot, and some ladies of quality,” says Curl, *Key*, p. 11.

ψ. 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins.*] Bookfellers, and printers of much anonymous stuff.

ψ. 126. *Breval, Bond, Befaleel*] I foresee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our assertion on ver. 50. of this book, that Moore was a fictitious name, since these persons are equally represented by the Poet as phantoms. So at first sight it may seem ; but be not deceived, reader ; these also are not real persons. It is true, Curl declares Breval, a captain, author of a piece called the Confederates ; but the same Curl first said it was written by Joseph Gay : is his second assertion to be credited any more than his first ? He likewise affirms Bond to be one who writ a satire on our Poet : but where is such a satire to be found ? where was such a writer ever heard of ? As for Befaleel, it carries forgery in the very name ; nor is it, as the others are, a surname. Thon mayst depend upon it, no such authors ever lived ; all phantoms !

ψ. 128. *Joseph Gay.*] A fictitious name put by Curl before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr Gay's — The ambiguity of the word *Joseph*, which likewise signifies a loose upper coat, gives much pleasantry to the idea.

ψ. 132. *And turn this whole illusion on the Town.*] It was a common practice of this bookfeller to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent authors.

Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
 Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen Swift:
 So shall each hostile name become our own,
 And we too boast our Garth and Addison.

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Y. 137. —*this magic gift.*] In verity (saith Scriblers) a very bungling trick. How much better might our worthy brethren of Grubstreet been taught (as in many things they have already been) by the modern masters of polemics? who when they make free with their neighbours, seize upon their *good works* rather than their *good name*; as knowing that those will produce a *name* of their own.

Y. 138. *Cook shall be Prior.*] The man here specified wrote a thing called the *Battle of Poets*, in which Philips and Warton were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the *British, London, and Daily Journals*; and at the same time wrote letters to Mr Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald wrote notes, and half notes, which he carefully owned.

Y. 138. —*and Concanen Swift.*] In the first edition of this Poem, there were only asterisks in this place, but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.

Y. 140. *And we too boast our Garth and Addison.*] Nothing is more remarkable than our Author's love of praising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr Barrow, Dr Atterbury, Mr Dryden, Mr Congreve, Dr Garth, Mr Addison; in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it; even Cibber himself, presuming him to be the author of the *Careless Husband*. It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject; yet he has found means to insert their panegyric, and has made even Dulness out of her own mouth pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr Garth; both as his constant friend, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of satire. The Dispensary attacked the whole body of Apothecaries, a much more useful one undoubtedly than that of the bad poets; in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It also did, what Mr Theobald says is unpardonable, drew in *parts* of *private character*, and introduced

With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)

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persons independent of his subject. Much more would Boileau have incurred his censure, who left all subjects whatever, on all occasions, to fall upon the bad poets (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern.) But certainly next to commending good writers, the greatest service to learning is to expose the bad, who can only that way be made of any use to it. This truth is very well set forth in these lines addressed to our author:

"The craven rook, and pert jackdaw,
" (Tho' neither birds of moral kind)
" Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
" To show us which way blows the wind.
" Thus dirty knaves, or chatt'ring fools,
" Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
" Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
" And point instruction ev'ry way.
" With Egypt's art thy pen may strive:
" One potent drop let this but shed,
" And ev'ry rogue that stunk alive,
" Becomes a precious mummy dead."

Y. 142. — *rueful length of face.*] "The decrepid person or figure of a man are no reflections upon his *genius*: "an honest mind will love and esteem a *man of worth*, though he be deformed or poor. Yet the Author of the *Dunciad* hath libelled a person for his *rueful length of face*!" *Mist's Journal*, June 8. This *genius* and *man of worth*, whom an honest mind should love, is Mr Curl. True it is, he stood in the pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man, though it were ever so comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr Curl. Bos

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Y. 141, 142. — *piteous of his case,*
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face.]
" — Risit pater optimus illi. —
" Me liceat casum misereri infantis amici —
" Sic fatus, tergum Gaetuli immane leonis," &c.

Virg. Aen. vi.

A shaggy tapestry, worthy to be spread,
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed ;

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as to reflections on any man's face or figure, Mr Dennis saith excellently: "Natural deformity comes not by our fault; it is often occasioned by calamities and diseases, which a man can no more help than a monster can his deformity. There is no one misfortune, and no one disease, but what all the rest of mankind are subject to.— But the deformity of this *Author* is visible, present, lasting, unalterable, and peculiar to himself. It is the mark of God and Nature upon him, to give us warning that we should hold no society with him, as a creature not of our original, nor of our species: and they who have refused to take this warning which God and Nature has given them, and have, in spite of it, by a senseless presumption ventured to be familiar with him, have severely suffered, &c. It is certain his original is not from Adam, but from the Devil," &c. *Dennis, Character of Mr P. octavo, 1716.*

Admirably it is observed by Mr Dennis against Mr Law, p. 33. "That the language of Billingsgate can never be the language of charity, nor consequently of Christianity." I should else be tempted to use the language of a critic; for what is more provoking to a commentator, than to behold his author thus portrayed? Yet I consider it really hurts not him; whereas to call some others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it: therefore, tho' Mr D. may call another *a little ass*, or *a young toad*, far be from us to call him *a toothless lion* or *an old serpent*. Indeed, had I written these notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of *balatro*, *calceatum caput*, *scurra in triviis*, being phrases in good esteem and frequent use among the best learned: but in our mother tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the Dunciad, surely it should be in words not to the vulgar intelligible; whereby Christian charity, decency, and good accord among authors, might be preserved.

Scribl.

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occasions, eminently shews his humanity. But it was far otherwise with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, whose scurrilities were always personal, and of that nature which provoked every honest

Instructive work! whose wray-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure. 145

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man but Mr Pope; yet never to be lamented, since they occasioned the following amiable verses:

- " While Malice, Pope, denies thy page
- " Its own celestial fire;
- " While Critics, and while Bards in rage,
- " Admiring, wont admire:
- " While wayward pens thy worth assail,
- " And envious tongues decry;
- " These times tho' many a friend bewail,
- " These times bewail not I.
- " But when the world's loud praise is thine,
- " And Spleen no more shall blame,
- " When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
- " In one establish'd fame:
- " When none shall rail, and ev'ry lay
- " Devote a wreath to thee;
- " That day (for come it will) that day
- " Shall I lament to see."

Y. 143. *A shaggy tapestry.*] A sorry kind of tapestry frequent in old inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff; like that which is spoken of by Donne—*Faces as frightful as theirs who whip Christ in old hangings.* The imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in A-R. v.

Y. 144. *On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed.*] Of Codrus the poet's bed, see Juvenal, describing his poverty very copiously, sat. iii. ver. 103, &c.

Lectus erat Codrus, &c.

- " Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
- " That his short wife's short legs hung dangling out.
- " His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers grac'd,
- " Beneath them was his trusty tankard plac'd;
- " And to support this noble plate, there lay
- " A bending Chiron, cast from honest clay.
- " His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd,
- " Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd,
- " Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,
- " And on heroic verse luxuriously were fed.
- " 'Tis true poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
- " And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost." *Dryden*

Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe,
 And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.
 There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
 The very worsted still look'd black and blue. 150
 Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,
 As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
 And oh! (he cry'd) what street, what lane but knows
 Our purgings, pumpings, blankettings, and blows?

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But Mr Concanen, in his dedication of the Letters, advertisements, &c. to the author of the Dunciad, assures us, "That Juvenal never satirized the poverty of Codrus."

John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c.

Y. 148. *And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge.*] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called the Observator: he was sentenced to be whipped thro' several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that Prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

Y. 149. *There Ridpath, Roper.*] Authors of the Flying-post, and Post-boy, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.

Y. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies.*] The history of Curl's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see A full and true Account of a horrid Revenge on the Body of Edm. Curl, &c. in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies.

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Y. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies.*]

"Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis—
 "Constitit, et lacrymans: Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate!
 "Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?"

Virg. Aen. i.

In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run for ever green!

See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,
Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;
Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.

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ψ. 157. *See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd.*] In this game is exposed, in the most contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiousness of those shameless scriblers (for the most part of that sex which ought least to be capable of such malice or impudence) who, in libellous Memoirs and Novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin of public fame, or disturbance of private happiness. Our good Poet (by the whole cast of his work being obliged not to cast off the irony) where he could not shew his indignation, hath shewn his contempt, as much as possible; having here drawn as vile a picture as could be represented in the colours of Epic poesy. Scribl.

Ibid.] *Eliza Haywood*; this woman was authoress of these most scandalous books called the Court of Carimania, and the New Utopia. For the *two babes of love*, see Curl, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleased to throw upon this Lady, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who had celebrated Curl's undertakings for *Reformation of manners*, and declared herself "to be so perfectly acquainted with the *sweetness of his disposition*, and that *tenderness with which he considered the errors of his fellow-creatures*; that, though she should find the *little inconstancies of her own life* recorded in his papers, she was certain it would be done in such a manner as she could not but approve." Mrs Haywood, Hist. of Car. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

ψ. 160. *Kirkall.*] The name of an engraver. Some of this

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ψ. 156. *And the fresh vomit run for ever green!*] A parody on these lines of a late noble author:

"His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
"And run for ever purple in the looms."

ψ. 158. *Two babes of love close clinging to her waist.*]

"Cressa genus, Phœloe, geminique sub ubere nati."

Virg. Aen. v.

The Goddess then : " Who best can fend on high
 " The salient spout, far streaming to the sky ;
 " His be yon Juno of majestic size,
 " With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
 " This China Jordan let the chief o'ercome 165
 " Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."
 Osborne and Curl accept the glorious strife,
 (Tho' this his son dissuades, and that his wife.)

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Lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them.

Y. 167. *Osborne, Thomas.*] A bookseller in Gray's-Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here instead of a less deserving predecessor. This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr Pope's subscription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: of which books he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was quarto) the common books in folio, without copperplates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this advertisement the Gazetreeer harangued thus, July 6. 1739. " How melancholy must it be to a writer to
 " be so unhappy as to see his works hawked for sale in a
 " manner so fatal to his fame! How, with honour to your-
 " self, and justice to your subscribers, can this be done?
 " What an ingratitude to be charged on the *only honest*
 " *poet* that lived in 1738! and than whom *Virtue* has not
 " had a *shriller trumpeter* for many ages! That you were
 " once *generally admired and esteemed* can be denied by
 " none; but that you and your works are now despised, is
 " verified by *this fact*:" which being utterly false, did not indeed much humble the Author, but drew this just chastisement on the bookseller.

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Y. 163. ——— yon Juno ———

With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.]

In allusion to Homer's Ὠκεῖς ὠκεῖνα ἦψα.

Y. 165. *This China Jordan.*]

" Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito."

Virg. Aen. vi.

In the games of Homer, Iliad xxiii. there are set together,

One on his manly confidence relies,
 One on his vigour and superior size.
 First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;
 It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
 So Jove's bright bow displays its wat'ry round,
 (Sure sign that no spectator shall be drown'd.)
 A second effort brought but new disgrace,
 The wild Meander wash'd the Artist's face:
 Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
 Spirits in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
 Not so from shameless Curl: impetuous spread
 The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head.
 So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns) 181
 Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;

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as prizes, a lady and a kettle, as in this place Mrs Haywood and a jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the kettle, at which Madame Dacier is justly displeased. Mrs H. is here treated with distinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two.

Y. 169, 170. *One on his manly confidence relies,
 One on his vigour.]*

"Ille—melior motu, fretusque juvena;

"Hic membris et mole valens."

Virg. Aen. v.

Y. 173, 174. *So Jove's bright bow—*

Sure sign.—]

The words of Homer, of the Rain-bow, in Iliad xi.

—ὡς τε Κρονίων

Ἐν νίφει σήριξε, τίρας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.

Que le fils de Saturne a fondez dans les nues, pour être dans tous les âges une signe a tous les mortels. Dacier.

Y. 181, 182. *So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)*

Eridanus.]

Virgil mentions these two qualifications of Eridanus, Georg. iv.

"Et gemina auratus taurina cornua vultu,

"Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta

"In mare purpureum violentior insuit amnis."

Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.

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Y. 183. *Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn.*] In a manuscript Dunciad (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time deceased) I have found another reading of these lines, thus,

"And lifts his urn, thro' half the heav'ns to flow;

"His rapid waters in their passage glow."

This I cannot but think the right: for first, Though the difference between *burn* and *glow* may seem not very material to others, to me, I confess, the latter has an elegance, a *je ne sçay quoy*, which is much easier to be conceived than explained. Secondly, Every reader of our Poet must have observed how frequently he uses the word *glow* in other parts of his works: to instance only in his Homer:

(1.) Iliad ix. ver. 726.—With one resentment glows.

(2.) Iliad xi. ver. 626.—There the battle glows.

(3.) Ibid. ver. 985.—The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow.

(4.) Iliad xii. ver. 45.—Encompass'd Hector glows.

(5.) Ibid. ver. 475.—His beating breast with gen'rous ardour glows.

(6.) Iliad xviii. ver. 591.—Another part glow'd with resplendent arms.

(7.) Ibid. ver. 654.—And curl'd on silver props in order glow.

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could stretch this catalogue to a great extent; but these are enough to prove his fondness for this *beautiful word*, which, therefore, let *all future editions* replace here.

I am aware, after all, that *burn* is the proper word to convey an idea of what was said to be Mr Curl's condition at this time; but from that very reason I infer the direct contrary: for surely every *lover of our Author* will con-

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The Poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed thro' the skies. Denham, Cooper's Hill:

"Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,

"Whose fame in thine, like lesser currents lost;

"Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,

"To shine among the stars, and bathe the Gods."

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes:
 Still happy Impudence obtains the prize.
 Thou triumph'st, victor of the high-wrought day,
 And the pleas'd dame, soft-smiling, lead'st away.
 Osborne, thro' perfect modesty o'ercome,
 Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.

But now for authors nobler palms remain;
 Room for my Lord! three jockeys in his train;
 Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
 He grins, and looks broad Nonsense with a stare.
 His Honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest,
 "He wins this patron, who can tickle best."

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
 With ready quills the Dedicators wait;

REMARKS.

clude he had more *humanity* than to insult a man on such a misfortune or calamity, which could never befall him, purely by his *own fault*, but from an unhappy communication with another. This note is half Mr. Theobald, half Scribl.

ψ. 187. — *the high-wrought day.*] Some affirm, this was originally, *well p—st day*; but the Poet's decency would not suffer it.

Here the learned Scriblerus manifests great anger; he claims against all such *conjectural emendations* in this manner: "Let it suffice, O Pallas! that every noble antique, Greek or Roman, hath suffered the impertinent correction of every Dutch, German, and Switz schoolmaster. Let our English at least escape, whose intrinsic is scarce of marble so solid, as not to be impaired or spoiled by such rude and dirty hands. Suffer them to call their works their own, and after death at least to find rest and sanctuary from critics! When these men have ceased to rail, let them not begin to do worse, to comment! Let them not conjecture into nonsense, correct out of all correctness, and restore into obscurity and confusion. Miserable fate! which can befall only the sprightliest wits that have written, and will befall them only from such dull ones as could never write."

Now at his head the dextrous task commence,
 And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense; 100
 Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
 He struts Adonis, and affects grimace :
 He polli the feather to his ear conveys,
 When his nice taste directs our Operas :
 He lentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes, 105
 And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.

REMARKS.

[y. 203.] *Paolo Antonio Rolli*, an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas.

[y. 205. *Bentley his mouth*, &c.] Not spoken of the famous Dr Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace*. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax. but on a change of the ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley. A taste of his *classic elocution* may be seen in his following Panegyric on the Peace of Utrecht. *cupimus. Patrem tuam, fulgentissimum illud orbis Angli-*
ni juhar, adorare ! O ingens Reipublicae nostrae columen !
fortunatam tanto Heroe Britanniam ! Illi tali tantoque
pro Deum per omnia adfuisse, manumque ejus et mentem
exuisse certissimum est. Hujus enim Unius ferme opera,
equissimus, et perhonorificis conditionibus, diuturno, heu
minium ! bello, finem impositum videmus. O diem aeterna
memoria dignissimam ! qua terrores Patriae omnes excidit,
pacemque diu exoptatam toti fere Europe restituit, ille
populi Anglicani amor Harleius.

Thus critically (that is, verbally) translated :

" Thy father, that most refulgent star of the Anglican orb. we much desire to adore ! O mighty column of our republic ! Oh Britain, fortunate in such an hero ! That to such and so great a man God was ever present in every thing, and all along directed both his hand and his heart, is a most absolute certainty ! For it is, in a manner, by the operation of this man alone, that we behold a war (alas, how much too long an one !) brought at

But Wellsted most the Poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm;

REMARKS.

"length to an end, *on the most just and most honourable conditions*. O day eternally to be memorated! wherein
"all the terrors of his country were ended, and a *peace*
"(long wished for by *almost all Europe*) was restored
"by *Harley*, the love and delight of the people of England."
"land."

But that th's gentleman can write in a different style, may be seen in a letter he printed to Mr Pope, wherein several noble Lords are treated in a most extraordinary language, particularly the Lord Bolingbroke abused for that very *peace* which he here makes the *single work* of the Earl of Oxford, directed by *God Almighty*.

Y. 207. — *Wellsted*.] Leonard Wellsted, author of the *Triumvirate*, or a Letter in verse from Palaemon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr P. and some of his friends about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, mentions one, the Hymn of a *Gentleman* to his *Creator*: and there was another in praise either of a cellar, or a garret. L. W. characterized in the treatise *Ἡσπὶ Βάθους*, or the Art of Sinking, as a didapper, and after as an eel, is said to be this person, by Dennis, *Daily Journal* of May 11, 1728. He was also characterized under another animal, a mole, by the author of the ensuing *mile*, which was handed about at the same time:

"Dear Wellsted, mark, in dirty hole,
"That painful animal, a mole:
"Above ground never born to grow;
"What mighty stir it keeps below!
"To make a mole-hill all this strife!
"It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
"How proud a little dirt to spread;
"Conscious of nothing o'er its head!
"Till, lab'ring on for want of eyes,
"It blunders into Light and dies."

You have him again in book iii. ver. 169.

VARIATIONS.

Y. 207.] In the first edition:

But Oldmixon the poet's healing balm, &c.

Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster. 210

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein;
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
Puts his large refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
Her sister sends, her vot'refs, from above. 216

As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's Secretary. 220

Now turn to diff'rent sports (the Goddess cries),
And learn, my sons, the wond'rous pow'r of Noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
With Shakespeare's nature, or with Johnson's art,
Let others aim: 'Tis yours to shake the soul 225
With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,

REMARKS.

Y. 213. *A youth unknown to Phœbus, &c.*] The satire of this episode being levelled at the base flatteries of authors to worthless wealth or greatness, concludes here with an excellent lesson to such men: that although their pens and praises were as exquisite as they conceit of themselves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who serveth the passions, or pimpeth to the pleasures of such vain, braggart, puffed nobility, shall with those patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded.

Scribl.

Y. 226. *With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl.*] The old way of making thunder and mustard were the

IMITATIONS.

Y. 223, 225. *To move, to raise, &c.*

Let others aim: 'tis yours to shake, &c.]

"Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera,

"Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus, &c.

"Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,

"Hæc tibi crunt artes."—

With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
 Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell!
 Such happy arts attention can command,
 When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand. 237
 Improve we these. Three Cat-calls be the bribe
 Of him whose chatt'ring shames the Monkey tribe;
 And his this Drum, whose hoarse heroic base
 Drowns the loud clarion of the braying As.

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din:
 The Monkey-mimics rush discordant in; 238
 'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
 And Noise and Norton, Brangling and Breval,
 Dennis and Dissonance, and captious Art,
 And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart, 240
 And Demonstration thin, and Thefes thick,
 And Major, Minor, and Conclusion quick.
 Hold (cry'd the Queen) A Cat-call each shall win;
 Equal your merits! equal is your din!

REMARKS.

same; but since, it is more advantageously performed by
 troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr Dennis
 was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it
 is certain, that being once at a tragedy of a new author,
 he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried,
 " 'Sdeath! that is my thunder."

ψ. 228. — *with a tolling-bell*] A mechanical help to the
 Pathetic, not unuseful to the modern writers of tragedy.

ψ. 231. — *Three Cat-calls.*] Certain musical instruments
 used by one sort of critics to confound the poets of the
 theatre.

ψ. 238. — *Norton.*] See ver. 417. — *J. Durant Breval*,
 author of a very extraordinary book of travels, and some
 poems. See before, Note on ver. 126.

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ψ. 243. — *A Cat-call each shall win, &c.*]

"Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites,

"Et vitula tu dignus, et hic." —

Virg. Ecl. III.

But that this well-disputed game may end, 245
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the gild awake; 250
Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay :
So swells each wind-pipe ; Afs intones to Afs,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and bras ;
Such as from lab'ring lungs th' Enthusiast blows,
High Sound, attemper'd to the vocal nose; 256
Or such as bellow from the deep Divine ;
There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and Whitefield!
thine.

But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain ;
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again. 260

REMARKS.

ψ. 258. — *Webster—and Whitefield.*] The one the writer of a newspaper called the Weekly Miscellany, the other a field-preacher. This thought the only means of advancing religion was by the new-birth of spiritual madness; that by the old death of fire and faggot: and therefore they agreed

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 247. *As when the, &c.*] A simile with a long tail, in the manner of Homer.

ψ. 260. — *bray back to him again.*] A figure of speech taken from Virgil:

“ Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.”

Georg. iii.

“ He hears his numerous herds low o'er the plain,

“ While neighb'ring hills low back to them again.”

Cowley.

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B. delighted much in the word *bray*, which he endeavoured to ennoble by applying it to the sound of *armour, war, &c.* In imitation of him, and strengthened by his authority, our Author has here admitted it into heroic poetry.

In Tot'nam fields, the Brethren, with amaze,
 Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!
 Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the sound,
 And courts to courts return it round and round;
 Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall, 163
 And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
 All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
 Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

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in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the sober clergy. From the small success of these two extraordinary persons, we may learn how little hurtful *bigotry* and *enthusiasm* are, while the civil magistrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it against the other.

Y. 263. *Long Chanc'ry-lane.*] The place where the offices of chancery are kept. The long detention of clients in that court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humorously allegorized in these lines.

Y. 268. *Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.*] A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore knight, who (as Mr Dryden expresseth it)

"Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels;"
 and whose indefatigable Muse produced no less than six epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, six; besides Job, in folio; the whole Book of Psalms; the Creation, seven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. It is in this sense he is styled afterwards the *everlasting Blackmore*.

IMITATIONS.

Y. 262. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze.*]

"Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca."

Virg. Ecl. viii.

The progress of the sound from place to place, and the scenery here of the bordering regions, Tottenham-fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Westminster-Hall, and Hungerford-stairs, are imitated from Virgil, Aen. vii. on the sounding the horn of Alecto:

"Audiit et Triviae longe lacus, audiit amnis

"Sulphurea Nar albus aqua, fontesque Velini," &c.

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
As morning pray'r, and flagellation end) 270

REMARKS.

Notwithstanding all which, Mr Gildon seems assured, "that this admirable author did not think himself upon the same foot with Homer." Comp. Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the times? p. 25. who says, "Sir Richard Blackmore is unfortunate in happening to mistake his proper talents; and that he has not for many years been so much as named, or even thought of among writers." Even Mr Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr Gildon: "Blackmore's action (saith he) has neither unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor universality; and consequently he can have no fable, and no heroic poem: his narration is neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful; his characters have none of the necessary qualifications; the things contained in his narration are neither in their own nature delightful, nor numerous enough, nor rightly disposed, nor surprising, nor pathetic."—Nay, he proceeds so far as to say Sir Richard has no genius; first laying down, that genius is caused by a furious joy and pride of soul, on the conception of an extraordinary hint. Many men (says he) have their hints, without these motions of fury and pride of soul, because they want fire enough to agitate their spirits; and these we call cold writers. Others, who have a great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel the fore-mentioned motions, without the extraordinary hints; and these we call fustian writers. But he declares that Sir Richard had neither the hints, nor the motions." Remarks on Prince Arthur, octavo, 1696. Preface.

This gentleman, in his first works, abused the character of Mr Dryden; and in his last, of Mr Pope, accusing him in very high and sober terms of profaneness and immorality (Essay on Polite Writing, vol. ii. p. 270.) on a mere report from Edm. Curl, that he was author of a travestie on the first Psalm. Mr Dennis took up the same report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an argument to prove it; which being very curious, we shall here transcribe. "It was he who burlesqued the Psalm of David. It is apparent to me that Psalm was burlesqued by

To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The King of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper fable blots the silver flood.

REMARKS.

“ a *Popish rhymester*. Let rhyming persons who have been
“ brought up *Protestants* be otherwise what they will, let
“ them be rakes, let them be scoundrels, let them be
“ *Athiests*, yet education has made an invincible impres-
“ sion on them in behalf of the sacred writings. But a *Po-*
“ *pisb rhymester* has been brought up with a contempt for
“ those sacred writings; now shew me another *Popisb rhy-*
“ *mester* but he.” This manner of argumentation is usual
with Mr Dennis; he has employed the same against Sir
Richard himself, in a like charge of *impiety* and *irreligion*.
“ All Mr Blackmore’s celestial machines, as they cannot be
“ defended so much as by common received opinion, so are
“ they directly contrary to the doctrine of the Church of
“ England; for the visible descent of an angel must be a
“ miracle. Now it is the doctrine of the Church of Eng-
“ land that miracles had ceased a long time before Prince
“ Arthur came into the world: now if the doctrine of the
“ Church of England be true, as we are obliged to believe,
“ then are all the celestial machines in Prince Arthur un-
“ sufferable, as wanting not only human, but divine proba-
“ bility. But if the machines are sufferable, that is, if they
“ have so much as divine probability, then it follows of ne-
“ cessity that the doctrine of the Church is false. So I
“ leave it to every impartial clergyman to consider,” &c.
Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

ψ. 270. *As morning pray’r, and flagellation end.*] It is
between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church-
service, that the criminals are whipped in Bridewell.—This
is to mark punctually the *time* of the day: Homer does it
by the circumstance of the judges rising from court, or of
the labourers’ dinner: our Author by one very proper both

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ψ. 273. *The King of dykes! &c.*]

“ Fluviorum rex Eridanus,

“ —Quo non alius, per pingua culta,

“ In mare purpureum violentior induit annis.” *Virg.*

Here strip, my children! here at once leap in, 275
 Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,
 And who the most in love of dirt excel,
 Or dark dexterity of groping well.
 Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
 The stream, be his the weekly Journals bound;
 A pig of lead to him who dives the best; 281
 A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest."
 In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
 And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands;

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to the *persons* and the *scene* of his Poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the Lord Mayor's day: the first book passed in that *night*; the next *morning* the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleetstreet, (places inhabited by booksellers), then they proceed by Bride-well toward Fleet-ditch, and lastly thro' Ludgate to the city and the temple of the Goddess.

ψ. 275, 277, 278. — *dash thro' thick and thin, — love of dirt — dark dexterity.*] The three chief qualifications of party-writers; to stick at nothing, to delight in slinging dirt, and to slander in the dark by guess.

ψ. 280. — *the weekly Journals.*] Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the *London Journal*, *British Journal*, *Daily Journal*, &c.; the concealed writers of which, for some time, were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others; persons never seen by our Author.

ψ. 282. *A peck of coals a-piece.*] Our indulgent Poet, whenever he has spoken of any dirty or low work, constantly puts us in mind of the *poverty* of the offenders, as the only extenuation of such practices. Let any one but remark, when a thief, a pickpocket, an highwayman, or a knight of the post are spoken of, how much our hate to those characters is lessened, if they add a *needy* thief, a *poor* pickpocket, an *hungry* highwayman, a *starving* knight of the post, &c.

ψ. 283. *In naked majesty Oldmixon stands.*] Mr John Oldmixon, next to Mr Dennis, the most ancient critic of

Then sighing, thus, "And am I now threescore?
 "Ah, why, ye Gods! should two and two make four!"

REMARKS.

our nation; an unjust censurer of Mr Addison in his professed Essay on Criticism, whom also, in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric), he misrepresents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45. he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it; and in p. 304. is so injurious as to suggest that Mr Addison himself writ that Tatler, (No. 43.) which says of his own simile, that "It is as great as ever entered into the mind of man." "In poetry he was not so happy as laborious, and is therefore characterized by the Tatler, No. 62. by the name of *Omicron the unborn poet*." Curl, Key, p. 13. "He writ dramatic works, and a volume of poetry consisting of heroic epistles, &c. some whereof are very well done," said that great judge Mr Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his Essay on Criticism, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our Author. But the top of his character was a perverter of history, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts, in folio, and his Critical History of England, two volumes, octavo. Being employed by Bishop Kennet, in publishing the historians in his Collection, he falsified Daniel's Chronicle in numberless places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the first of these books, advanced a particular fact to charge three eminent persons of falsifying the Lord Clarendon's History; which fact has been disproved by Dr Atterbury, late Bishop of Rochester, then the only survivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falsified, produced since, after almost ninety years, in that noble author's original manuscript. He was all his life a virulent party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death.

Y. 286. *Ah, why, ye Gods! should two and two make four?*] Very reasonably doth this ancient critic complain: without doubt it was a fault in the constitution of things. For the world, as a great writer saith, *being given*

IMITATIONS.

Y. 285. *Then sighing, thus, And am I now threescore? &c.*]

"—Fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanem.

"Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos." Ovid.

he said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
 Not to the black abyfs, and plung'd downright.
 The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
 Tho but to sink the deeper, rose the higher. 190
 Next Smedley div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er
 The quaking mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.
 All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
 Smedley in vain resounds thro' all the coast.
 Then *** essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight, 195
 He buys up instant, and returns to light:

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For a subject of *disputation*, he might think himself
 stocked with a penurious gift, were any thing made cer-
 tain. Hence those superior masters of wisdom, the *skeptics*
 and *academics*, reasonably conclude that *two and two do*
not make four. Scribl.

But we need not go so far to remark what the Poet prin-
 cipally intended, the absurdity of complaining of *old age*,
 which must necessarily happen, as long as we are indulged
 in our desires of adding one year to another.

[y. 291. *Next Smedley div'd.*] In the surreptitious edi-
 tions, this whole episode was applied to an initial letter
 S, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was
 more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The al-
 legory evidently demands a person dipped in scandal, and
 deeply immersed in dirty work: whereas Mr Eusden's wri-
 tings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and
 accordingly are taxed of nothing else in book i. ver. 102.
 But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author
 and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, a weekly Whitehall
 Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker;
 and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr
 Swift and Mr Pope, called *Gulliveriana* and *Alexandriana*,
 printed in octavo, 1728.

[y. 295. *Then *** essay'd.*] A gentleman of genius and
 spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind,

IMITATIONS.

[y. 293. —and call on Smedley lost, &c.]

"Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,

"Hylas, in vain, resounds thro' all the coast."

Lord Roscom. Translat. of Virgil's vith Ecl.

He bears no tokens of the fabler streams,
 And mounts far off among the Swans of Thames.
 True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
 A cold, long-winded native of the deep;
 If perseverance gain the Diver's prize,
 Not everlasting Blackmore this denies:
 No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
 Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.

REMARKS.

on whom our Poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party-quarrels and personal invectives.

ψ. 299. *Concanen.*] *Matthew Concanen*, an Irishman bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, p. 7. accuses him of "having boasted of what he had not written, but that others had revised and done for him." He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the *British and London Journals*, and in a paper called the *Speculatist*. In a pamphlet, called a *Supplement to the Profound*, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr Broome's verses, (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what the gentleman did), but those of the Duke of Buckingham, and others: to this rare piece somebody humorously caused him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi*. He was finally a hired scribler in the *Daily Courant*, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the Lord Bolingbroke, and others; after which this man was surprisingly promoted to administer justice and law in Jamaica.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 298. in the first edit. followed these,
 Far worse unhappy D—r succeeds;
 He search'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 302. *Not everlasting Blackmore.*]

"Nec bonus Eurytion praelato invidit honori," &c.
Virg. Aen.

Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack, 305
 With each a sickly brother at his back :
 Sons of a Day ! just buoyant on the flood,
 When number'd with the puppies in the mud.
 Ask ye their names ? I could as soon disclose
 The names of these blind puppies as of those. 310
 Lost by, like Niobe (her children gone)
 Its Mother Osborne, stupify'd to stone !
 And monumental brass this record bears,
 These are, ah no ! these were the Gazetteers !"

REMARKS.

Y. 306, 307. *With each a sickly brother at his back.*—
sons of a day, &c.] These were daily papers, a number of
 which, to lessen the expence, were printed one on the back
 of another.

Y. 311. — *like Niobe.*] See the story in Ovid, Met. vii.
 where the miserable petrification of this old lady is pathet-
 ically described.

Y. 312. — *Osborne.*] A name assumed by the eldest and
 gravest of these writers, who at last being ashamed of his
 pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent.

Y. 314. *Gazetteers.*] We ought not to suppose that a mo-
 dern critic here taxeth the Poet with an anachronism, af-
 firming these gazetteers not to have lived within the time
 of his poem, and challenging us to produce any such paper
 of that date. But we may with equal assurance assert these
 gazetteers not to have lived since, and challenge all the
 learned world to produce one such paper at this day. Sure-
 ly, therefore, where the point is so obscure, our Author
 ought not to be censured too rashly. *Scribl.*

Notwithstanding this affected ignorance of the good Scrib-
 lerus, the Daily Gazetteer was a title given very properly
 to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into
 this, as a common sink, was received all the trash, which
 had been before dispersed in several Journals, and circu-
 lated at the public expence of the nation. The authors were
 the same obscure men ; though sometimes relieved by occa-
 sional essays from statesmen, courtiers, bishops, deans, and
 doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with money ;
 others with places or benefices, from an hundred to a thou-
 sand a year. It appears from the report of the Secret Com-

Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of scull, 315
Furious he dives precipitately dull.

REMARKS.

mittee for enquiring into the conduct of R. Earl of O.
“ That no less than *fifty thousand seventy-seven pounds,*
“ *eighteen shillings,* were paid to authors and printers of
“ new papers, such as *Free Britons, Daily-Courants, Court*
“ *Cutter's Journals, Gazetteers, and other political papers,*
“ *between Feb. 10. 1731, and Feb. 10. 1741.*” Which shews
the benevolence of one Minister to have expended, for the
current dulness of ten years in Britain, double the sum
which gained Louis XIV. so much honour, in annual pen-
sions to learned men all over Europe. In which, and in
a much longer time, not a pension at court, nor preferment
in the church or universities, of any consideration, was be-
stowed on any man distinguished for his learning separately
from party-merit, or pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the panegyrics bestowed
by these writers on this great Minister, not one is at this
day extant or remembered; nor even so much credit done
to his personal character by all they have written, as by
one short occasional compliment of our Author:

“ Seen him I have; but in his *happier hour*

“ Of *social pleasure,* ill exchang'd for *pow'r!*

“ Seen him, uncumber'd by the venal tribe,

“ *Smile without art, and win without a bribe.*”

§. 315. Arnall.] William Arnall, bred an attorney, was
a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began under
twenty with furious party-papers; then succeeded Concanen
in the British Journal. At the first publication of the Dun-
ciad, he prevailed on the Author not to give him his due
place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such
practices as his predecessor's. But since, by the most unex-
ampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men,
the Poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche
in the Temple of infamy: witness a paper called the *Free*
Briton; a Dedication entitled, *To the Genuine blunderer,*
1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued him-
self upon it; not indeed without cause, it appearing by the
aforesaid *Report*, that he received “ for *Free Britons,* and
“ other writings, in the space of *four years,* no less than
“ *ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds, six*
“ *shillings, and eight pence,* out of the Treasury.” But

Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest,
 With all the might of gravitation blest.
 No crab more active in the dirty dance,
 Downward to climb, and backward to advance, 310
 He brings up half the bottom on his head,
 And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead.

The plunging Prelate, and his pond'reous Grace,
 With holy envy gave one layman place.
 When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood, 315
 Slow rose a form, in majesty of mud;
 Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
 And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
 Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares:
 Then thus the wonders of the deep declares. 330

First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
 Smit with his mien, the mud-nymphs suck'd him in:
 How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
 Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,

REMARKS.

Frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honourable patron to disavow his scurrilities.

¶ 323. *The plunging Prelate, &c.*] It having been inviscerally insinuated that by this title was meant a truly great Prelate, as respectable for his defence of the present balance of power in the *civil* constitution, as for his opposition to the scheme of no power at all, in the *religious*; I owe so much to the memory of my deceased friend as to declare, that when, a little before his death, I informed him of this insinuation, he called it vile and malicious, as any candid man, he said, might understand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this very prelate in another part of the Poem.

IMITATIONS.

¶ 329. *Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares.*] Virg. Aen. vi. of the Sibyl:

“ ———majorque videri,

“ Nec mortale sonans” —

Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below, 333
 As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
 Then sung, how shown him by the nut-brown maid
 A branch of Styx here rises from the shades,
 That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
 And wafting vapours from the land of dreams, 340
 (As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
 Bears Pifa's off'ring to his Arethuse)
 Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
 Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
 Here brisker vapours o'er the TEMPLE creep; 345
 There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.

REMARKS.

ψ. 336. *As Hylas fair.*] Who was ravished by the water-nymphs, and drawn into the river. The story is told at large by Valerius Flaccus, lib. iii. Argon. See Virgil, Ecl. vi.

ψ. 338. *A branch of Styx, &c.*]

Οἱ τ' ἀμφ' ἱμέρῳ Τισαρῆσιον ἔργ' ἐνέμοντο,

*Ὅς ῥ' ἐς Πηνειὸν προΐει καλλιῤῥόον ὕδωρ.

Οὐδ' ὄγε Πηνειῷ συμμίσγεται ἀργυροδίνη.

*Ἀλλὰ τί μιν καθύπερθεν ἐπιῤῥέει ἡὐτ' ἑλαιον.

*Ὅρκε γὰρ δεινὸ Στυγὸς ὕδατος εἶναι ἀποῤῥόξ.

Homer, Il. ii. Catal.

Of the land of Dreams in the same region, he makes mention, Odyss. xxiv. See also Lucian's true History. *Lethe* and the *Land of Dreams* allegorically represent the *superstition* or *visionary madness* of poets, equally dull and extravagant. Of Alpheus's waters gliding secretly under the sea of Pifa, to mix with those of Arethuse in Sicily, (see Moschus, Idyll. viii. Virg. Ecl. x.

" Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labere Sicanos,

" Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam."

And again, Aen. iii.

" —Alpheum fatma est huc, Elidis amnem,

" Occultas egisse vias subter mare, qui nunc

" Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis."

Thence to the banks where rev'rend bards repose,
 They led him soft; each rev'rend bard arose;
 And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
 Gave him the cassock, surcingle and vest. 350
 "Receive (he said) these robes which once were mine,
 "Dulness is sacred in a sound divine."
 He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the croud confess
 The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
 Around him wide a sable army stand, 355
 A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
 Prompt or to guard or stab, to saint or damn,
 Heav'n's Swifs, who fight for any god, or man.

REMARKS.

Y. 349. *And Milbourn.*] Luke Milbourn, a clergyman, the fairest of Critics; who, when he wrote against Mr Dryden's Virgil, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the gentlemen of the Dunciad against our Author, as will be seen in the parallel of Mr Dryden and him. Appendix.

Y. 355. *Around him wide, &c.*] It is to be hoped that the satire in these lines will be understood in the confined sense in which the Author meant it, of such only of the clergy, who, though solemnly engaged in the service of religion, dedicate themselves, for venal and corrupt ends, to that of ministers of factions; and though educated under an entire ignorance of the world, aspire to interfere in the government of it, and consequently, to disturb and disorder it.

IMITATIONS.

Y. 347. *Thence to the banks, &c.*]

"Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum,
 "Utque viro Phoebi chorus assurrexerit omnis;
 "Ut Linus haec illi divino carmine pastor,
 "Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
 "Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musae,
 "Asraeo quos ante seni"—&c.

Thro' Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known
Fleet

Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street, 360
Till show'rs of sermons, characters, essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways :
So clouds replenish'd from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
Here stopt the Goddess ; and in pomp proclaims 365
A gentler exercise to close the games.

" Ye critics ! in whose heads, as equal scales,
" I weigh what author's heaviness prevails ;
" Which most conduce to soothe the soul in slumbers,
" My H—ly's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers ;
" Attend the trial we propose to make : 371
" If there be man who o'er such works can wake,
" Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
" And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye ;
" To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to fit 375
" Judge of all present, past, and future wit ;
" To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
" Full and eternal privilege of tongue."

REMARKS.

℥. 359. *Lud's fam'd gates.*] " King Lud repairing the
" city, called it after his own name, Lud's Town ; the
" strong gate which he built in the west part, he likewise,
" for his own honour, named Ludgate. In the year 1260,
" this gate was beautified with images of Lud and other
" kings. Those images, in the reign of Edward VI. had
" their heads smitten off, and were otherwise defaced by
" unadvised folks. Queen Mary did set new heads upon
" their old bodies again. The 28th of Queen Elizabeth the
" same gate was clean taken down, and newly and beauti-
" fully builded, with images of Lud and others, as afore."
Stowe's Survey of London.

℥. 374. See Hom. *Odys.* xii. Ovid. *Met.* i.

Three college sophs, and three pert templars came,
 The same their talents, and their tastes the same;
 Each prompt to query, answer, and debate, 381
 And smit with love of poesy and prate.
 The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring:
 The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.
 The clam'rous croud is hush'd with mugs of mum,
 Till all tun'd equal, send a gen'ral hum. 386
 Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
 Thro' the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
 Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
 At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze,
 As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low 391
 Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow:
 Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
 As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
 And now to this side, now to that they nod, 395
 As verse, or prose, infuse the drowzy God.

REMARKS.

Y. 388. *Thro' the long, heavy, painful page, &c.*] "All these lines very well imitate the slow drowsiness with which they proceed. It is impossible to any one, who has a poetical ear, to read them without perceiving the heaviness that lags in the verse, to imitate the action it describes. The simile of the pines is very just, and well adapted to the subject;" says an enemy, in his Essay on the Dunciad, p. 21.

IMITATIONS.

Y. 380, 381. *The same their talents—Each prompt, &c.*]

"Ambo florentes aetatibus, Arcades ambo,

"Et certare pares. et respondere parati." *Virg. Ecl. vi.*

Y. 382. *And smit with love of poesy and prate.*]

"Smit with the love of sacred song — *Milton.*

Y. 384. *The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.*]

"Confedere duces, et vulgi stante corona."

Ovid. Met. xlii.

Thrice Budget aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress'd
 By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
 Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
 Yet silent bow'd to *Christ's no kingdom here.*
 Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
 Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum.
 Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em
 lyes

Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes.
 As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
 One circle first, and then a second makes;

REMARKS.

ψ. 397. *Thrice Budget aim'd to speak.*] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South-sea scheme, &c.
 "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some
 "excellent epilogues to plays, and *one small piece* on love,
 "which is very pretty." *Jacob, Lives of Poets*, vol. ii.
 p. 289. But this gentleman since made himself much more
 eminent, and personally well known to the greatest states-
 men of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this
 nation.

ψ. 399. *Toland and Tindal.*] Two persons, not so happy
 as to be obscure, who writ against the religion of their
 country. Toland, the author of the *Athiest's Liturgy*, call-
 ed *Pantheisticon*, was a spy, in pay, to Lord Oxford. Tin-
 dal was author of the *Rights of the Christian Church*, and
 Christianity as old as the Creation. He also wrote an abo-
 litive pamphlet against Earl S—, which was suppress'd while
 yet in MS. by an eminent person, then out of the ministry,
 to whom he shewed it expecting his approbation: this Doc-
 tor afterwards published the same piece, *mutatis mutandis*,
 against that very person.

ψ. 400. *Christ's No kingdom, &c.*] This is said by Curl,
 (*Key to Dunc.*) to allude to a sermon of a reverend bishop.

ψ. 405. *As what a Dutchman, &c.*] It is a common and
 foolish mistake, that a ludicrous parody of a grave and re-
 celebrated passage is a ridicule of that passage. The reader,

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 399.] In the first edition it was,
 Collins and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,

What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest
 Like motion from one circle to the rest :
 So from the midmost the nutation spreads
 Round and more round, o'er all the *sea of heads*.
 At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
 Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale,
 Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,
 Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more ;

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REMARKS.

therefore, if he will, may call this a parody of the Author's own sublime similitude in the *Essay on Man*, Ep. iv.

As the small pebble, &c.

but will anybody therefore suspect the one to be a ridicule of the other? A ridicule indeed there is in every parody; but when the image is transferred from one subject to another, and the subject is not a *poem burlesqued*, (which Scriblerus hopes the reader will distinguish from a *burlesqued poem*), there the ridicule falls not on the thing *imitated*, but *imitating*. Thus, for instance, when

Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast,

it is, without doubt, an object ridiculous enough. But I think it falls neither on old King Edward, nor his armour, but on his *armour-bearer* only. Let this be said to explain our Author's parodies (a figure that has always a good effect in a mock epic poem) either from profane or sacred writers.

Y. 411. — *Centlivre*.] Mrs Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth to his Majesty. She writ many plays, and a song (says Mr Jacob, vol. i. p. 32) before she was seven years old. She also writ a ballad against Mr Pope's Homer, before he began it.

Y. 413. *Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er*.] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections, &c. — William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal against the stage; Mr Dennis answered with as great: their books were printed in 1726. Mr Law affirmed, "that the

IMITATIONS.

Y. 410. *O'er all the sea of heads*.]

"A waving sea of heads was round me spread;

"And bill-fresh streams the gazing deluge fed."

Blackm. Job.

Norton, from Daniel and Ostroëa sprung,
 Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,

REMARKS.

"playhouse is the temple of the devil; the peculiar pleasure of the devil; where all they who go, yield to the devil; where all the laughter is a laughter among devils; and all who are there are hearing music in the very porch of hell." To which Mr Dennis replied, "That there is every jot as much difference between a true play, and one made by a poetaster, as between *two religious books*, the *Bible* and the *Alcoran*." Then he demonstrates, that "All those who had written against the stage were *Jacobites* and *Nonjurors*; and did it always at a time when something was to be done for the *Pretender*. Mr Collier published his *Short View* when France declared for the Chevalier; and his *Dissuasive*, just at the great storm, when the devastation which that hurricane wrought, had amazed and astonished the minds of men, and made them obnoxious to melancholy and desponding thoughts. Mr Law took the opportunity to attack the stage upon the great preparations he heard were making abroad, and which the *Jacobites* flattered themselves were designed in their favour. And as for Mr Bedford's *Serious Remonstrance*, though I know nothing of the time of publishing it, yet I dare to lay odds it was either upon the Duke d'Aumont's being at Somerset-house, or upon the late rebellion." Dennis, Stage defended against Mr Law, p. ult. The same Mr Law is author of a book entitled, *An Appeal to all that doubt of, or disbelieve the Truth of the Gospel*; in which he has detailed a system of the rankest Spinozism, for the most exalted theology; and amongst other things as rare, has informed us of this, that Sir Isaac Newton stole the principles of his philosophy from one Jacob Behmen, a German cobbler.

¶ 414. *Morgan*.] A writer against religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompousness of his title; for having stolen his morality

VARIATIONS.

¶ 413.] In the first edition it was,

T—s and T— the church and state gave o'er,
 Nor *** talk'd, nor S— whisper'd more.

410 long silent down his never-blushing head ;
 and all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.
 Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
 and stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay. 410
 Why should I sing, what bards the nightly Muse
 did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews ;
 Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
 to some fam'd round-house, ever open gate !
 Now Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink, 415
 and to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink :

REMARKS.

From Tindal, and his philosophy from Spinoza, he calls
 himself, by the courtesy of England, a *moral philosopher*.

Ibid. — *Mandevil*.] This writer, who prided himself as
 much in the reputation of an *immoral philosopher*, was au-
 thor of a famous book called *The Fable of the Bees*; writ-
 ten to prove, That moral virtue is the invention of knaves,
 and Christian virtue the imposition of fools; and that vice is
 necessary, and alone sufficient to render society flourishing
 and happy.

Y. 415. *Norton*.] Norton de Foe, offspring of the famous
 Daniel; *Fortes creantur fortibus*: one of the authors of the
 Flying Post, in which well-bred work Mr P. had sometime
 the honour to be abused with his betters; and of many hi-
 red scurrilities, and daily papers, to which he never set his
 name.

Y. 426. *And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink.*]
 This line presents us with an excellent moral, that we are
 never to pass judgment merely by *appearances*; a lesson to
 all men, who may happen to see a reverend person in the
 like situation, not to determine too rashly: since not only
 the poets frequently describe a bard inspired in this posture,

(On Cam's fair bank, where Chaucer lay inspir'd,
 and the like), but an eminent casuist tells us, "that if a
 "priest be seen in any indecent action, we ought to ac-

IMITATIONS.

Y. 418. *And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.*]
 Alludes to Dryden's verse in the Indian Emperor:

"All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead."

While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat?

REMARKS.

"count it a deception of sight, or illusion of the devil, who
"sometimes takes upon him the shape of holy men on pur-
"pose to cause scandal."

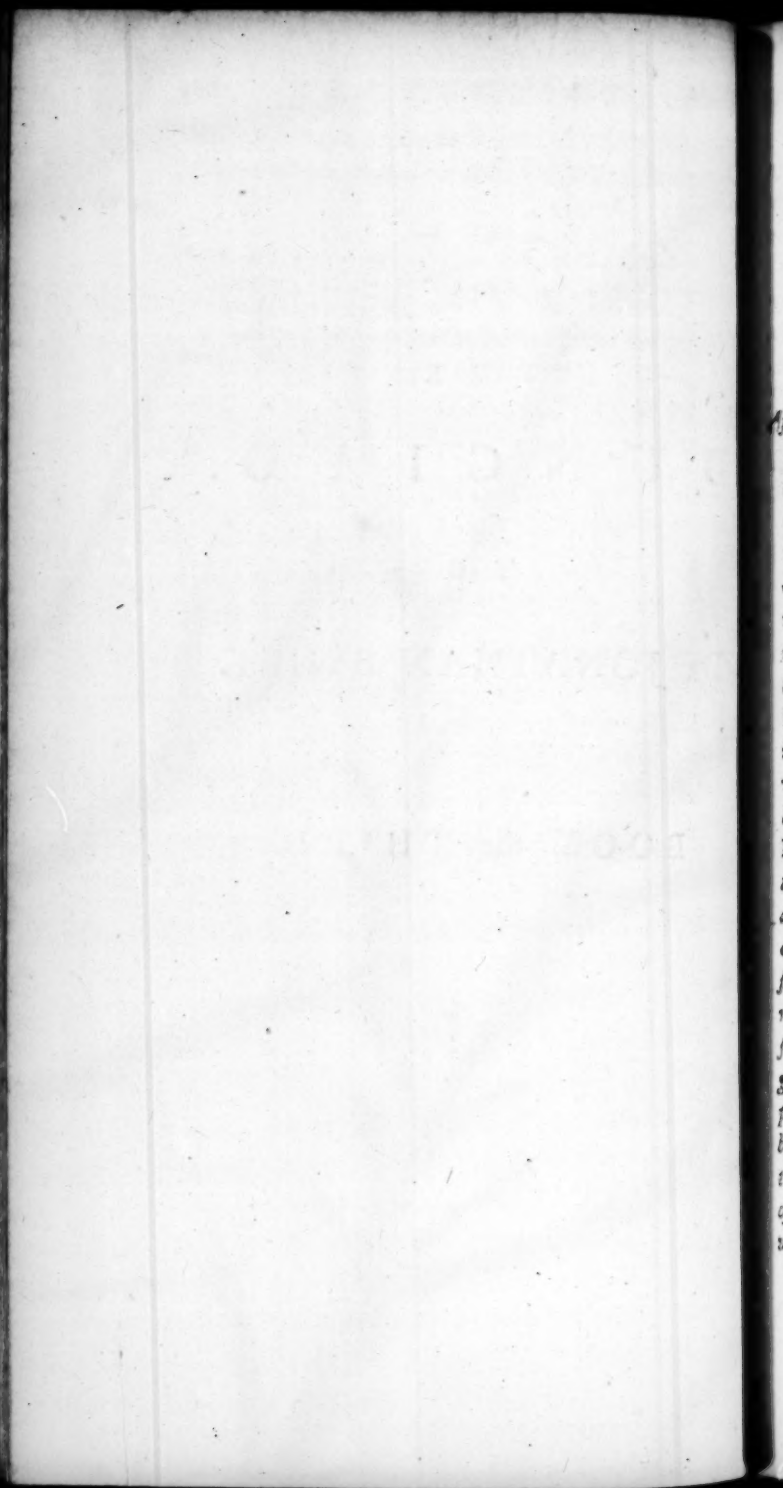
Y. 427. — *Fleet.*] A prison for insolvent debtors on the
bank of the Ditch.

THE
D U N C I A D:

T O

DR JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK the THIRD.



A R G U M E N T.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the King to her temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causeth all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, innamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad poetical sibyl, to the Elysian shade: where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Vision, from whence he shews him the past triumphs of the Empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the island of Great Britain, shews by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees it shall be brought to her Empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the King himself, 'till they are explained to

be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophecies how first the nation shall be over-run with Farces, Operas, and Shows; how the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the Theatres, and set up even at Court; then how her sons shall preside in the seats of Arts and Sciences; giving a glimpse, or pifgab-sight of the future fulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.

B O O K III.

BUT in her Temple's last recess inclos'd,
 On Dulness' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
 Him close she curtains round with Vapours blue,
 And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew,
 Then raptures high the seat of Sense o'erflow, 5
 Which only heads refin'd from Reason know.
 Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
 He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods :
 Hence the Fool's Paradise, the Statesman's Scheme,
 The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream, 10
 The Maid's romantic wish, the Chemist's flame,
 And Poet's vision of eternal Fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing conveyed,
 The King descending, views th' Elysian Shade.

REMARKS.

ψ. 5, 6. &c.] Hereby is intimated that the following vision is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the present age, doubtless more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great geniuses in divinity, politics, and whatever arts and sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our Poet's honest meaning, he hath again, at the end of the vision, repeated this monition, saying that it all passed through the *ivory gate*, which (according to the ancients) denoteth falsity. *Scrib.*

How much the good Scriblerus was mistaken, may be seen from the fourth book, which, it is plain from hence, he had never seen. *Bentl.*

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 7, 8. *Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,*

He hears loud oracles, and talks with Gods.]

"Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum

"Colloquio."——

Virg. Aen. viii.

A slip-shod Sibyl led his steps along,
 In lofty madness meditating song;
 Her tresses staring from Poetic dreams,
 And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.
 Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
 (Once swan of Thames, tho' now he sings no more.)

REMARKS.

ψ. 15. *A slip-shod Sibyl.*] This allegory is extremely just, no conformation of the mind so much subjecting it to real *madness*, as that which produces real *dulness*. Hence we find the religious (as well as the poetical) enthusiasts of all ages were ever, in their natural state, most heavy and lumpish; but on the least application of *heat*, they ran like lead, which of all metals falls quickest into fusion; whereas fire in a genius is truly Promethean, it hurts not its constituent parts, but only fits it (as it does well-tempered steel) for the necessary impressions of art. But the common people have been taught (I do not know on what foundation) to regard lunacy as a mark of *wit*, just as the Turks and our modern Methodists do of *holiness*. But if the cause of madness assigned by a great philosopher be true, it will unavoidably fall upon the dunces. He supposes it to be the *dwelling over long on one object or idea*; now as this attention is occasioned either by grief or study, it will be fixed by Dulness, which hath not quickness enough to comprehend what it seeks, nor force and vigour enough to divert the imagination from the object it laments.

ψ. 19. *Taylor.*] John Taylor the Water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the Accidence: a rare example of modesty in a poet!

"I must confess I do want eloquence,

"And never scarce did learn my Accidence;

"For having got from *possum* to *posset*,

"I there was gravell'd, could no farther get."

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an ale-house in Long-Acre. He died in 1654.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 15. *A slip-shod Sibyl, &c.*]

"Conclamat vates——

"——Furens antea se immisit aperto."

Virt.

Benlowes, propitious still to Blockheads, bows; 21
 And Shadwell nods the Poppy on his brows.
 Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
 Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,

REMARKS.

ψ. 21. *Benlowes.*] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets, as may be seen from many dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagram'd his name *Benlowes* into *Benevolus*: to verify which, he spent his whole estate upon them.

ψ. 22. *And Shadwell nods the Poppy, &c.*] Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692.

ψ. 24. *Old Bavius sits.*] Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bays by our author, though not in so Christian-like a manner: for heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be *hated* and *detested* for his evil works: *Qui Bavius non odit*: whereas we have often had occasion to observe our Poet's great *good nature* and *mercifulness* thro' the whole course of this Poem.

Scribl.

Mr Dennis warmly contends, that Bavius was no inconsiderable author; nay, "That he and Mævius had (even "in Angustus's days) a very formidable party at Rome, "who thought them much superior to Virgil and Horace: "for (saith he) I cannot believe they would have fixed that "eternal brand upon them, if they had not been coxcombs "in more than ordinary credit." Remarks on Pr. Arthur;

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 23. *Here, in a dusky vale, &c.*]

"—Videt Aeneas in vale reducta

"Seclusum nemus——

"Lethaeumque domos placidas qui praevenat amnem, &c.

"Hunc circum innumerae gentes," &c. *Virg. Aen. vi.*

ψ. 24. *Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls.*] Alluding to the story of Thetis dipping Achilles to render him impenetrable:

"At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti

"Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras,

"Lustrabat."——

Virg. Aen. vi.

And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
 Of solid proof, impenetrably dull :
 Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
 Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of light,
 Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array
 Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
 Millions and millions on these banks he views,
 Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,
 As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
 As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.

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part ii. chap. 1. An argument which, if this Poem should last, will conduce to the honour of the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

ψ. 28. —*Brown and Mears.*] Booksellers, printers for anybody.—The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by booksellers, is sufficiently intelligible.

ψ. 34. —*Ward in pillory.*] John Ward of Hackney, Esq. member of parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the pillory on the 17th of February 1727. Mr Curl (having likewise stood there) looks upon the mention of such a gentleman in a satire, as a *great act of barbarity*, Key to the Dunciad, 2d edition, p. 16. And another author thus reasons upon it, Dürgen. 8vo, p. 11, 12. "How unworthy is it of *Christians* 'charity to animate the *rabble* to abuse a *worthy man* in 'such a situation? What could move the Poet thus to mention a *brave sufferer*, a *gallant prisoner*, exposed to the 'view of all mankind! It was laying aside his *senses*, it 'was committing a *crime* for which the *law* is deficient

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 28. —*unbar the gates of light.*] An hemistich of Milton.

ψ. 31, 32. *Millions and millions—Thick as the stars, &c.*]

"Quam multa in silvis autumni frigore primo

"Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto

"Quam multae glomerantur aves," &c.

Virg. Aen. vi.

Wond'ring he gaz'd : When lo ! a Sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
(His only suit) for twice three years before :

REMARKS.

“ not to punish him ! nay, a crime which *man can scarce*
“ *forgive*, or *time efface* ! nothing surely could have in-
“ duced him to it but being bribed by a great lady,” &c.
(to whom this brave, honest, worthy gentleman was guilty
of no offence but forgery, proved in open court.) But it is
evident, this verse could not be meant of him ; it being no-
torious, that no *eggs* were thrown at that gentleman. Per-
haps therefore it might be intended of Mr Edward Ward
the poet, when he stood there.

Y. 36. *And length of ears.*] This is a *sophisticated* read-
ing. I think I may venture to affirm all the copyists are
mistaken here : I believe I may say the same of the critics ;
Dennis, Oldmixon, Welsted have passed it in silence. I have
also stumbled at it, and wondered how an error so manifest
could escape such accurate persons. I dare assert it pro-
ceeded originally from the inadvertency of some transcriber,
whose head ran on the *pillory*, mentioned two lines
before ; it is therefore amazing that Mr Curl himself should
overlook it ! yet that *scholiast* takes not the least notice
hereof. That the learned Mist also read it thus, is plain
from his ranging this passage among those in which our
Author was blamed for *personal satire* on a *man's face*,
(whereof doubtless he might take the *ear* to be a part ;) so
likewise Cancannen, Ralph, the *Flying-Post*, and all the
herd of commentators.—*Tota armenta sequuntur.*

A very little sagacity (which all these gentlemen there-
fore wanted) will restore us to the true sense of the Poet,
thus :

By his broad shoulders known, and length of *years*.

See how easy a change ; of one single letter ! That Mr Settle
was old, is most certain ; but he was (happily) a stranger
to the *pillory*. This note partly Mr *Theobald's*, partly
Scribl.

Y. 37. — *Settle.*] Elkanah Settle was once a writer in
vogue as well as Cibber, both for dramatic poetry and poli-
tics. Mr Dennis tells us, that “ he was a formidable rival
“ to Mr Dryden, and that in the University of Cambridge

All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
 Old in new state, another yet the same. 43
 Bland and familiar as in life, begun
 Thus the great Father to the greater Son :
 Oh! born to see what none can see awake!
 Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake. 44
 Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore;
 The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
 But blind to former as to future fate,
 What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
 Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
 Might from Bæotian to Bæotian roll? 50

REMARKS.

"there were those who gave him the *preference*." Mr Wellsted goes yet farther in his behalf: "Poor Settle was formerly the *mighty rival* of Dryden; nay, for many years bore his reputation *above* him." Preface to his Poems, 8vo, p. 31. And Mr Milbourn cried out: "How little was Dryden able, even when his blood run high, to defend himself against Mr Settle!" Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. These are comfortable opinions! and no wonder some authors indulge them.

He was author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King Charles II. He answered all Dryden's political poems; and being cried up on *one side*, succeeded not a little in his tragedy of the Empress of Morocco, (the first that was ever printed with cuts.) "Upon this he grew insolent, the wits writ against his play, he replied, and the Town judged he had the better. In short, Settle was then thought a very formidable rival to Mr Dryden; and not only the Town, but the University of Cambridge was divided which to prefer; and in both places the younger sort inclined to Elkanah." Dennis, Preface to Rem. on Homer.

ψ. 50. *Might from Bæotian, &c.*] Bæotia lay under the ridicule of the wits formerly, as Ireland does now; though it produced one of the greatest poets and one of the greatest generals of Greece:

"Bæotum crasso jurares acre natum."

Horat.

How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
 How many stages thro' old Monks she rid?
 And all who since, in wild benighted days,
 Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays.
 As man's meanders to the vital spring 55
 Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
 Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
 Pick the thread in, then yield it out again:
 All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
 Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate. 60
 For this our Queen unfolds to vision true
 Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
 Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
 Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
 Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign, 65
 And let the past and future fire thy brain.
 Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
 Her boundless empire over seas and lands.

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¶ 67. *Ascend this hill, &c.*] The scenes of this vision
 are remarkable for the order of their appearance. First,
 from ver. 67 to 73, those places of the globe are shewn where
 science never rose; then from ver. 74 to 83, those where

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¶ 54. *Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays.*]

"—Sine tempora circum

"Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere lauros."

Virg. Ecl. viii.

¶ 61, 62. *For this our Queen unfolds to vision true*

Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view.]

This has a resemblance to that passage in Milton, book xi.
 where the Angel

"To noble sights from Adam's eye remov'd

"The film; then purg'd with euphrasie and rube

"The visual nerve—*For he had much to see.*"

There is a general allusion in what follows to that whole
 episode.

See, round the poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning line,
(Earth's wide extremes), her sable flag display'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science their bright course begun :
One godlike monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds;
Heav'ns ! what a pile ! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.
Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes ;
There rival flames with equal glory rise :
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all the physic of the soul.

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She was destroyed by *Tyranny*; from ver. 85 to 95, by invasions of *Barbarians*; from ver. 96 to 106, by *Superstition*. Then Rome, the mistress of arts, described in her degeneracy; and lastly, Britain, the scene of the action of the poem; which furnishes the occasion of drawing out the progeny of Dulness in review.

ψ. 69, *See, round the poles, &c.*] Almost the whole Southern and Northern continent wrapt in ignorance.

ψ. 73.] Our Author favours the opinion that all sciences came from the Eastern nations.

ψ. 75.] Chi Ho-am-ti Emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that Empire.

ψ. 81, 82.] The Caliph, Omar I. having conquered Egypt

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 73. in the former edition,

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science *at a birth* begun.

But as this was thought to contradict that line of the Introduction,

In eldest times, e'er mortals writ or read,
which supposes the sun and science did not set out together it was altered to *their bright course begun*. But this was as usual, escaped the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
 Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall:
 Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies 85
 Somebody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
 Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
 The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of snows,
 The north by myriads pours her mighty sons,
 Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns! 90
 See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
 Of Genferic! end Attila's dread name!
 See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall:
 See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
 See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore 95
 (The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
 His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian Prophet draws,
 And saving Ignorance enthronés by laws.
 See Christians, Jews, one heavy Sabbath keep,
 And all the Western world believe and sleep. 100
 Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
 Of arts, but thund'ring against Heathen lore;

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caused his general to burn the Ptolemaean library, on the gates of which was this inscription, ΨΤΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, *the physic of the soul*.

ψ. 96. *The soil that arts and infant letters bore.*] Phoenicia, Syria, &c. where letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests.

ψ. 102. — *thund'ring against Heathen lore.*] A strong instance of this pious rage is placed to Pope Gregory's account. John of Salisbury gives a very odd encomium of this Pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strangest effects of this excess of zeal in him: "Doctor sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui melleo praedicationis imbre totam rigavit et inebriavit ecclesiam; non modo Mæthesin iussit ab aula, sed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit probatae lectionis scripta, Palatinus quaecunque tenebat Apollo." And in another place: "Fertur beatus Gre-

Her grey-hair'd synods damning books unread,
 And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
 Padua, with sighs, beholds his Livy burn,
 And ev'n th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn,
 See the cirque falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods,
 Streets pav'd with heroes, Tyber choak'd with gods
 'Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
 And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn;
 See graceless Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
 Or Phidias broken, and Appelles burn'd.

Behold yon' isle, by palmers, pilgrims, trod,
 Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,

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"gorius bibliothecam combussisse gentilem; quo divinae
 "paginae gravior esset locus, et major autoritas, et dili-
 "gentia studiosior." Desiderius, Archbishop of Vienna, was
 sharply reprov'd by him for teaching grammar and literature,
 and explaining the poets; because (says this Pope)
 "In uno se ore cum Jovis laudibus Christi laudes non ca-
 "piunt: et quam grave nefandumque sit Episcopis canere
 "quod nec Laico religioso conveniat, ipse considera." He
 is said, among the rest, to have burn'd Livy, "quia in
 "superstitionibus et sacris Romanorum perpetuo versatur."
 The same Pope is accus'd by Vossius, and others, of having
 caus'd the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence
 to be destroy'd, lest those who came to Rome should give
 more attention to triumphal arches, &c. than to holy things.
 Bayle, Dict.

V. 109. 'Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn.]
 After the government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their
 zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the Heathen
 temples and statues, so that the Goths scarce destroy'd more
 monuments of antiquity out of rage, than these out of de-
 votion. At length they spared some of the temples, by con-
 verting them to churches; and some of the statues, by mo-
 difying them into images of saints. In much later times,
 it was thought necessary to change the statues of Apollo and
 Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith;
 the lyre easily became a harp, and the Gorgon's head turn'd
 to that of Holofernes.

Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsley-woolsey brothers,
Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless o-
thers. 116

That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.
In peace, great Goddess, ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword! 120
Thus visit not thy own! on this blest'd age
Oh spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.

And see, my son! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway;
This fav'rite isle, long sever'd from her reign, 125
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
Now look thro' Fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious fight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light, 130

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Y. 117, 118. *Happy!—had Easter never been.*] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter.

Y. 126. *Dove-like, she gathers.*] This is fulfilled in the fourth book.

Y. 128. *What aids, what armies to assert her cause!*] i. e. Of poets, antiquaries, critics, divines, free-thinkers: but as this revolution is only here set on foot by the first of these classes, the poets, they only are here particularly celebrated, and they only properly fall under the care and

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Y. 117, 118. *Happy!—had Easter never been.*]

“Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent.”

Virg. Ecl. vi.

Y. 127, 129. *Now look thro' Fate!*

See all her progeny, &c.]

“Nunc age, Dardanium prolem quae deinde sequatur

“Gloria, qui maneant Italia de gente nepotes,

“Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras,

“Expediam.”

Virg. Aen. vi.

As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
 In homage to the mother of the sky,
 Surveys around her, in the blest'd abode,
 An hundred sons, and ev'ry son a god :
 Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd, 133
 Shall take thro' Grubstreet her triumphant round ;
 And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
 Behold an hundred sons, and each a Dunce.

Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
 And thrusts his person full into your face. 140
 With all thy Father's virtues blest'd, be born!
 And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

A second see, by meeker manners known,
 And modest as the maid that sips alone ;

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review of this college of Dulness, the Laureate. The others, who finish the great work, are reserved for the fourth book, when the goddess herself appears in full glory.

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Y. 131. *As Berecynthia, &c.*]

" Felix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater

" Invehitur curru Phrygiæ turrita per urbes,

" Laeta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,

" Omnes coelicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes."

Virg. Aen. vi.

Y. 139. *Mark first that youth, &c.*]

" Ille vides, pura juvenis qui nititur hasta,

" Proxima forte tenet lucis loca." — *Virg. Aen. vi.*

Y. 141. *With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born!*] A manner of expression used by Virgil, *Ecl. viii.*

" Nascere ! præque diem veniens age, Lucifer" —

As also that of *patriis virtutibus*, *Ecl. iv.*

It was very natural to shew to the Hero, before all others, his own son, who had already begun to emulate him in his theatrical, poetical, and even political capacities. By the attitude in which he here presents himself, the reader may be cautioned against ascribing wholly to the father the merit of the epithet *Cibberian*, which is equally to be understood with an eye to the son.

From the strong fate of drams if thou get free, 145

Another Durfey, Ward ! shall sing in thee.

Thee shall each alehouse, thee each gillhouse mourn,

And answ'ring ginshops sourer sighs return.

131

and;

Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe ;

Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of Law. 150

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place,

143

Y. 149. *Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe.*]

" This gentleman is son of a considerable *maître* of Rom-

" sey in Southamptonshire, and bred to the law under

" a very eminent attorney: who between his more labo-

" rious studies, has diverted himself with poetry. He is

" a great admirer of poets and their works, which has oc-

" casioned him to try his genius that way.—He has writ in

" prose the Lives of the Poets, Essays, and a great many

" law books, The Accomplished Conveyancer, Modern Ju-

"stice," &c. *Giles Jacob* of himself, *Lives of Poets*, vol. i.

He very grossly, and unprovoked, abused in that book the

Author's friend, Mr Gay.

hers,

book,

Y. 149, 150. *Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with*

awe;—Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of Law.]

There may seem some error in these verses, Mr Jacob having

proved our Author to have a respect for him, by this unde-

niable argument: " He had once a regard for my judg-

" ment; otherwise he would never have subscribed two

" guineas to me, for one small book in octavo." Jacob's

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Y. 149. In the first edition it was,

Woolton, the scourge of Scripture, mark with awe,

And mighty Jacob, blunderbuss of Law!

vi.

vi.

A

IMITATIONS.

Y. 145. *From the strong fate of drams if thou get free.*]

" —si qua fata aspera rumpas,

" Tu Marcellus eris!"

Virg. Aen. vi.

Y. 147. *Thee shall each alehouse, &c.*]

" Te nemus Anguitiae, vitrea te Fucinus urda,

" Te liquidi flevire lacus."

Virg. Aen. vii.

Virgil again, *Ecl. x.*

" —etiam lauri, etiam flevire myricae," &c.

Y. 150. *Virg. Aen. vi.*—" duo fulmina belli

" Scipiadas, cladem Libyae!"

Lo P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
 Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.
 Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
 A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.

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Letter to Dennis, printed in Dennis's Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore I should think the appellation of *blunderbuss* to Mr Jacob, like that of *thunderbolt* to Scipio, was meant in his honour.

Mr Dennis argues the same way. "My writings having made great impression on the minds of all sensible men, Mr P. repented, and to give proof of his repentance, subscribed to my two volumes of select works, and afterwards to my two volumes of Letters." Ibid. p. 80. We should hence believe the name of Mr Dennis hath also crept into this poem by some mistake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou may'st beware, when thou givest thy money to such authors, not to flatter thyself that thy motives are good-nature or charity.

Y. 152. *Horneck and Roome.*] These two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, since, after the publishing of this piece, the former dying, the latter succeeded him in honour and employment. The first was Philip Horneck, author of a Billingsgate paper called The High German Doctor. Edward Roome was son of an undertaker for funerals in Fleetstreet, and writ some of the papers called Pasquin, where, by malicious inuendos, he endeavoured to represent our Author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of parliament. Of this man was made the following epigram:

"You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
 "Yet if he writes, as dull as other folks!
 "You wonder at it—This Sir, is the case,
 "The jest is lost unless he prints his face."

P—le as the author of some vile plays and pamphlets. He published abuses on our Author in a paper called the Prompter.

Y. 153. —*Goode.*] An ill-nat red critie, who writ a satire.

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Y. 151. *Lo P—p—le's brow, &c.*] In the former edition, Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
 Le Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal face.

Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
 Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:
 Each songster, riddler, ev'ry nameless name,
 All croud, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
 Some strain in rhyme; the Muses, on their racks,
 Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks; 160
 Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
 Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
 Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
 The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl. 164
 Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
 And makes night hideous—Answer him, ye owls!

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Our Author, called The Mock Aesop, and many anonymous libels in newspapers for hire.

ψ. 156. *Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass.*] There were several successions of these sort of minor poets at Tunbridge, Bath, &c. singing the praise of the annuals flourishing for that season; whose names indeed would be nameless, and therefore the Poet flurs them over with others in general.

ψ. 165. —*Ralph.*] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our Author till he writ a swearing-piece called Sawney, very abusive of Dr Swift, Mr Gay, and himself. These lines allude to a thing of his, entitled, Night, a Poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr Addison, in wretched remarks upon that Author's Account of English Poets, printed in a London Journal, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled and replied, 'Shakespeare writ without rules.'

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ψ. 157. *Each songster, riddler, &c.*] In the former ed.

Lo Bond and Foxton, ev'ry nameless name.

After ver. 158. in the first edition, followed,

How proud, how pale, how earnest all appear!

How rhymes eternal gingle in their ear!

Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and
dead,

Let all give way—and Morris may be read.

Flow, Wellsted, flow! like thine inspirer, beer,

'Tho' stale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear; 170

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He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political newspaper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnal, and received a small pittance for pay.

ψ. 168. *Morris,*] *Besaleel.* See book ii.

ψ. 169. *Flow, Wellsted, &c.*] Of this author see the remark on book ii. ver. 209. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him:

Mr Wellsted had, in his youth, raised so great expectations of his future genius, that there was a *kind of struggle* between the most eminent of the two universities which should have the *honour* of his education. To *compound* this, he (*civilly*) became a member of both, and after having passed some time at the one, removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the *darling expectation* of all the polite writers, whose encouragement he acknowledged in his occasional poems, in a manner that *will make no small part of the fame* of his protectors. It also appears from his works that he was happy in the patronage of the most illustrious characters in the present age—Encouraged by such a *combination* in his favour, he published a book of poems, some in the Ovidian, some in the Horatian manner; in both which the most exquisite judges pronounce he even *rivalled his masters*—His loves have rescued that way of writing from contempt—In his translations, he has given us the very soul and spirit

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 166. *And makes Night hideous.*]

“ —Visit thus the glimpses of the moon,

“ Making Night hideous” —

Shakeſp.

ψ. 169. *Flow, Wellsted, flow! &c.*] Parody on Denham, Cooper's Hill.

“ O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream

“ My great example, as it is my theme:

“ Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull;

“ Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full!

So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

Ah, Dennis! Gildon, ah! what ill-star'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?

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of his author. His Ode—his Epistle—his Verses—his Love Tale—all, are the *most perfect things in all poetry*. *Welsted* of Himself, Char. of the Times, 8vo, 1728, p. 23, 24. It should not be forgot to his honour, that he received at one time the sum of five hundred pounds for secret service, among other excellent authors hired to write anonymously for the ministry. See Report of the Secret Committee, &c. in 1742.

Y. 173. *Ah Dennis! Gildon ah!]* These men became the public scorn by a mere mistake of their talents. They would needs turn critics of their own country writers (just as Aristotle and Longinus did of theirs) and discourse upon the beauties and defects of composition:

“How parts relate to parts, and they to whole;

“The body's harmony, the beaming soul.”

Whereas had they followed the example of those *microscopes of wit*, Kuster, Burman, and their followers, in verbal criticism on the learned languages, their acuteness and industry might have raised them a name equal to the most famous of the scholiasts. We cannot, therefore, but lament the late apostacy of the Prebendary of Rochester, who beginning in so good a train, has now turned short to write comments on the *Fireside*, and *Dreams* upon Shakespeare; where we find the spirit of Oldmixon, Gildon, and Dennis, all revived in his belaboured *observations*. *Scribl.*

Here, Scriblerus, in this affair of the *Fireside*, I want thy usual candour. It is true Mr Upton did write notes upon it, but with all the honour and good faith in the world. He took it to be a panegyric on his patron. This it is to have to do with wits; a commerce unworthy a scholiast of so solid learning. *Arist.*

Y. 173. *Ah Dennis, &c.]* The reader, who has seen through the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr Dennis paid to our Author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should be mentioned but twice, and so slightly touched, in this Poem. But in truth he looked upon him with some esteem, for having (more generously than

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor, 175
 But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.
 Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
 Nor glad vile poets with true critics' gore.
 Behold yon Pair, in strict embraces join'd;
 How like in manners, and how like in mind! 180

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all the rest) *set his name* to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself in Mr Jacob's Lives, he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr Dufsey, who hitherto of all our poets enjoyed the longest bodily life.

Y. 179. *Behold yon Pair, &c.*] One of these was author of a weekly paper called The Grumbler, as the other was concerned in another called Pasquin, in which Mr Pope was abused with the Duke of Buckingham, and Bishop of Rochester. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the Iliad, entitled Homerides, by Sir Iliad Doggrel, printed 1715.

Of the other works of these two gentlemen the world has heard no more than it would of Mr Pope's, had their united laudable endeavours discouraged him from pursuing his studies. How few good works had ever appeared (since men of true merit are always the least presuming) had there been always such champions to stifle them in their first conception? And were it not better for the public, that a million of monsters should come into the world, which are sure to

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Y. 177. *Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more.*] Virg. Aen. vi.

"——Ne tanta animis affuescite bella,

"Neu patriae validas in viscera vertite vires:

"Tuque prior, tu parce—sanguis meus!"—

Y. 179. *Behold yon Pair, in strict embraces join'd.*] Virg. Aen. vi.

"Illae autem, paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,

"Concordes animae"——

And in the fifth,

"Euryalus, forma insignis viridique juvena,

"Nisus amore pio pueri."

equal in wit, and equally polite,
shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write;

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As soon as born, than that the serpents should strangle
one Hercules in his cradle?

The union of these two authors gave occasion to this epigram:

- "—— and Ducket, friends in spite,
- " Came hissing out in verse;
- " Both were so forward, each would write,
- " So dull, each hung an a——.
- " Thus Amphibosena (I have read)
- " At either end assails;
- " None knows which leads or which is led,
- " For both heads are but tails."

After many editions of this Poem, the Author thought fit to omit the names of these two persons, whose injury to him was of so old a date. In the verses he omitted, it was said that one of them had a *pious passion* for the other. It was a literal translation of Virgil, *Nisus amore pio pueri*—and there, as in the original, applied to Friendship: that between Nisus and Euryalus is allowed to make one of the most amiable episodes in the world, and surely was never interpreted in a perverse sense. But it will astonish the reader to hear, that, on no other occasion than this line, a dedication was written to that gentleman to induce him to think something farther. "Sir, you are known to have all that affection for the fair and beautiful part of the creation, which God and Nature designed.—Sir, you have a very fine lady—and, Sir, you have eight very fine children," &c. [Dedic. to Dennis REID. on the Rape of the Lock.] The truth is, the poor Dedicator's brain was turned upon this article: he had taken into his head, that ever since some books were written against the *stage*, and since the Italian *opera* had prevailed, the nation was infected with a vice not fit to be named: he went so far as to print upon the subject, and concludes his argument with this remark: "That he cannot help thinking the obscenity of plays excusable at this juncture; since, when that execrable sin is spread so wide, it may be of use to the reducing men's minds to the natural desire of women." Dennis, Stage-defended against Mr Law, p. 20. Our Author solemnly de-

Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.

"But who is he, in closet closely pent,
"Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?"
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scrapes y-fed, and Wormius hight.

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clared, he never heard any creature but the dedicator mention that vice and this gentleman together.

Y. 184. *That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.*] Such places were given at this time to such sort of writers.

Y. 187. — *arede.*] *Read*, or *peruse*; though sometimes used for *counsel*. "Reade thy read, take thy counsels."

"Thomas Sternhold, in his translation of the first psalm

"into English metre, hath wisely made use of this word,

"The man is blest that hath not bent

"To wicked *read* his ear.

"But in the last spurious editions of these singing psalms

"the word *read* is changed into *men*. I say *spurious* edi-

"tions; because not only here, but quite throughout the

"whole book of Psalms are *strange alterations*, all for the

"worse; and yet the title-page stands as it used to do!

"and all (which is *abominable* in any book, much more in

"a sacred work) is ascribed to Thomas Sternhold, John

"Hopkins, and others. I am confident, were Sternhold and

"Hopkins now living, they would proceed against the in-

"novators as cheats.—A liberty, which, to say no more of

"their intolerable alterations, ought by no means to be

"permitted or approved of by such as are for *uniformity*,

"and have any regard for the *old English Saxon tongue*."

Hearne, Gloss. on Rob. of Glouc. artic. *Rede*.

I do herein agree with Mr Hearne: little is it of avail to object that such words are become *unintelligible*; since they are *truly English*, men ought to understand them; and such as are for *uniformity* should think all alterations in a language, *strange*, *abominable*, and *unwarrantable*. Rightly therefore, I say again, hath our Poet used ancient words.

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Y. 185. *But who is he, &c.*] Virg. Aen. vi. questions and answers in this manner, of Numa:

"Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivae,

"Sacra ferens?—nosco crines, incanaque menta," &c.

to future ages may thy dulness last,
 as thou preserv'st the dulness of the past! 190
 There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark,
 Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,
 A lumberhouse of books in ev'ry head,
 For ever reading, never to be read!

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and poured them forth as a precious ointment upon good
 old Wormius in this place. *Script.*

Ibid. — *myfter twight.*] Uncouth mortal.

Y. 188. — *Wormius hight.*] Let not this name, purely fic-
 titious, be conceited to mean the learned Olaus Wormius;
 much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surrep-
 titious editions) our own antiquary Mr Thomas Hearne, who
 had no way aggrieved our Poet, but on the contrary publish-
 ed many curious tracts which he hath to his great content-
 ment perused.

Most rightly are *ancient words* here employed, in speak-
 ing of such who so greatly delight in the same. We may
 say not only rightly, but *wisely*, yea *excellently*, inasmuch
 as for the like practice the like praise is given by Mr
 Hearne himself, Glossar. to Rob. of Gloucester, art. *Behett*;
 Others say *Behight*, promised, and so it is used *excel-*
lently well by Thomas Norton, in his translation into
 metre of the cxivth psalm, v. 14.

"I to the Lord will pay my vows,

"That I to him *behight*."

"Where the modern innovators, not understanding the
 propriety of the word (which is *truly English*, from the
 Saxon) have most *unwarrantably* altered it thus:

"I to the Lord will pay my vows

"With joy and *great delight*."

Y. 188. — *hight.*] "In Cumberland they say to *hight*,
 for to *promise*, or *vow*; but *hight*, usually signifies *was*
called; and so it does in the North even to this day, not-
 withstanding what is done in Cumberland." *Hearne*,
ibid.

Y. 192. *Wits, who, like owls, &c.*] These few lines ex-
 actly describe the right verbal critic: the darker his author
 is, the better he is pleased; like the famous quack doctor,
 who put up in his bills, *he delighted in matters of difficul-*

But, where each science lifts its modern type, 198
 Hiss'ry her pot, Divinity her pipe,
 While proud Philosophy repines to show,
 Dishonest fight! his breeches rent below;
 Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
 Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands. 200

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ty. Somebody said well of these men, that their heads were libraries out of order.

Y. 199. — *lo! Henley, stands, &c.*] J. Henley the orator; he preached on the Sundays upon theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honour. Welsed, in *Oratory Transactions*, No. 1. published by Henley himself, gives the following account of him: "He was born at Melton-Mowbray in Leicestershire. From his own parish school he went to St John's College in Cambridge: he began there to be uneasy; for it shocked him to find he was commanded to believe against his own judgment in points of religion, philosophy, &c.; for his genius leading him freely to dispute all propositions, and call all points to account, he was impatient under those fetters of the free-born mind.—Being admitted to priest's orders, he found the examination very short and superficial, and that it was not necessary to conform to the Christian religion, in order either to deaconship or priest-hood." He came to town, and, after having for some years been a writer for booksellers, he had an ambition to be so for ministers of state. The only reason he did not rise in the church, we are told, "was the envy of others, and a dislike entertained of him, because he was not qualified to be a complete spaniel." However, he offered the service of his pen to two great men, of opinions and interests directly opposite; by both of whom being re-

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Y. 197.] In the first edition it was:

And proud Philosophy with breeches tore,
 And English music with a dismal score.
 Fast by in darkness palpable inshrin'd
 W—s, B—r, M—n, all the poring kind.

How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue !
 How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung !
 Still break the benches, Henley ! with thy strain,
 While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.
 Oh great restorer of the good old stage, 205
 Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age !
 Oh worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
 A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods !
 But fate with butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
 Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl ;

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gested, he set up a new project, and styled himself the *Restorer of ancient eloquence*. He thought " it as lawful to
 " take a licence from the King and Parliament at one place
 " as another ; at Hickes's-Hall, as at Doctor's-Commons ; so
 " set up his oratory in Newport-market, Butcher-row.
 " There (says his friend) he had the assurance to form a
 " plan which no mortal ever thought of ; he had success
 " against all opposition ; challenged his adversaries to fair
 " disputations, and none would dispute with him ; writ,
 " read, and studied twelve hours a-day ; composed three
 " dissertations a-week on all subjects ; undertook to teach
 " in one year what schools and universities teach in five ;
 " was not terrified by menaces, insults, or satires, but still
 " proceeded, matured his bold scheme, and put the Church,
 " and all that in danger." *Wellsted*, Narrative in Orat.
 Transact. No. 1.

After having stood some prosecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonry upon all public and private occurrences. All this passed in the same room ; where sometimes he broke jests, and sometimes that bread which he called the *primitive Eucharist*.—This wonderful person struck medals, which he dispersed as tickets to his subscribers: the device, a star rising to the meridian, with this motto, *Ad summa* ; and below, *Iveniam viam aut faciam*. This man had an hundred pounds a-year given him for the secret service of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonsense, called the *Hypocrite*.

§. 204. —*Sherlock, Hare—Gibson*.] Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London ; whose Sermons and Pastoral Letters did honour to their country as well as stations.

And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise, 211
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.

Yet oh, my sons! a father's words attend:
(So may the Fates preserve the years you lend.)

'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame, 212
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:

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ψ. 212.] Of Toland and Tindal, see book ii. Thomas Woolston was an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the miracles of the gospel, in the years 1626, &c.

ψ. 213. *Yet oh, my sons! &c.*] The caution against blasphemy here given by a departed son of Dulness to his yet existing brethren, is, as the Poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderness to the ears of others, but their own. And so we see that when that danger is removed, on the open establishment of the Goddess in the fourth book, she encourages her sons, and they beg assistance to pollute the source of light itself, with the same virulence they had before done the purest emanations from it.

ψ. 215. *'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,—A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame.*] Thankfully received, and freely used, is this gracious licence by the beloved disciple of that prince of cabalistical dunces, the tremendous Hutchison. Hear with what honest plainness he treateth our great geometer: "As to mathematical demonstration (saith he) founded upon the proportions of lines and circles to each other, and the ringing of changes upon figures, these have no more to do with the greatest part of philosophy, than they have with the man in the moon. Indeed, the zeal for this sort of gibberish [*mathematical principles*] is greatly abated of late. And tho' it is now upwards of twenty years that the Dagon of modern philosophy, *Sir Isaac Newton*, has lain with his face upon the ground before the ark of God, *Scripture philosophy*; for so long *Moses's Principia* have been published; and the treatise of Power Essential and Mechanical, in which *Sir Isaac Newton's* philosophy is treated with the utmost contempt, has been published a dozen years; yet is there not one of the whole society who hath had the courage to attempt to raise him up. And so let him ly." The philosophical Principles of *Moses* asserted, &c. p. 2. by *Julius*

But oh! with One, immortal One dispense,
 The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.
 Content, each emanation of his fires
 That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires, 220
 Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
 Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate,
 Persist, by all divine in man unaw'd,
 But, "Learn, ye DUNCES! not to scorn your God."
 Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole 225
 Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul;
 But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire:
 See now, what Dulness and her sons admire:
 See what the charms, that smite the simple heart
 Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art.
 His never-blushing head he turn'd aside, 230
 (Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd),
 And look'd, and saw a fable Sorc'rer rise,
 Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:

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Bate, A. M. Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Harrington. London 1744, octavo. *Scribl.*

Y. 224. — *not to scorn your God.*] See this subject pursued in book iv.

Y. 232. — *Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd.*] Mr Cibber tells us, in his Life, p. 149. that Goodman being at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the shoulder, and cried, "If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d—d.—And (says Mr Cibber) I make it a question, whether Alexander himself, or Charles XII. of Sweden, when at the head of their first victorious armies, could feel a greater transport in their bosoms than "I did in mine."

Y. 233. — *a fable Sorc'rer.*] Dr Faustus, the subject of a set of farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in

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Y. 224. — *Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.*]

"Disce justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos."

Virg.

All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare, 235
 And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
 Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth:
 Gods, imps and monsters, music, rage and mirth,
 A fire, a jig, a battle and a ball,
 Till one wide conflagration swallows all. 240

Thence a new world, to Nature's laws unknown,
 Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own:
 Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
 And other planets circle other suns.
 The forests dance, the rivers upward rise, 245
 Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
 And last, to give the whole creation grace,
 Lo! one vast egg produces human race.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought:
 What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders
 wrought? 250

Son, what thou seek'st is in thee! look, and find
 Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.

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which both playhouses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagancies in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

ψ. 237. *Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth.*] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's Rape of Proserpine.

ψ. 248. *Lo! one vast egg.*] In another of these farces Harlequin is hatched upon the stage, out of a large egg.

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ψ. 244. *And other planets.*]

“—Solemque suam, sua sidera norunt.”——

Virg. Aen. vi.

ψ. 246. *Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies.*]

“Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.” Hor.

ψ. 251. *Son, what thou see'st is in thee.*]

“Quod petis in te est——

“—Ne te quaciviveris extra.”

Pers.

238 et would'st thou more? in yonder cloud behold,
 Whose farsenet skirts are edg'd with flaming gold,
 A matchless Youth! his nod these worlds controls,
 Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls; 256
 Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
 Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
 240 Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
 Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire:
 Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease, 261
 Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;
 245 And proud his Mistress' orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
 But lo! to dark encounter in mid air 265
 New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!

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Ψ. 261. *Immortal Rich!*] Mr John Rich, master of the
 theatre-royal in Covent-Garden, was the first that excelled
 this way.

Ψ. 266. — *I see my Cibber there!*] The history of the fore-
 going absurdities is verified by himself, in these words,
 (Life, chap. xv.) "Then sprung forth that succession of
 "monstrous medleys that have so long infested the stage,
 "which arose upon one another alternately at both houses,
 "outvying each other in expence." He then proceeds to
 excuse his own part in them, as follows: "If I am asked

IMITATIONS.

Ψ. 256. *Wings the red light'ning, &c.*] Like Salmones
 in Aen. vi.

"Dum flammas Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi.

"—Nimbos, et non imitabile fulmen,

"Aere et cornipedum cursu simularet equorum."

Ψ. 258. — *o'er all unclassic ground.*] Alludes to Mr Ad-
 dison's verse in the praises of Italy:

"Poetic fields encompass me around;

"And still I seem to tread on classic ground."

As ver. 264. is a parody on a noble one of the same author
 in the Campaign: and ver. 259, 260. on two sublime verses
 of Dr Y.

Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
 On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
 Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
 Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;
 Contending theatres our empire raise,
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
 Unknown to thee? these wonders are thy own.

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"why I assented? I have no better excuse for my error,
 "than to confess I did it against my conscience, and had
 "not virtue enough to starve. Had Henry IV. of France a
 "better for changing his religion? I was still in my heart,
 "as much as he could be, on the side of truth and sense;
 "but with this difference, that I had their leave to quit
 "them when they could not support me.—But let the ques-
 "tion go which way it will, Harry IVth has *always been*
 "*allowed a great man.*" This must be confessed a full an-
 "swer; only the question still seems to be, 1. How the doing
 "a thing against one's conscience is an excuse for it? and,
 "2dly, It will be hard to prove how he got the leave of Truth
 "and Sense to quit their service, unless he can produce a
 "certificate that he ever was in it.

ψ. 266, 267.] Booth and Cibber were joint managers of
 the theatre in Drury-Lane.

ψ. 268. *On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.*
 In his letter to Mr P. Mr C. solemnly declares this not to
 be *literally true*: we hope therefore the reader will under-
 stand it *allegorically* only.

VARIATIONS.

After ψ. 274. in the former edition followed:

For works like these let deathless journals tell,

"None but thyself can be thy parallel."

Var. *None but thyself can be thy parallel.*] A marvellous
 line of Theobald; unless the play called the Double False-
 hood be (as he would have it believed) Shakespeare's: but
 whether this line be his or not, he proves Shakespeare to
 have written as bad, (which, methinks, in an author for
 whom he has a veneration almost rising to idolatry, might
 have been concealed); as for example,

These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine, 275
Foreseen by me, but ah! with-held from mine.

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"Try what *repentance* can: what can it not?

"But what can it, when one cannot *repent*?

"——For *cogitation*

"Resides not in the man who does not *think*," &c.

Mist's Journ.

It is granted they are all of a piece, and no man doubts but herein he is able to imitate Shakespeare.

Var. *id.* The former annotator seeming to be of opinion that the Double Falshood is not Shakespeare's; it is but justice to give Mr Theobald's arguments to the contrary: first, that the MS. was above sixty years old: secondly, that once Mr Betterton had it, or he hath heard so: thirdly, that somebody told him the author gave it to a bastard daughter of his: but, fourthly, and above all, "That he has a *great mind* every thing that is good in our tongue *should be Shakespeare's*." I allow these reasons to be truly critical; but what I am infinitely concerned at is, that so many errors have *es*aped the learned editor: a few whereof we shall here amend, out of a much greater number, as an instance of our regard to this *dear relic*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

"I have his letters of a modern date,

"Wherein by Julio, *good* Camillo's son

"(Who as he says [] shall follow hard upon,

"And whom I with the growing hour [] expect)

"He doth solicit the return of gold,

"To purchase certain horse that *like him well*."

This place is corrupted: the epithet *good* is a mere insignificant expletive, but the alteration of that single word restores a clear light to the whole context, thus:

"I have his letters of a modern date,

"Wherein, by July, (*by* Camillo's son,

"Who, as he *s*ith, shall follow hard upon,

"And whom I with the growing hours expect)

"He does solicit the return of gold."

Here you have not only the *person* specified, by whose hands the return was to be made, but the most necessary part, the *time* by which it was required. Camillo's son was to follow.

In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd renown'd
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;

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hard upon—What? why, upon July—*Horse* that *like him well*, is very absurd: read it, without contradiction,

“—*Horse*, that *he likes well*.”

ACT I. at the end.

“—I must stoop to gain her,

“Throw all my gay *comparisons* aside,

“And turn my proud additions out of service;”

saith Henriquez of a maiden of low condition, objecting his high quality: what have his *comparisons* here to do? Correct it boldly,

“Throw all my gay *caparisons* aside,

“And turn my proud additions out of service.”

ACT II. SCENE I.

All the verse of this scene is confounded with prose:

“—O that a man

“Could reason down this *fever* of the blood,

“Or soothe with *words* the tumult in his heart!

“Then Julio, I might be *indeed* thy friend.”

Read “—this *fervour* of the blood,

“Then Julio, I might be in *deed* thy friend.”

marking the just opposition of deeds and words.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

“How his eyes *shake* fire!”—said by Violante, observing how the lustful shepherd looks at her. It must be, as the sense plainly demands,

“—How his eyes *take* fire!

“And measure every piece of youth about me!”

Ibid. “That, tho' I *wore* *disguises* for some ends.”

She had but one disguise, and wore it but for one end. Restore it, with the alteration but of two letters,

“That, tho' I *were* *disguised* for some end.”

ACT IV. SCENE II.

“—To oaths no more give credit,

“To tears, to vows; false *both*!”

False grammar I'm sure. *Both* can relate but to *two things*: and see! how easy a change sets it right!

“To tears, to vows, false *truth*.”—

Tho' my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,
 To me committing their eternal praise, 280
 Their full-fed heroes, their pacific may'rs,
 Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars :
 Tho' long my party built on me their hopes,
 For writing pamphlets, and for roasting Popes ;
 Yet lo ! in me what authors have to brag on ! 285
 Educ'd at last to his in my own dragon.

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Y. 282. — *annual trophies*] on the Lord Mayor's day ; and
monthly wars in the artillery ground.

Y. 283. *Tho' long my party.*] Settle, like most party-wri-
 ters, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was
 employed to hold the pen in the *character* of a *Popish suc-*
cessor, but afterwards printed his Narrative on the other
 side. He had managed the ceremony of a famous Pope-burn-
 ing on Nov. 17. 1680 ; then became a trooper in K. James's
 army, at Hounslow-heath. After the Revolution he kept a
 booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called *St*
George for England, he acted in his old age in a dragon of
 green leather of his own invention. He was at last taken
 into the Charter-house, and there died, aged sixty years.

VARIATIONS.

I could shew you that very word *troth*, in Shakespeare, a
 hundred times.

Ibid. " For there is nothing left thee now to look for,

" That can bring *comfort*, but a *quiet grave*."

This I fear is of a piece with *None but itself can be its*
parallel ; for the grave *puts an end* to all sorrow, it can
 then need no *comfort*. Yet let us vindicate Shakespeare
 where we can : I make no doubt he wrote thus :

" For there is nothing left thee now to look for,

" *Nothing* that can bring *quiet*, but the grave."

Which reduplication of the word gives a much stronger
 emphasis to Violante's concern. This figure is called *an-*
astrophe. I could shew you a hundred just such in him, if I
 had nothing else to do.

Scrib.

After ver. 284. in the former edition followed,

Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace

The Goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race.

Avert it Heav'n! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
 Shouldst wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
 Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
 The needy poet sticks to all he meets,
 Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
 And carry'd off in some dog's tail at last.
 Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
 Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
 Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray,
 But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
 Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taste,
 And ev'ry year be duller than the last.
 Till rais'd from booths, to theatre, to court,
 Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.
 Already Opera prepares the way,
 The sure forerunner of her gentle sway:
 Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice engage,
 The third mad passion of thy doting age.
 Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
 And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!

REMARKS.

Ψ. 297. *Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taste.*
 It stood in the first edition with blanks, *** and ***. Con-
 cannen was sure "they must needs mean nobody but King
 "GEORGE and Queen CAROLINE; and said he
 "would insist it was so, till the Poet cleared himself by fill-
 "ing up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the context,
 "and consistent with his *allegiance*." Pref. to a Collection
 of Verses, Essays, Letters, &c. against Mr P. printed for
 A. Moor, p. 6.

VARIATIONS.

Ψ. 295. *Safe in its heaviness, &c.]* In the former edit.
 Too safe in inborn heaviness to stray;
 And lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
 Thy Dragons, Magistrates and Peers shall taste,
 And from each shew rise duller than the last.
 Till rais'd from booths, &c.

to aid our cause, if Heav'n thou canst not bend,
 Tell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend;
 Into with Cato thou for this shalt join,
 And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine. 310
 In the street! thy fall should men and gods conspire,
 Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from fire.
 Another Æschylus appears! prepare
 For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
 In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed, 315
 While op'ning Hell spouts wild-fire at your head.
 Now, Bavius, take the Poppy from thy brow,
 And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!
 This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
 Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times. 320

REMARKS.

Y. 305. *Polypheme.*] He translated the Italian opera of *Polifemo*, but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story. The Cyclops asks Ulysses his *name*, who tells him his name is *Noman*: after his eye is put out, he roars and calls the Brother Cyclops to his aid: they enquire *who has hurt him?* he answers *Noman*; whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious translator made Ulysses answer, *I take no name*, whereby all that followed became unintelligible. Hence it appears that Mr Cibber (who values himself on subscribing to the English translation of Homer's *Iliad*) had not that merit with respect to the *Odyssey*, or he might have been better instructed in the Greek *punnology*.

Y. 308, 309. —*Faustus, —Pluto, &c.*] Names of miserable farces, which it was the custom to act at the end of the best tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.

Y. 312. —*ensure it but from fire.*] In Tibbald's farce of *Proserpine*, a corn-field was set on fire; whereupon the other playhouse had a barn-burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rivalled each other in showing the burnings of hell-fire, in *Dr Faustus*.

Y. 313. *Another Æschylus appears!*] It is reported of Æschylus, that when his tragedy of the *Furies* was acted, the audience were so terrified that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miscarried.

Y. 315. —*like Semele's.*] See Ovid, *Met.* iii.

Signs following signs lead on the mighty year;
 See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
 See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
 Our Midas fits Lord Chancellor of Plays!
 On Poets Tombs see Benson's titles writ!
 Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for Wit!

REMARKS.

Ψ. 325. *On Poets' Tombs see Benson's titles writ* [W—m Benson (surveyer of the buildings to his Majesty K. George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their house and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling: whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the King against Benson, for such a misrepresentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove them, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Chris-

VARIATIONS.

Ψ. 323. *See, see, our own, &c.* In the former editions.
 Beneath his reign, shall Eusden wear the bays,
 Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of plays,
 Benson sole judge of architecture sit,
 And Namby Pamby be prefer'd for wit!
 I see th' unfinish'd Dormitory wall,
 I see the Savoy totter to her fall;
 Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy doom,
 And Pope's, translating three whole years with Brooms,
 Proceed great days, &c.

IMITATIONS.

Ψ. 319, 320. *This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes,
 Th' Augustus, &c.*
 “Hic vir, hic est! tibi quem promitti sæpius audis,
 “Augustus Caesar, divum genus aurea condet
 “Secula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva
 “Saturna quondam”—— *Virg. Aen. vi.*
Saturnian here relates to the age of Lead, mentioned b. i.
ver. 26.

See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
 While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall :
 While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
 Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends, 330

REMARKS.

Christopher Wren, who had been architect to the Crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

ψ. 326. — *Ambrose Philips.*] "He was (saith Mr Jacob) "one of the wits at Button's, and a justice of the peace." But he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr Gildon's Complete Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 157, "Indeed he confesses, he dare not set him quite on the same foot with *Virgil*, lest it should seem flattery, but he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford him a greater esteem than he at present enjoys." He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our Author and Mr Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr P. was an *enemy to the Government*; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party-paper called the Examiner: a falsehood well known to those, yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

ψ. 328. *While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall.*] At the time when this Poem was written, the banquetting-house of Whitehall, the church and piazza of Covent-Garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerset-house, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-Garden had been just then restored and beautified at the expence of the Earl of Burlington; who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of architecture in this kingdom.

ψ. 330. *Gay dies unpension'd, &c.*] See Mr Gay's fable of the Hare and many Friends. This gentleman was early in the friendship of our Author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success, the Shepherd's Week, Trivia, the What-d'ye-call-it, Fables; and

Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.

REMARKS.

lastly, the celebrated Beggar's Opera; a piece of satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to the very rabble: that verse of Horace

"Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributum,"
could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: what is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, and at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four nights together: it was last acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verses to her, published; and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the nobility and people, which the great critic Mr Dennis by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

¶ 331. *Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate.*] See book i. ver. 26.

VARIATIONS.

¶ 331.] In the former edition thus:

——O Swift! thy doom,

And Pope's translating ten whole years with Broome.

On which was the following note: "He concludes his irony was a stroke upon himself: for whoever imagines this a

Proceed, great days! 'till Learning fly the shore,
 'Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more,

REMARKS.

ψ. 332. *And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.*] The Author here plainly laments that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the *Iliad* in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The edition of Shakespeare (which he undertook merely because nobody else would), took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the scenery, &c. and the translation of half the *Odyssey* employed him from that time to 1725.

ψ. 333. *Proceed great days! &c.*] It may perhaps seem incredible, that so great a revolution in learning as is here prophesied, should be brought about by such *weak instruments* as have been [hitherto] described in our Poem: but do not thou, gentle reader, rest too secure in thy contempt of these instruments. Remember what the Dutch stories somewhere relate, that a great part of their provinces was once overflowed, by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single *water-rat*.

However, that such is not seriously the judgment of our Poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the diligence of our schools, from the regularity of our universities, the discernment of our great men, the accomplishment of our nobility, the encouragement of our patrons, and the genius of our writers of all kinds (notwithstanding some few exceptions in each) may plainly be seen from his conclusion; where causing all this vision to pass through the ivory gate, he expressly, in the language of Poesy, declares all such imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious. *Scribl.*

VARIATIONS.

"sarcasm on the other ingenious person, is surely mistaken. The opinion our Author had of him was sufficiently shewn by his joining him in the undertaking of the *Odyssey*; in which Mr Broome having engaged without any previous agreement, discharged his part so much to Mr Pope's satisfaction, that he gratified him with the full sum of *five hundred pounds*, and a present of all those books for which his own interest could procure him subscribers, to the value of *one hundred more*. The Author only seems to lament, that he was employed in translation at all."

'Till Thames see Eaton's sons for ever play, 333
 'Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,
 'Till Isis' Elders reel, their pupils sport,
 And Alma mater ly dissolv'd in Port!
 Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
 And thro' the Iv'ry Gate the Vision flies. 340

REMARKS.

Ib. Proceed, great days! &c.—Till Birch shall blush, &c.]
 Another great prophet of Dulness, on this side Styx, promiseth those days to be near at hand. "The Devil (saith he) licensed bishops to license masters of schools to instruct youth in the knowledge of the Heathen Gods, their religion, &c. The schools and universities will soon be tired and ashamed of classics and such trumpery." Hutchison's Use of Reason recovered. Scribble

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 338. in the first edit. were the following lines:
 Then when these signs declare the mighty year,
 When the dull stars roll round and re-appear;
Let there be darkness! (the dread Pow'r shall say)
 All shall be darkness, as it ne'er were day;
 To their first chaos Wit's vain works shall fall,
 And universal darkness cover all.

IMITATIONS.

Y. 340. *And thro' the iv'ry gate, &c.]*
 "Sunt geminae somni portae; quarum altera fertur
 "Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
 "Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
 "Sed falso ad coelum mittunt insomnia manes."

Virg. Aen. vi.

THE
D U N C I A D :

T O
DR JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK. the FOURTH.

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A R G U M E N T.

The Poet being, in this Book, to declare the Completion of the Prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new Invocation; as the greater Poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shews the Goddess coming in her Majesty, to destroy Order and Science, and to substitute the Kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How she leads captives the Sciences, and silenceth the Muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her Children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her Empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts; such as half-wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd round her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the Geniuses of the Schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause by confining youth to Words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer; with her charge to them and the Universities. The Universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observ'd in the progress of Education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from Travel with their Tutors; one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite relation, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their Travels: presenting to her at the same time a young Nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and indues him with the happy quality of Want of Shame. She sees loitering about her a num-

ter of Indolent Persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness; to these approaches the antiquary Annius, intreating her to make them Virtuosos, and assign them over to him; but Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enters a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents; amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in nature; but he justifies himself so well, that the Goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the Indolents before-mentioned, in the study of Butterflies, Shells, Birds-nests, Moss, &c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond Trifles, to any useful or extensive views of Nature, or of the author of Nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty address from the Minute Philosophers and Free-thinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus her High Priest, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her adepts she sends Priests, Attendants, and Comforters, of various kinds; confers on them Orders and Degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech confirming to each his Privileges, and telling what he expects from each, concludes with a Yawn of extraordinary virtue; the progress and effects whereof on all orders of men, and the consummation of all, in the restoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the Poem.

B O O K IV.

7ET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
 Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
 darkness visible so much be lent,
 half to shew, half veil the deep intent.
 pow'rs! whose mysteries restor'd I sing,
 whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,

REMARKS.

THE *Dunciad*, Book IV.] This book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the name of the *Greater Dunciad*, not so indeed in size, but in subject; and so far contrary to the distinction anciently made of the *Greater and Lesser Iliad*. But much are they mistaken, who imagine his work in any wise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet; of which I am much more certain than that the *Iliad* itself was the work of Solomon, or the *Batrachomyomachia* of Homer, as Barnes hath affirmed.

Bent.

ly, &c.] This is an invocation of much piety. The poet willing to approve himself a genuine son, beginneth shewing (what is ever agreeable to Dulness) his high respect for *antiquity* and a *great family*, how dead or dark ever: next declareth his passion for explaining mysteries; and, lastly, his impatience to be *re-united* to her. *Scribl.*

2. — *dread Chaos, and eternal Night!*] Invoked, as the restoration of their empire is the action of the Poem.

§. 4. — *half to shew, half veil the deep intent.*] This is a great propriety, for a dull poet can never express himself otherwise than by *halves*, or imperfectly. *Scribl.*

I understand it very differently; the Author in this work had indeed a *deep intent*; there were in it *mysteries* or *ἑνίπια* which he durst not fully reveal; and doubtless in verse verses (according to Milton)

"more is meant than meets the ear."

Bent.

Y. 6. *To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing.*] Fair and softly, good Poet ! (cries the gentle Scriblerus on this

Suspend a while your force inertly strong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.

Now flam'd the Dogstar's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry brain, and wither'd ev'ry bay;
Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bow'r,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour;
Then rose the seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,

REMARKS.

place.) For sure, in spite of his unusual modesty, he did not travel so fast toward oblivion, as divers others of more confidence have done; for when I revolve in my mind the catalogue of those who have most boldly promised to themselves immortality, viz. Pindar, Luis Gongora, Ronsard, Oldham, lyrics; Lycophron, Statius, Chapman, Blackmore, heroics; I find the one half to be already dead, and the other in utter darkness. But it becometh not us, who have taken up the office of his commentator, to suffer our Poet thus prodigally to cast away his life; contrariwise, the more hidden and abstruse is his work, and the more remote the beauties from common understanding, the more it is our duty to draw forth and exalt the same, in the face of men and angels. Herein shall we imitate the laudable spirit of those, who have (for this very reason) delighted to comment on dark and uncouth authors, and even on their darkest fragments; preferred Ennius to Virgil, and chosen to turn the dark lanthorn of Lycophron, rather than to trim the everlasting lamp of Homer.

Y. 7. *Force inertly strong.*] Alluding to the *Vis inertiae* of matter, which, though it really be no power, is yet the foundation of all the qualities and attributes of that sluggish substance.

Y. 14. *To blot out Order, and extinguish Light.*] The two great ends of her mission; the one in quality of daughter of Chaos, the other as daughter of Night. Order here is to be understood extensively, both as civil and moral; the distinctions between high and low in society, and true and false in individuals: Light as intellectual only, viz. science, arts.

dull and venal a new world to mold,
 and bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.
 She mounts the throne: Her head a cloud conceal'd,
 broad effulgence all below reveal'd,
 'Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines),
 On her lap her Laureate Son reclines.

20

REMARKS.

Y. 15. *Of dull and venal.*] The allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of light or science; *venal* to the destruction of order, and the truth of things.

Ibid. — a new world.] In allusion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the dissolution of the natural world into Night and Chaos a new one should arise; this the Poet alluding to, in the production of a new moral world, makes partake of its original principles.

Y. 16. *—lead and gold.*] *i. e.* dull and venal.

Y. 18. *—all below reveal'd.*] It was the opinion of the ancients, that the divinities manifested themselves to men by their *back-parts*. *Virg. Aen. i. et avertens, rosea ceruice refulsit.* But this passage may admit of another exposition.—*Vet. Adag. The higher you climb the more you new your a—.* Verified in no instance more than in Dulness aspiring. Emblematized also by an ape climbing and exposing his posteriors. *Scribl.*

Y. 20. *—her Laureate son reclines.*] With great judgment it is imagined by the Poet, that such a colleague as Dulness had elected, should sleep on the throne, and have very little share in the action of the Poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his anointing: having past through the second book without taking part in any thing that was transacted about him; and through the third in profound sleep. Nor ought this, well considered, to seem strange in our days, when so many *king-consorts* have done the like. *Scribl.*

This verse our excellent Laureate took so to heart, that he appealed to all mankind, “if he was not as *scldom asleep as any fool?*” But it is hoped the Poet hath not injured him, but rather verified his prophecy, p. 243. of his own *Life*, 8vo, ch. ix.), where he says “*the reader will be as much pleas'd to find me a dunce in my old age, as he*

Beneath her footstool, *Science* groans in chains,
And *Wit* dreads exile, penalties and pains.
There foam'd rebellious *Logic*, gagg'd and bound;
There, stript, fair *Rhet'ric* languish'd on the ground
His blunted arms by *Sophistry* are born,
And shameless *Billingsgate* her robes adorn.

REMARKS.

"*was to prove me a brisk blockhead in my youth.*" Where ever there was any room for briskness or alacrity of any sort, *even in sinking*, he hath had it allowed; but here where there is nothing for him to do, but to take his natural rest, he must permit his historian to be silent. It is from their *actions* only that princes have their characters, and poets from their *works*: and if in *those* he be as much asleep as any fool, the Poet must leave him and them to sleep to all eternity.

Ibid. — *her Laureate.*] "When I find my name in the satirical works of this Poet, I never look upon it as any malice meant to me, but *profit* to himself: for he considers that *my face* is more known than most in the nation; and therefore a *lick at the Laureate* will be a sure bait *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch little readers." Life of Colley Cibber, ch. ii.

Now if it be certain that the works of our Poet have owed their success to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable argument, that this fourth *Dunciad*, as well as the former three, hath had the Author's last hand, and was by him intended for the press: or else to what purpose hath he crowned it, as we see, by this finishing stroke, the profitable *lick at the Laureate*?

ψ. 21, 22. *Beneath her footstool, &c.*] We are next presented with the pictures of those whom the Goddess leads in captivity. *Science* is only depressed and confined so as to be rendered useless; but *Wit* or *Genius*, as a more dangerous and active enemy, punished, or driven away: *Dulness* being often reconciled in some degree with *Learning*, but never upon any terms with *Wit*. And, accordingly, it will be seen that she admits something like each science, as *co-sophistry*, *sophistry*, &c. but nothing like *Wit*, *Opera* alone supplying its place.

Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
 Chicane in furs, and Casuistry in lawn,
 Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
 And dies, when Dulness gives her Page the word.
 Mad Mathesis alone was unconfin'd, 31
 Too mad for mere material chains to bind :
 Now to pure Space lifts her extatic stare,
 Now running round the circle, finds it square.

REMARKS.

Y. 27. —by her false guardians drawn.] Morality is the daughter of Astraea. This alludes to the mythology of the ancient poets; who tell us that in the gold and silver ages, or in the state of nature, the Gods cohabited with men here on earth; but when, by reason of human degeneracy, men were forced to have recourse to a magistrate, and that the ages of brass and iron came on, (that is, when laws were wrote on brazen tablets, enforced by the sword of Justice) the Celestials soon retired from earth, and Astraea last of all; and then it was she left this her orphan daughter in the hands of the guardians aforesaid. Scribl.

Y. 30. —gives her Page the word.] There was a judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came before him, of which he was suffered to give a hundred innumerable examples, during a long life, even to his dotage.— Though the candid Scriblerus imagined Page here to mean no more than a page or mute, and to allude to the custom of strangling state criminals in Turkey by *mutes* or *pages*. A practice more decent than that of our Page, who, before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language. Scribl.

Y. 31. Mad Mathesis.] Alluding to the strange conclusions some mathematicians have deduced from their principles, concerning the real quantity of matter, the reality of space, &c.

Y. 33. —pure Space.] i. e. Pure and defaecated from matter.—Extatic stare, the action of men who look about with full assurance of seeing what does not exist. such as those who expect to find space a real being.

Y. 34. —running round the circle, finds it square.] Regards the wild and fruitless attempts of squaring the circle.

But held in tenfold bonds the *Muses* ly,
 Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye:
 There to her heart sad Tragedy addrest
 The dagger wont to pierce the tyrant's breast;
 But sober History restrain'd her rage,
 And promis'd vengeance on a barb'rous age.
 There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
 Had not her sister Satire held her head:

REMARKS.

ψ. 36. *Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye.*]

One of the misfortunes falling on authors from the art for subjecting *plays* to the power of a *licenser*, being the false representations to which they were exposed, from such as either gratified their envy to merit, or made their court to greatness, by perverting general reflections against vice into libels on particular persons.

ψ. 39. *But sober History.*] History attends on Tragedy, Satire on Comedy, as their substitutes in the discharge of their distinct functions; the one in high life, recording the crimes and punishments of the great; the other in low, exposing the vices or follies of the common people. But it may be asked, How came History and Satire to be admitted with impunity to minister comfort to the *Muses*, even in the presence of the Goddess, and in the midst of all her triumphs? A question, says Scriblerus, which we thus resolve: History was brought up in her infancy by Dulness herself; but being afterwards espoused into a noble house, she forgot (as is usual) the humility of her birth, and the cares of her early friends. This occasioned a long estrangement between her and Dulness. At length, in process of time, they met together, in a monk's cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this they had a second quarrel, but it held not long, and are now again on reasonable terms, and so are like to continue. This accounts for the connivance shewn to History on this occasion. But the boldness of *Satire* springs from a very different cause; for the reader ought to know, that she alone of all the sisters is unconquerable, never to be silenced, when truly inspired and animated (as should seem) from above, for this very purpose to oppose the kingdom of Dulness to her last breath.

Nor could'st thou, CHESTERFIELD! a tear refuse,
Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle muse.

When lo! a harlot form soft sliding by, 45

With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye;

Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride

In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside;

By singing peers upheld on either hand,

She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand;

Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look, 51

Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke.

O *Cara! Cara!* silence all that train:

Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign:

REMARKS..

Y. 43. *Nor couldst thou, &c.*] This noble person, in the year 1737, when the act aforesaid was brought into the House of Lords, oppos'd it in an excellent speech (says Mr Cibber) "with a lively spirit, and uncommon eloquence." This speech had the honour to be answered by the said Mr Cibber, with a lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th chapter of his *Life and Manners*. And here, gentle Reader, would I gladly insert the other speech, whereby thou mightest judge between them; but I must defer it, on account of some differences not yet adjusted between the noble author and myself, concerning the *true reading* of certain passages. Bent.

Y. 45. *When lo! a harlot form.*] The attitude given to this phantom represents the nature and genius of the Italian opera; its affected airs, its effeminate sounds, and the practice of patching up these operas with favourite songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the nobility. This circumstance, that *Opera* should prepare for the opening of the grand sessions, was prophesied of in book iii. ver. 304.

Already operas prepare the way,

The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway.

Y. 54. —*let Division reign.*] Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks in music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the sense, and applies to the passions. Mr Handel had introduced a great number of hands, and more variety of instruments into the

Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence, 55
 Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:
 One trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
 Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage;
 To the same notes thy son shall hum, or snore,
 And all thy yawning daughters cry, *encore*. 60
 Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
 Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
 But soon, ah soon, Rebellion will commence,
 If Music meanly borrows aid from sense:
 Strong in new arms, lo! Giant HANDEL stands, 65
 Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;

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orchestra, and employed even drum and cannon to make a fuller chorus; which proved so much too manly for the fine gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his music into Ireland. After which they were reduced, for want of composers, to practise the patchwork above mentioned.

℣. 55. *Chromatic tortures.*] That species of the ancient music called the *Chromatic*, was a variation and embellishment, in odd irregularities, of the *Diatonic* kind. They say it was invented about the time of Alexander, and that the Spartans forbade the use of it, as languid and effeminate.

℣. 58. *Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage.*] i. e. Dissipate the devotion of the one by light and wanton airs; and subdue the *pathos* of the other by recitative and sing-song.

℣. 61. — *thy own Phœbus, reigns.*]

“Tuus jam regnat Apollo.”

Virg.

Not the ancient Phœbus, the God of Harmony, but a modern Phœbus, of French extraction, married to the Princess Galimathia, one of the handmaids of Dulness, and an assistant to Opera, of whom see Bouhours, and other critics of that nation.

Scribl.

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℣. 54. *Joy to great Chaos!*]

“Joy to great Cæsar!”

The beginning of a famous old song.

To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
 And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
 Arrest him, Empress; or you sleep no more—
 He heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore. 70
 And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
 And all the nations summon'd to the throne.
 The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
 One instinct seizes, and transports away.

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ψ. 71. —*Fame's posterior trumpet.*] *Posterior*, viz. her second or more certain report; unless we imagine this word *posterior* to relate to the position of one of her trumpets, according to Hudibras:

"She blows not both with the same wind,
 "But one before and one behind;
 "And therefore modern authors name
 "One good, and t'other evil fame."

ψ. 73. *The young, the old, who feel her inward sway.* &c.] In this new world of Dulness each of these three classes hath its appointed station, as best suits its nature, and concurs to the harmony of the system. The *first*, drawn only by the strong and simple impulse of attraction, are represented as falling directly down into her; as conglobed into her substance, and resting in her centre.

—all their centre found,
 Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.

The *second*, though within the sphere of her attraction, yet having at the same time a *projectile* motion, are carried, by the composition of these two, in *planetary revolutions* round her centre, some nearer to it, some further off:

Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
 Roll in her vortex, and her pow'r confess.

The *third* are properly *eccentric*, and no constant members of her state or system: sometimes at an immense distance from her influence, and sometimes again almost on the surface of her *broad effulgence*. Their use in their perihelion, or nearest approach to Dulness, is the same in the moral world, as that of *comets* in the natural, namely, to refresh and recreate the dryness and decays of the system; in the manner marked out from ver. 91 to 98.

None need a guide, by sure attraction led,
 And strong impulsive gravity of head :
 None want a place, for all their centre found,
 Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.
 Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
 The buzzing bees about their dusky queen.

The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
 Involves a vast involuntary throng,
 Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
 Roll in her vortex, and her pow'r confess.
 Not those alone who passive own her laws,
 But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.

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ψ. 75, 77. *None need a guide,—None want a place.*] The sons of Dulness want no instructors in study, nor guides in life: they are their own masters in all sciences, and their own heralds and introducers into all places.

ψ. 76, to 101.] It ought to be observed that here are three classes in this assembly. The first, of men absolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the Goddess, and are imagined in the simile of the bees about their queen. The second, involuntarily drawn to her, though not caring to own her influence, from v. 81 to 90. The third, of such as, though not members of her state, yet advance her service by flattering Dulness, cultivating mistaken talents, patronizing vile scribblers, discouraging living merit, or setting up for wits, and men of taste in arts they understand not, from ver. 91 to 101.

ψ. 86. —*weak rebels, more advance her cause.*] Such as those who affect to oppose her government, by setting up for patrons of letters, without knowing how to judge of merit. The consequence of which is, that, as all true merit is modest and reserved, and the false forward and presuming, and the judge easily imposed upon; fools get the rewards due to genius: for as the Poet said of one of these patrons,

Dryden alone, (what wonder?) came not nigh,
 Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye.

And thus, as he rightly observes, these weak rebels unwise

Whate'er of Dunce in college or in town
 Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
 Whate'er of mungril no one class admits,
 A wit with Dunces, and a Dunce with wits. 90
 Nor absent they, no members of her state,
 Who pay her homage in her sons, the Great;
 Who false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
 Or impious, preach his word without a call,
 Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead, 95
 With-hold the pension, and set up the head;
 Or vest dull Flatt'ry in the sacred gown;
 Or give from fool to fool the Laurel Crown:
 And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
 Without the soul, the Muse's hypocrit. 100

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tingly advance the cause of her they would be thought most to oppose.

For while no rewards are given for the encouragement of letters, Genius will support itself on the footing of that reputation which men of wit will always win from the dunces: but an undue distribution of the rewards of learning will entirely depress or disgust all true genius; which now not only finds itself robbed of the honours it might claim from others, but defeated of that very reputation it would otherwise have won for itself. For, as the course of things is ordered, general reputation, when it comes into rivalry, is rather attendant on favour and high station, than on the simple endowments of wit and learning. Hence we conclude, that unless the province of encouraging letters be wisely and faithfully administered, it were better for them that there were no encouragement at all.

Y. 93. —*false to Phœbus.*] Spoken of the ancient and true Phœbus; not the French Phœbus, who hath no chosen priests or poets, but equally inspires any man that pleaseth to sing or preach. *Scribl.*

Y. 99, 100. *And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,—Without the soul, the Muse's hypocrit.*] In this division are reckoned up, 1. The idolizers of Dulness in the Great.—2. Ill judges.—3. Ill writers.—4. Ill patrons. But

There march'd the bard and blockhead side by side,

Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
 Narcissus, prais'd with all a parson's pow'r,
 Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a show'r.
 There mov'd Montalto with superior air; 105
 His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair;
 Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
 Thro' both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side:
 But as in graceful act, with awful eye
 Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by: 110
 On two unequal crutches propt he came,
 Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
 The decent Knight retir'd with sober rage,
 Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.
 But (happy for him as the times went then) 115
 Appear'd Apollo's may'r and aldermen,

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the last and worst, as he justly calls him, is the *Muse's hypocrite*, who is, as it were, the epitome of them all: he who thinks the only end of poetry is to amuse, and the only business of the poet to be witty; and consequently who cultivates only such trifling talents in himself, and encourages only such in others.

ψ. 108. — *bow'd from side to side.*] As being of no one party.

ψ. 110. — *bold Benson.*] This man endeavoured to raise himself to Fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations of Milton; and afterwards by as great passion for Arthur Johnston, a Scotch physician's version of the Psalms, of which he printed many fine editions. See more of him, book iii. ver. 325.

(ψ. 113. *The decent Knight.*) An eminent person who was about to publish a very pompous edition of a great author at his own expence.

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ψ. 114.] What! no respect, he cry'd, for Shakespear's page?

On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.

When Dulness, smiling—"Thus revive the wits!"
But murder first, and mince them all to bits; 120
As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
A new edition of old Æson gave;
Let standard authors, thus, like trophies born,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
And you, my critics! in the chequer'd shade, 125
Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made.
Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
A page, a grave, that they can call their own;

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Y. 115, &c.] These four lines were printed in a separate leaf by Mr Pope, in the last edition which he himself gave of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer to put this leaf into its place, as soon as Sir T. H.'s Shakespeare should be published.

Y. 119. *Thus revive, &c.*] The Goddess applauds the practice of tacking the obscure names of persons not eminent in any branch of learning, to those of the most distinguished writers; either by printing *editions* of their works with impertinent alterations of their text, as in the former instances; or by setting up *monuments* disgraced with their own vile names and inscriptions, as in the latter.

Y. 122. —*old Æson.*] Of whom Ovid, (very applicable to these restored authors),

"Æson miratur,

"*Dis similemque animum subiit.*"—

Y. 128. *A page, a grave.*] For what less than a grave can be granted to a dead author? or what less than a page can be allowed a living one?

Ibid. *A Page.*] *Pagena*, not *pedissequas*. A page of a

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Y. 126. *Admire new light, &c.*]

"The Soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,

"Lies in new light, thro' chinks that time has made."

Waller.

But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
 On passive paper, or on solid brick.
 So by each Bard an Alderman shall sit,
 A heavy Lord shall hang at ev'ry Wit,
 And while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
 Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side.

Now crowds on crowds around the Goddess preside,
 Each eager to present the first address.

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book; not a servant, follower, or attendant: no poet having had a *page* since the death of Mr Thomas d'Urfey.

Scrubb.

ψ. 131. *So by each Bard an Alderman, &c.]* Vide the Tombs of the Poets, *editio Westmonasteriensis*.

Ibid. — *an Alderman shall sit.]* Alluding to the monument erected for Butler by Alderman Barber.

ψ. 132. *A heavy Lord shall hang at ev'ry Wit.]* How unnatural an image, and how ill supported! saith Aristarchus. Had it been,

A heavy Wit shall hang at ev'ry Lord,

something might have been said, in an age so distinguished for well-judging patrons. For *Lord*, then, read *Load*; that is, of debts here, and of commentaries hereafter. To this purpose, conspicuous is the case of the poor author of *Hudibras*, whose *body*, long since weighed down to the grave by a *load* of debts, has lately had a more unmerciful load of commentaries laid upon his *spirit*; wherein the editor has atchieved more than Virgil himself, when he turned critic, could boast of, which was only, *that he had picked gold out of another man's dung*; whereas the editor has picked it out of his own.

Scrubb.

Aristarchus thinks the common reading right; and that the Author himself had been struggling, and but just shaken off his *load* when he wrote the following epigram:

My Lord complains that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
 Has lopt three trees the value of three farthings:
 But he's my neighbour, cries the Peer polite,
 And if he'll visit me, I'll wave my right.
 What! on compulsion? and against my will,
 A Lord's acquaintance? Let him file his bill.

Dunce scorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
 But Fop shews Fop superior complaisance.
 When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
 Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand; 140
 His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
 Dropping with infants' blood, and mothers' tears.
 O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs;
 Eton and Winton shake thro' all their sons.
 All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race 145
 Shrink, and confess the genius of the place:
 The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,
 And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

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ψ. 137, 138. *Dunce scorning Dunce beholds the next advance,—But Fop shews Fop superior complaisance.*] This is not to be ascribed so much to the different manners of a court and college, as to the different effects which a pretence to learning, and a pretence to wit have on blockheads: for as judgment consists in finding out the differences in things, and wit in finding out their likenesses, so the Dunce is all discord and dissension, and constantly busied in reproving, examining, confuting, &c. while the fop flourishes in peace, with songs and hymns of praise, addresses, characters, epithalamiums, &c.

ψ. 140. —*the dreadful wand.*] A cane usually borne by schoolmasters, which drives the poor souls about like the wand of Mercury. *Scribl.*

ψ. 148. *And holds his breeches.*] An effect of fear somewhat like this, is described in the viith Aeneid,

“Contremuit nemus—

“Et traepide matres pressere ad pectora natos:”

nothing being so natural in any apprehension, as to lay close hold on whatever is supposed to be most in danger. But let it not be imagined the Author would insinuate these youthful senators (though so lately come from school) to be under the undue influence of any master. *Scribl.*

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ψ. 142. *Dropping with infants' blood, &c.*]

“First Moloch, horrid king, besinear'd with blood

“Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears.” *Milt.*

Then thus. Since Man from beast by words is
known,

Words are Man's province, words we teach alone.
When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence, 155
As Fancy opens the quick springs of Sense,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath,
And keep them in the pale of words till death. 160
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:

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ψ. 151. —like the Samian letter.] The letter Y used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of Virtue and Vice:

“Et tibi quae Samios diduxit litera ramos.” Perf.

ψ. 153. Plac'd at the door, &c.] This circumstance of the *genius loci* (with that of the index-hand before) seems to be an allusion to the *table of Cebes*, where the genius of Human Nature points out the road to be pursued by those entering into life. ‘Ο δὲ γέραν ὁ ἀνὼ ἐσθλῶς, ἔχων χάρην τινὰ ἐν τῇ χειρὶ, ἃ τῇ ἐτέρᾳ ὡς περ δεικνύων τῇ ὑποδοίμων καλεῖται, &c.

ψ. 154. —to stand too wide.] A pleasant allusion to the description of the door of Wisdom in the *table of Cebes*, Θύραν τινὰ μικράν.

ψ. 159. —to exercise the breath.] By obliging them to get the classic poets by heart, which furnishes them with endless matter for conversation, and verbal amusement for their whole lives.

ψ. 162. We hang one jingling padlock, &c.] For youth being used like pack-horses, and beaten under a heavy load of words, lest they should tire, their instructors contrive to make the words jingle in rhyme or metre.

A poet the first day he dips his quill;
 And what the last? a very poet still.
 Pity! the charm works only in our wall, 165
 Lost, lost too soon in yonder House or Hall.
 There truant WYNDHAM ev'ry muse gave o'er,
 There TALBOT funk, and was a wit no more!
 How sweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our boast!
 How many Martials were in PULT'NEY lost! 170
 Elic sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
 In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
 Had reach'd the work, the All that mortal can;
 And South beheld that masterpiece of man.
 Oh (cry'd the Goddess) for some pedant reign!
 Some gentle JAMES, to bless the land again; 175

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Y. 166. —in yonder House or Hall.] Westminster-Hall and the House of Commons.

Y. 174. —that masterpiece of man.] Viz. an epigram. The famous Dr South declared a perfect epigram to be as difficult a performance as an epic poem. And the critics say, "An epic poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of."

Y. 175. Oh, cry'd the Goddess, &c.] The matter under debate is how to confine men to words for life. The instructors of youth shew how well they do their parts; but complain that when men come into the world they are apt to forget their learning, and turn themselves to useful knowledge. This was an evil that wanted to be redressed. And this the Goddess assures them will need a more extensive tyranny than that of grammar-schools. She therefore points out to them the remedy, in her wishes for arbitrary power; whose interest it being to keep men from the study of things, will encourage the propagation of words and sounds; and, to make all sure, she wishes for another pedant monarch. The sooner to obtain so great a blessing, she is willing even for once to violate the fundamental principle of her politics, in having her sons taught at least one thing; but that sufficient, the doctrine of divine right. Nothing can be juster than the observation here insinuated.

To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
 Give law to words, or war with words alone,
 Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
 And turn the council to a grammar school! 180

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ated, that no branch of learning* thrives well under arbitrary government but the *verbal*. The reasons are evident. It is unsafe under such governments to cultivate the study of things, especially things of importance. Besides, when men have lost their public virtue, they naturally delight in trifles, if their private morals secure them from being vicious. Hence so great a cloud of scholiasts and grammarians so soon overspread the light of Greece and Rome, when once those famous communities had lost their liberties. Another reason is the *encouragement* which arbitrary governments give to the study of *words*, in order to busy and amuse active geniuses, who might otherwise prove troublesome and inquisitive. So when Cardinal Richelieu had destroyed the poor remains of his country's liberties, and made the supreme Court of Parliament merely *ministerial*, he instituted the *French academy*, for the perfecting their language. What was said upon that occasion, by a brave magistrate, when the letters-patent of its erection came to be verified in the parliament of Paris, deserves to be remembered: he told the assembly, "that it put him in mind
 "how an Emperor of Rome once treated his Senate; who
 "when he had deprived them of the cognizance of public
 "matters, sent a message to them in form for their opinion
 "about the best sauce for a turbot."

ψ. 176. *Some gentle James, &c.*] Wilfon tells us, that this King, James I. took upon himself to teach the Latin tongue to Car, Earl of Somerset; and that Gondomar the Spanish ambassador would speak false Latin to him, on purpose to give him the pleasure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himself into his good graces.

This great Prince was the first who assumed the title of *Sacred Majesty*, which his loyal clergy transferred from *God to him*. "The principles of passive obedience and non-resistance (says the author of the Dissertation on Parties let. 8.) which, before his time, had skulked perhaps in some old homily, were talked, written, and preached in to vogue in that inglorious reign."

For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful day,
 'Tis in the shade of Arbitrary Sway.
 O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
 Teach but that one, sufficient for a King;
 That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
 Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign: 186
 May you, my Cam, and Isis, preach it long!
 "The RIGHT DIVINE of kings to govern wrong."

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y. 181, 182. —if Dulness sees a grateful day,—'Tis in the shade of Arbitrary Sway.] And grateful it is in Dulness to make this confession. I will not say she alludes to that celebrated verse of Claudian,

"—Nunquam Libertas gratior existat

"Quam sub Rege pio:"

But this I will say, that the words *Liberty* and *Monarchy* have been frequently confounded and mistaken one for the other by the gravest authors. I should therefore conjecture that the genuine reading of the forecited verse was thus:

"—Nunquam Libertas gratior existat

"Quam sub Rege pia,"

and that *Rege* was the reading only of Dulness herself: and therefore she might allude to it. *Scribl.*

I judge quite otherwise of this passage: the genuine reading is *Libertas*, and *Rege*; so Claudian gave it. But the error lies in the first verse: it should be *exit*, not *existat*, and then the meaning will be, that Liberty was never *lost*, or *went away* with so good a grace, as under a good king: it being, without doubt, a tenfold shame to lose it under a bad one.

This farther leads me to animadvert upon a most grievous piece of nonsense to be found in all editions of the Author of the Dunciad himself. A most capital one it is, and owing to the confusion above-mentioned by Scriblerus, of the two words *Liberty* and *Monarchy*. Essay on Crit.

"Nature, like *Monarchy*, is but restrain'd

"By the same laws herself at first ordain'd."

Who sees not it should be, *Nature, like Liberty*? Correct it therefore, *repugnantibus omnibus*, (even though the Author himself should oppugn), in all the impressions which have been, or shall be made of his works. *Bentl.*

Prompt at the call, around the Goddess roll
 Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:
 Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
 A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.

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ψ. 189, 192. *Prompt at the call, — Aristotle's friends.*] The Author, with great propriety, hath made these, who were so *prompt, at the call* of Dulness, to become preachers of the divine right of kings, to be the *friends of Aristotle*; for this philosopher, in his *Politics*, hath laid it down as a principle, that some men were, by nature, made to serve, and others to command.

ψ. 192. — *Aristotle's friends.*] A satire on *school-philosophy*, which was founded in a corrupt peripateticism, and is the art of making a great deal from nothing in theology, and nothing from a great deal, in physics.

Ibid. *A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.*] The philosophy of Aristotle had suffered a long disgrace in this learned University: being first expelled by the Cartesian, which, in its turn, gave place to the Newtonian. But it had all this while some faithful followers in secret, who never bowed the knee to Baal, nor acknowledged any strange god in philosophy. These, on this new appearance of the Goddess, came out like confessors, and make an open profession of the ancient faith, in the *ipse dixit* of their master. Thus far *Scribblers*.

But the learned Mr Colley Cibber takes the matter quite otherwise; and that this *various fortune of Aristotle* relates not to his *natural*, but his *moral* philosophy. For speaking of that University in his time, he says, "They seemed to have as implicit a reverence for Shakespeare and Johnson, as formerly for the *ethics* of Aristotle." See his *Life*, p. 385. One would think this learned professor had mistaken *ethics* for *physics*; unless he might imagine the morals too were grown into disuse, from the relaxation they admitted of during the time he mentions, viz. while He and the players were at Oxford.

Ibid. *A hundred head, &c.*] It appears by this, the Goddess had been careful of keeping up a succession, according to the rule:

"Semper enim refice: ac, ne post amissa requiras,

"Auteveni; et sobolem armento sortire quotannis."

It is remarkable with what dignity the Poet here describes

Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
 [Tho' Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]
 Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock, 195
 Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,
 Came whip and spur, and dash'd thro' thin and thick
 On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.

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the friends of this ancient philosopher. Horace does not observe the same decorum with regard to those of another sect, when he says, *Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege Porcum*: but the word *drove*, *armentum*, here understood, is a word of honour, as the most noble Festus the *grammarians* assures us. *Armentum id genus pecoris appellatur, quod est idoneum opus armorum*. And alluding to the temper of this warlike breed, our Poet very appositely calls them a hundred head.

Scribl.

Y. 194. *Tho' Christ-church, &c.*] This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the editor; and accordingly we have put it in between hooks. For I affirm this College came as early as any other, by its *proper deputies*; nor did any College pay homage to Dulneis in its whole body.

Bentl.

Y. 196. *—still expelling Locke.*] In the year 1703, there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading it. See his Letters in the last edit.

Y. 198. *On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.*] There seems to be an improbability that the Doctors and heads of houses shall ride on horseback, who of late days, being gouty or unweildy, have kept their coaches. But these are horses of great strength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifest; and very famous we may conclude, being honoured with names; as were the horses Pegasus and Bucephalus.

Scribl.

Though I have the greatest deference to the penetration of this eminent scholiast, and must own that nothing can be more natural than his interpretation, or juster than that rule of criticism, which directs us to keep to the *literal* sense, when no apparent absurdity accompanies it, (and sure there is no absurdity in supposing a logician on horse-

As many quit the streams that murm'ring fall
 To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall, 200
 Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
 In troubled waters, but now sleeps in Port.
 Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
 Plough'd was his front with many a deep remark:
 His hat, which never veil'd to human pride, 205
 Walker with rev'rence took, and laid aside.

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back), yet still I must needs think the hackneys here celebrated were not real horses, nor even centaurs, which, for the sake of the learned Chiron, I should rather be inclined to think, if I were forced to find them four legs, but downright plain men, though logicians: and only thus metamorphosed by a rule of rhetoric, of which Cardinal Perron gives us an example, where he calls Clavius, *Un Esprit pesant, lourd, sans subtilite, ni gentillesse; un gros cheval d'Allemagne.*

Here I profess to go opposite to the whole stream of commentators. I think the Poet only aimed, though awkwardly, at an elegant Grecism in this representation; for in that language the word ἵππος [horse] was often prefixed to others, to denote greatness or strength; as ἱπποδάμοισον, ἱπποδωσσον, ἱππομάχον, and particularly ΙΠΠΟΓΝΩΜΩΝ, a great connoisseur, which comes nearest to the case in hand. *Scip. Mass.*

ψ. 199. —the streams.] The river Cam, running by the walls of these colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in disputation.

ψ. 202. —now sleeps in Port.] viz. Now retired into harbour, after the tempests that had long agitated his society. So *Scriblerus*. But the learned Scipio Maffei understands it of a certain wine called *port*, from *Oporto* a city of Portugal, of which this professor invited him to drink abundantly. *Scip. Mass. De computationibus Academicis.*

ψ. 205, 208. His hat, &c.—So upright Quakers please both man and God.] The hat worship, as the Quakers call it, is an abomination to that sect; yet, where it is necessary to pay that respect to man (as in the courts of justice and Houses of Parliament), they have, to avoid offence, and yet

Low bow'd the rest : he, kingly, did but nod ;
 So upright Quakers please both man and God.
 Mistress ! dismiss that rabble from your throne :
 Avaunt — is Aristarchus yet unknown ? 210
 Thy mighty scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
 Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
 Critics like me shall make it prose again. 214

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not violate their conscience, permitted other people to uncover them.

Y. 210. — *Aristarchus*.] A famous commentator and corrector of Homer, whose name has been frequently used to signify a *complete critic*. The compliment paid by our Author to this eminent professor, in applying to him so great a name, was the reason that he hath omitted to comment on this part which contains his own praises. We shall therefore supply that loss to our best ability. *Scribl.*

Y. 214. *Critics like me*—] Alluding to two famous editions of Horace and Milton ; whose richest veins of poetry he had prodigally reduced to the poorest and most beggarly prose—Verily the learned scholiast is grievously mistaken. Aristarchus is not boasting here of the *wonders* of his art in annihilating the sublime ; but of the *usefulness* of it, in reducing the turgid to its proper class ; the words *make it prose again*, plainly shewing that prose it was, though ashamed of its original, and therefore to prose it should return. Indeed, much is it to be lamented that Dulness doth not confine her critics to this useful task, and commission them to dismount what Aristophanes calls *ῥημάτων ἰσχυροβαμονα*, all *prose on horseback*. *Scribl.*

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Y. 207. *He, kingly, did but nod*.] Milton.

“ —He, kingly, from his state

“ Declin'd not.” —

Y. 210. — *is Aristarchus yet unknown ?*

“ Sic notus Ulysses ?”

“ Dost thou not feel me, Rome ?”

Virg.

Ben Johnson.

Roman and Greek grammarians! know your better:
 Author of something yet more great than Letter;
 While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
 Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
 'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
 Disputes of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*,
 To found or sink in *cano*, O or A,
 Or give up Cicero to C or K.

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ψ. 216. *Author of something yet more great than Letter.*] Alluding to those grammarians, such as Palamedes and Simonides, who invented *single letters*. But Aristarchus, who had found out a *double* one, was therefore worthy of double honour. Scribl.

ψ. 217, 218. *While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like Saul, — Stands our Digamma.*] Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Aeolic Digamma, in his long-projected edition of Homer. He calls it *something more than letter*, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one Gamma set upon the shoulders of another.

ψ. 220. — *of me or te.*] It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some treatises written: had it been about *meum* and *tuum* it could not be more contested, than whether at the end of the first ode of Horace, to read, *Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium*, or, *Te doctarum hederæ*. — By this the learned scholiast would seem to insinuate that the dispute was not about *meum* and *tuum*, which is a mistake: for, as a venerable sage observeth, *Words are the counters of wise men, but the money of fools*; so that we see their property was indeed concerned. Scribl.

ψ. 222. *Or give up Cicero to C or K.*] Grammatical disputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name in Greek. It is a dispute whether in Latin the name of Herma-goras should end in *as* or *a*. Quintilian quotes Cicero as

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ψ. 215. *Roman and Greek grammarians, &c.*] Imitated from Propertius speaking of the Aeneid,

“Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Graii!

“Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.”

Let Friend affect to speak as Terence spoke,
 And Alſop never but like Horace joke :
 For me, what Virgil, Pliny would deny, 225
 Manilius or Solinus ſhall ſupply :
 For Attic phraſe in Plato let them ſeek,
 I peach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
 In ancient ſenſe if any needs will deal,
 Be ſure I give them fragments, not a meal ; 230
 What Gellius or Stobæus haſh'd before,
 Or chew'd by blind old ſcholiaſts o'er and o'er.
 The critic eye, that microſcope of wit,
 Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit.
 How parts relate to parts, or they to whole, 235
 The body's harmony, the beaming ſoul,
 Are things which Kuſter, Burman, Waſſe ſhall ſee,
 When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.

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writing it *Hermagora*, which Bentley rejects, and ſays Quintilian muſt be miſtaken, Cicero could not write it ſo, and that in this caſe he would not believe Cicero himſelf. Theſe are his very words: “*Ego vero Ciceronem ita ſcripſiſſe ne Ciceroni quidem affirmanti crediderim.*”—*Epiſt. ad Mill.* in *ſig. Frag. Menand. et Phil.*

* 223, 224. *Friend—Alſop.*] Dr Robert Friend, maſter of Weſtminſter-ſchool, and canon of Chriſt-church—Dr Anthony Alſop, a happy imitator of the Horatian ſtyle.

* 226. *Manilius or Solinus.*] Some critics having had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have choſen the worſe author, the more freely to diſplay their critical capacity.

* 228, &c. *Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus.*] The firſt a dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the ſecond a minute critic; the third an author, who gave his Common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much mince-meat of old books.

* 232. *Or chew'd by blind old ſcholiaſts o'er and o'er.*] Theſe taking the ſame things eternally from the mouth of one another.

Ah, think not, Mistress! more true Dulness lyes
 In Folly's cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise. 240
 Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
 On Learning's surface we but ly and nod.
 Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
 And much divinity without a Nūs.
 Nor could a BARROW work on ev'ry block, 241
 Nor has one ATTERBURY spoil'd the flock.

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Y. 239, 240. *Ah, think not, Mistress, &c.—In Folly's cap, &c.*] By this it appears the dunces and fops mentioned ver. 139, 140, had a contention of rivalship for the Goddess's favour on this great day. Those got the start, but these make it up by their spokesman in the next speech. It seems as if Aristarchus here first saw him advancing with his fair pupil.

Y. 241, 242. *Like buoys, &c.—On Learning's surface, &c.*] So that the station of a *professor* is only a kind of legal notice to inform us where the *shatter'd bulk* of learning lies sunk; which after so long unhappy navigation, and now without either master or patron, we may wish, with Horace, *may ly there still*.

“ ———Nonne vides ut

“ Nudum remigio latus?

“ ———non tibi sunt integra lintea;

“ Non Di, quo iterum pressa voces malo.

“ Quamvis pontica pinus,

“ Sylvae filia nobilis,

“ Jactes et genus, et nomen inutile.”

Y. 244. *And much divinity without a Nūs.*] A word much affected by the learned Aristarchus in common conversation, to signify *genius* or natural *acumen*. But this passage has a farther view, Nūs was the Platonic term for *mind*, or the *first cause*; and that system of divinity is here hinted at, which terminates in blind nature without a Nūs, such as the Poet afterwards describes, (speaking of the dream of one of these latter Platonists),

Or that *bright image* to our fancy draw,

Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,

That Nature——&c.

Y. 245, 246. *Barrow, Atterbury.*] Isaac Barrow, Master

See! still thy own, the heavy canon roll,
 And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.
 For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
 With all such reading as was never read :
 For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, Goddeſs, and about it :

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of Trinity, Francis Atterbury Dean of Christ-church, both great geniuses and eloquent preachers; one more conversant in the sublime geometry, the other in classical learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their several societies.

ſ. 247. — *the heavy canon.*] Canon here, if spoken of artillery, is in the plural number; if of the *canons of the law*, in the singular, and meant only of *one*: in which case I suspect the *Pole* to be a false reading, and that it should be the *poll* or *head* of that canon. It may be objected, that this is a mere *paranomasia* or *pun*. But what of that? Is any figure of speech more apposite to our gentle Goddeſs, or more frequently used by her and her children, especially of the university? Doubtless it better suits the character of Dulneſs, yea of a doctor, than that of an angel; yet Milton feared not to put a considerable quantity into the mouths of his. It hath indeed been observed, that they were the devil's angels, as if he did it to suggest the devil was the author as well of false wit, as of false religion, and that the father of lies was also the father of puns. But this is idle: it must be owned a Christian practice, used in the primitive times by some of the fathers, and in latter by most of the sons of the Church; till the debauched reign of Charles II. when the shameless passion for wit overthrew every thing: and even then the best writers admitted it, provided it was obscene, under the name of the *double entendre*.

Scribl.

ſ. 248. *And metaphysic smokes, &c.*] Here the learned Aristarchus ending the first member of his harangue in behalf of *words*, and entering on the other half, which regards the teaching of *things*, very artfully connects the two parts in an encomium on *Metaphysics*, a kind of *middle nature* between words and things: communicating, in its obscurity, with *substance*, and, in its emptiness, with *names*.

Scribl.

So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.

What tho' we let some better sort of fool
Thrid ev'ry science, run thro' ev'ry school?
Never by tumbler thro' the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none.

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ψ. 255 to 271. *What tho' we let some better sort of fool, &c.*] Hitherto Aristarchus hath displayed the art of teaching his pupils words, without things. He shews greater skill in what follows, which is to teach things, without profit. For with the *better sort of fool* the first expedient is, ver. 254 to 258, to run him so swiftly through the circle of the sciences that he shall stick at nothing, nor nothing stick with him; and though some little, both of words and things, should by chance be gathered up in his passage, yet he shews, ver. 259 to 261, that it is never more of the one than just to enable him to *persecute with rhyme*, or of the other than to *plague with dispute*. But if, after all, the pupil will needs *learn* a science, it is then provided by his careful directors, ver. 261, 262, that it shall either be such as he can never *enjoy* when he comes out into life, or such as he will be obliged to *divorce*. And to make all sure, ver. 263 to 267, the useless or pernicious sciences, thus taught, are still applied perversely; the man of wit *petrified* in Euclid, or *trammelled* in metaphysics; and the man of judgment *married*, without his parents consent, to a *mouse*. Thus far the particular arts of modern education, used partially, and diversified according to the subject and the occasion: but there is one general method, with the encomium of which the great Aristarchus ends his speech, ver. 267 to 270, and that is *Authority*, the universal cement, which fills the cracks and chasins of *lifeless matter*, shuts up all the pores of *living substances*, and brings all human minds to *one dead level*. For if Nature should chance to struggle through all the entanglements of the foregoing ingenious expedients to *bind rebel wit*, this claps upon her one sure and entire cover. So that well may Aristarchus defy all human power to *get the man out again* from under so impenetrable a crust. The Poet alludes to this masterpiece of the schools in ver. 501, where he speaks of *vassals to a name*.

He may indeed (if sober all this time)
 Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme. 260
 We only furnish what he cannot use,
 Or wed to what he must divorce, a muse:
 Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
 And petrify a genius to a dunce:
 Or set on metaphysic ground to prance, 265
 Show all his paces, not a step advance.
 With the same CEMENT, ever sure to bind,
 We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind.
 Then take him to develope, if you can,
 And hew the block off, and get out the man. 270
 But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
 Whore, pupil, and lac'd governor from France.

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ψ. 264. —*petrify a genius.*] Those who have no genius, employed in works of imagination; those who have, in abstract sciences.

ψ. 270. *And hew the block off.*] A notion of Aristotle, that there was originally in every block of marble, a statue, which would appear on the removal of superfluous parts.

ψ. 272. —*lac'd governor.*] Why *lac'd*? Because gold and silver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of a person of rank, and the governor must be supposed so in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Aristarchus to know at sight how this governor came from France? Know? Why, by the laced coat.

Ibid. Whore, pupil, and lac'd governor.] Some critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the governor should have the precedence before the whore, if not before the pupil. But were he so placed, it might be thought to insinuate that the governor led the pupil to the whore; and were the pupil placed first, he might be supposed to lead the governor to her. But our impartial Poet, as he is drawing their picture, represents them in the order in which they are generally seen; namely, the pupil between the whore and the governor; but placeth the whore first, as she usually governs both the other.

Walker! our hat—nor more he deign'd to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.

In slow'd at once a gay embroider'd race, 275
'And titt'ring push'd the Pedants off the place:
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.
The first came forwards, with as easy mien,
As if he saw St James's and the Queen. 280
When thus th' attendant Orator begun,
Receive, great Empress! thy accomplish'd son:
'Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant! never fear'd with God.

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ψ. 274. —*stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.*] See Homer Odys. xi. where the ghost of Ajax turns sullenly from Ulysses the traveller, who had succeeded against him in the dispute for the arms of Achilles. There had been the same contention between the Travelling and the University tutor, for the spoils of our young heroes, and fashion adjudged it to the former; so that this might well occasion the sullen dignity in departure, which Longinus so much admired. Scribl.

ψ. 276. *And titt'ring push'd, &c.*] Hor.

“ Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius aetas.”

ψ. 280. *As if he saw St James's.*] Reflecting on the disrespectful and indecent behaviour of several forward young persons in the presence, so offensive to all serious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.

ψ. 281. —*th' attendant Orator.*] The Governor above said. The Poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I presume, to offend or to do injustice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to so many who equally deserve it. Scribl.

ψ. 284. *A dauntless infant! never fear'd with God.*] i. e. Brought up in the enlarged principles of modern education; whose great point is to keep the infant mind free

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ψ. 284. *A dauntless infant! never fear'd with God.*]

“ —— ille Dis animosus infans.

Hor.

The fire saw, one by one, his virtues wake: 283
 The mother begg'd the blessing of a rake.
 Thou gav'st that ripeness, which so soon began,
 And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was boy, nor man,

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from the prejudices of opinion, and the growing spirit unbroken by terrifying names. Amongst the happy consequences of this reformed discipline, it is not the least, that we have never afterwards any occasion for the *priest*, whose trade, as a modern wit informs us, is only to *finish what the nurse began*. Scribl.

ψ. 286. — *the blessing of a rake.*] Scriblerus is here much at a loss to find out what this *blessing* should be. He is sometimes tempted to imagine it might be the marrying a great fortune; but this, again, for the vulgarity of it, he rejects, as something uncommon seemed to be prayed for. And after many strange conceits, not at all to the honour of the fair sex, he at length rests in this, that it was that her son might pass for a wit; in which opinion he fortifies himself by ver. 316. where the Orator, speaking of his pupil, says, that he

Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd,
 which seems to insinuate that her prayer was heard. Here the good scholiast, as, indeed, every where else, lays open the very soul of modern criticism, while he makes his own ignorance of a poetical expression hold open the door to much erudition and learned conjecture: the *blessing of a rake* signifying no more than that he might be a rake; the effects of a thing for the thing itself, a common figure. The careful mother only wished her son might be a *rake*, as well knowing that its attendant *blessings* would follow of course.

ψ. 288. — *he ne'er was boy, nor man.*] Nature hath bestowed on the human species two states or conditions, *infancy* and *manhood*. Wit sometimes makes the *first* disappear, and Folly the *latter*; but true Dulness annihilates *both*. For, want of *apprehension* in boys, not suffering that conscious ignorance and inexperience which produce the awkward bashfulness of youth, makes them *assured*; and want of *imagination* makes them *grave*. But this *gravity* and *assurance*, which is beyond *boyhood*, being neither wisdom nor knowledge, do never reach to *manhood*.

'Thro' school and college, thy kind cloud o'ercaſt,
 Safe and unſeen the young Æneas paſt :
 Thence burſting glorious, all at once let down,
 Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.
 Intrepid then, o'er ſeas and lands he flew :
 Europe he ſaw, and Europe ſaw him too.
 There all thy gifts and graces we diſplay,
 'Thou, only thou, directing all our way !
 To where the Seine, obſequious as ſhe runs,
 Pours at great Bourbon's feet her ſilken ſons ;
 Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
 Vain of Italian arts, Italian ſouls :
 'To happy convents, boſom'd deep in vines,
 Where ſlumber Abbots, purple as their wines :
 'To iſles of fragrance, lily-ſilver'd vales,
 Diffuſing languor in the panting gales :
 'To lands of ſinging, or of dancing ſlaves,
 Love-whiſp'ring woods, and lute-reſounding waves.
 But chief her ſhrine where naked Venus keeps,
 And Cupids ride the Lion of the deeps ;

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ſ. 290. —*unſeen the young Æneas paſt :—Thence burſting glorious.*] See Virg. Aen. i.

“ At Venus obſcuro gradientes ære ſepſit,

“ Et multo nebulae circum Dea fudit amiſſum,

“ Cernere ne quis eos ;—1. neu quis contingere poſſit ;

“ 2. Molirive moram :—aut 3. veniendi poſcere cauſam.”

Where he enumerates the cauſes why his mother took this care of him : to wit, 1. that no-body might touch or correct him : 2. might ſtop or detain him : 3. examine him about the progreſs he had made, or ſo much as gueſs why he came there.

ſ. 303. —*lily-ſilver'd vales.*] Tuberoſes.

ſ. 307. *But chief, &c.*] Theſe two lines, in their force of imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens.

ſ. 308. *And Cupids ride the Lion of the deeps.*] The wing

There, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
 casts the smooth eunuch and enamour'd swain. 310
 led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
 and gather'd ev'ry vice on Christian ground;
 saw ev'ry court, heard ev'ry King declare
 his royal sense, of Op'ras or the Fair;
 the stews and palace equally explor'd, 315
 stragu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd;
 try'd all *bors-d' œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
 judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
 except the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
 all classic learning lost on classic ground; 320
 And last turn'd *Air*, the echo of a sound!
 see now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well bred,
 With nothing but a Solo in his head;

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ed Lion; the arms of Venice. This Republic was heretofore
 the most considerable in Europe, for her naval force and the
 extent of her commerce; now illustrious for her *Carnivals*.

Y. 318. —*greatly daring din'd.*] It being indeed no small
 risque to eat thro' those extraordinary compositions, whose
 disguised ingredients are generally unknown to the guests,
 and highly inflammatory and unwholesome.

Y. 322. *And last turn'd air, the echo of a sound!*] Yet
 less a body than echo itself; for echo reflects the *sense* or
words at least, this gentleman only *airs* and *tunes*:

" —*Sonus est, qui vivit in illo.*"

Ovid. Met.

So that this was not a metamorphosis either in one or the
 other, but only a resolution of the soul into its true prin-
 ciples; its real essence being harmony, according to the
 doctrine of Orpheus, the inventor of the opera, who first
 performed to a select assembly of beasts. *Scribl.*

Y. 34. *With nothing but a Solo in his head.*] With no-
 thing but a *solo*? Why, if it be a *solo*, how should there be
 any thing else? Palpable tautology! Read boldly an *opera*,
 which is enough of conscience for such a head as has lost all
 its Latin? *Bentley.*

As much estate, and principle, and wit,
 As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit;
 Stol'n from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
 And, if a borough chuse him, not undone!
 See, to my country happy I restore
 'This glorious youth, and add one Venus more. 326
 Her too receive, (for her my soul adores),
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores
 Prop thine, O Empress! like each neighbour throne
 And make a long posterity thy own.
 Pleas'd, she accepts the hero, and the dame, 327
 Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame.

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Ψ. 326. —[*Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber.*] Three very eminent persons, all managers of *plays*; who, though not governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the education of youth, and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his talents for this end, see book i. ver. 199, &c.

Ψ. 331. *Her too receive, &c.*] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his note on ver. 272, that the governor, as well as the pupil, had a particular interest in this lady.

Ψ. 332. —[*sons of whores.*] For such have been always esteemed the ablest supports of the throne of Dulness, even by the confession of those her most *legitimate* sons, who have unfortunately wanted that advantage. The illustrious *Vanini*, in his divine encomiums on our Goddess, entitled, *De Admirandis Naturæ Reginae Deæque Mortalium Arcanis*, laments that he was not born a bastard: *O utinam extra legitimum ac connubialem thorum esset procreatus!* &c. He expatiates on the prerogatives of a *free birth*, and on what he would have done for the *Great Mother* with those advantages; and then sorrowfully concludes, *At quia conjugatorum sum soboles, his orbatum sum bonis.*

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Ψ. 332. *So may the sons of sons, &c.*]

"Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis." *Virg.*

Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
 Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
 Of ever-listless loit'ers, that attend
 No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend. 340
 Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
 Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
 And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
 The pains and penalties of idleness.
 She pity'd! but her pity only shed 345
 Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
 But Annius, crafty seer, with ebony wand,
 And well-dissembled emerald on his hand,

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Ψ. 341. *Thee too, my Paridel!*] The Poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a wandering courtly squire, that travelled about for the same reason for which many young squires are now fond of travelling, especially to Paris.

Ψ. 347. — *Annus.*] The name taken from Annus the monk of Viterbo, famous for many impositions and forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to by mere vanity; but our Annus had a more substantial motive.

Ψ. 348. — *well-dissembled emerald on his hand.*] The Poet seems here, as wits are ever licentious, to upbraid this useful member of society for his *well-dissembled emerald*; whereas, in truth, it was by that circumstance he should have been commended. This worthy person was, I suppose, a factor between the poor and rich, to supply these with their imaginary wants, and to relieve those from their real ones. Now I ask, how can this factorage be carried on without well-dissembling? The rich man wants an emerald;

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Ψ. 342. *Stretch'd on the rack—*
And heard, &c.]

“Sedet, æternumque sedebit,

“Infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque miserrimus omnes

“Admonet.”—

Virg.

False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollia
dines. 353

Soft, as the wily fox is seen to creep,
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whisper'd first his pray'r.

Grant, gracious Goddess! grant me still to cheat!
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit! 356
Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.

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his want is allowed on all hands to be imaginary: and what fitter for an imaginary want than an imaginary emerald? For philosophers agree, that *imaginations* are not to be cured by their contrary *realities*, but to be removed, if troublesome, by other *imaginations*; and these again in their turn, by other. Consider it in another light: an emerald, we agree, is an imaginary want; but an emerald of Golconda is much more so. Now if, in a *true emerald of France*, the colour, the lustre, and the bulk, be all improved, what is wanting in it, that may be thought to concur to that solid happiness, which we find an emerald is capable of giving to enlarged and truly improved minds? Certainly, nothing but that Golcondical substantial form, which is neither seen, felt, nor understood; a certain essential *tiuncula*, or, as we may say, *esprit folet*, with which substances had been for many ages possessed, but is lately streaked out of matter, is no longer in nature, nor (what is more to the purpose) no longer in fashion. Scribl.

Y. 355. — *still to cheat.*] Some read *skill*, but that is frivolous; for Annus hath that skill already; or if he had not, *skill* were not wanting to cheat such persons. Bent.

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Y. 355. — *grant me still to cheat,*

O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!]

“ — Da, pulchra Laverna,

“ Da mihi fallere —

“ Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem.” Hor.

So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
 See other Cæsars, other Homers rise; 360
 Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
 Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an Owl.
 Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
 Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear;
 Be rich in ancient brass, tho' not in gold, 365
 And keep his Lares, tho' his house be sold;
 To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
 Honour a Syrian prince above his own;
 Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true:
 Elefs'd in one Niger, till he knows of two. 370
 Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, fool-re-
 nown'd,
 Who, like his Cheops, stinks above the ground,

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ψ. 361. — *hunt th' Athenian fowl.*] The owl stamped on the reverse, on the ancient money of Athens.

"Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl," is the verse by which Hobbes renders that of Homer,

Χαλκίδα κιχλήσκησι Θεοί, ἄνδρες δὲ Κύμινδιν.

ψ. 363. — *Attys and Cecrops.*] The first King of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any coins are extant; but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbade all images, and the story of whose pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless, one of these Anniiuses made a counterfeit medal of that impostor, now in the collection of a learned nobleman.

ψ. 371. — *Mummius.*] This name is not merely an allusion to the mummies he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman general of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious statues to the captain of a ship, assuring him, "that if any were lost or broken, he should procure others to be made in their stead;" by which it should seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no virtuoso.

Ibid. — *fool-renown'd.*] A compound epithet in the Greek manner, *renown'd by fools*, or *renown'd for making fools*.

ψ. 372. — *Cheops.*] A King of Egypt whose body was cer-

Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd, and said,
Rattling an ancient Sistrum at his head :

Speak'st thou of Syrian princes? traitor base!
Mine, Goddess! mine is all the horned race. 370
True he had wit, to make their value rise;
From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise;
More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
When Sallee rovers chas'd him on the deep. 380
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold,

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tainly to be known, as being buried alone in his pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatras. This royal mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchased by the Consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the Museum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a passage in Sandys's Travels, where that accurate and learned voyager assures us that he saw the sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (saith he) with the time of the theft above-mentioned. But he omits to observe, that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time.

¶ 375. *Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes? &c.* The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the Poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vailant (who wrote the History of the Syrian Kings as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various coins, and being pursued by a corsair of Sallee, swallowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden bourasque freed him from the rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One advised purgations, the other vomits: in this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend the famous physician and antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour, without staying to enquire about the uneasy symptoms of the burden he carried, first asked him, "Whether the medals were of the higher empire?" He assured him they were. Dufour was ravished with the hope of possessing so rare a treasure; he bargained with him on the spot for the most curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expence.

Receiv'd each demigod, with pious care,
 Deep in his entrails—I rever'd them there,
 I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine, 385
 And, at their second birth, they issue mine.

Witness great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,
 Reply'd soft Annius), this our paunch before
 Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
 Is to refund the medals with the meat. 390

To prove me, Goddesses! clear of all design,
 Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine:
 There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,
 And Douglas lend his soft, obstetric hand.

The Goddesses smiling seem'd to give consent; 395
 So back to Pollio hand in hand they went.

Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,
 A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,

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Y. 383. —each demigod.] They are called *Otoï* on their coins.

Y. 387. *Witness, great Ammon!*] Jupiter Ammon is called to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those Kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian empire, and whose horns they wore on their medals.

Y. 394. —*Douglas.*] A physician of great learning and no less taste; above all curious in what related to Horace, of whom he collected every edition, translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.

Y. 397. *Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground.*] The similitude of *locusts* does not refer more to the numbers than to the qualities of the virtuosi: who not only devour and lay waste every tree, shrub, and green leaf in

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Y. 383. *Receiv'd each demigod.*]

“Emitilunque ima de sede Typhoea terrae

“Coelitis fecisse metum; cunctosque dedisse,

“Terga fugae: donec scilicet Egyptia tellus

“Ceperit.”—

Each with some wond'rous gift approach'd the Pow'r
 A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flow'r.
 But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
 And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.

The first thus open'd : Hear thy suppliant's call,
 Great Queen, and common Mother of us all !
 Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flow'r,
 Suckl'd, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and show'r
 Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
 Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
 Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it CAROLINE :
 Each maid cry'd, Charming ! and each youth, Divine !
 vine !

Did nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
 Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze ?
 Now prostrate ! dead ! behold that Caroline :
 No maid cries, Charming ! and no youth, Divine !

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their *course* of experiments ; but suffer neither a moss nor fungus to escape untouched.

ψ. 409. —and nam'd it Caroline.] It is a compliment which the florists usually pay to princes and great persons, to give their names to the most curious flowers of their raising : some have been very jealous of vindicating this ho-

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 405, &c. Fair from its humble bed, &c. named it Caroline !

Each maid cry'd, Charming ! and each youth, Divine !
 Now prostrate ! dead ! behold that Caroline :
 No maid cries, Charming ! and no youth, Divine !]

These verses are translated from Catullus, Epith.

“ Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,

“ Quam mulcet auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,

“ Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ :

“ Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,

“ Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ,” &c.

And lo the wretch ! whose vile, whose insect lust 415
Laid this gay daughter of the Spring in dust.
Oh punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades.
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the
Queen :

420

Of all th' enamel'd race, whose silv'ry wing
Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shin'd this child of heat and air.
I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r 425
The rising game, and chas'd from flow'r to flow'r.
It fled, I follow'd ; now in hope, now pain ;
It stopt, I stopt ; it mov'd, I mov'd again.

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nour, but none more than that ambitious Gardener, at Hammer-smith, who caused his favourite to be painted on his sign, with this inscription, *This is my Queen Caroline.*

§. 418. *Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades.*] It is a trite observation, that men have always placed the happiness of their fancied Elysium in something they took most delight in here. The joys of a Mahometan paradise consist in young maidens, always virgins : our modest votary warms his imagination only with carnations always in bloom ; which, alluding, at the same time, to the perpetual spring of the old Elysian fields, give an inimitable pleasantry, as well as decorum to the conclusion of his prayer.

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§. 421. *Of all th' enamel'd race.*] The Poet seems to have an eye to Spenser, Muipotmos.

" Of all the race of silver-winged flies

" Which do possess the empire of the air."

§. 427, 428. *It fled, I follow'd, &c.*]

" — I started back ;

" It started back ; but pleas'd I soon return'd,

" Pleas'd it return'd as soon." —

Milt.

At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
 And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd: 430
 Rose or Carnation was below my care;
 I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.
 I tell the naked fact without disguise,
 And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize;
 Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye, 435
 Fair ev'n in death! this peerless *butterfly*.

My sons! (she answer'd), both have done your
 parts:

Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
 But hear a Mother, when she recommends
 To your fraternal care our sleeping friends. 440
 The common soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
 Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake:
 A drowzy watchman, that just gives a knock,
 And breaks our rest, to tell us what's o'clock.
 Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stir'd; 445
 The dull may waken to a humming-bird;
 The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
 Congenial matter in the sockle-kind;
 The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
 May wander in a wilderness of moss; 450

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ψ. 440. —our sleeping friends.] Of whom see ver. 345.
 above.

ψ. 444. And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock.]
i. e. When the feast of life is just over, calls us to think of
 breaking up; but never watches to prevent the disorders
 that happen in the heat of the entertainment.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 441. The common soul, &c.] In the first edition thus:
 Of souls the greater part, Heav'n's common make,
 Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
 And most but find that centinel of God,
 A drouzy watchman in the land of Nod.

The head that turns at superlunar things,
Poiz'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

O! would the sons of men once think their eyes
And reason giv'n them but to study *Flies*!

See Nature in some partial narrow shape, 455

And let the author of the whole escape :

Learn but to trifle ; or, who most observe,

To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.

Be that my task (replies a gloomy clerk,

Sworn foe to myst'ry, yet divinely dark ; 460

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ψ. 450. — *a wilderness of mofs.*] Of which the naturalists count I can't tell how many hundred species.

ψ. 452. — *Wilkins' wings.*] One of the first projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the moon ; which has put some volatile geniuses upon making wings for that purpose.

ψ. 453. *O! would the sons of men, &c.*] This is the third speech of the Goddess to her supplicants, and completes the whole of what she had to give in instruction on this important occasion, concerning learning, civil society, and religion. In the first speech, ver. 119. to her editors and concerted critics, she directs how to deprave Wit and discredit fine writers. In her second, ver. 175. to the educators of youth, she shews them how all civil duties may be extinguished in that one doctrine of divine hereditary right. And in this third, she charges the investigators of Nature to amuse themselves in trifles, and rest in second causes, with a total disregard of the first. This being all that Dulness can wish, is all she needs to say ; and we may apply to her (as the Poet hath managed it) what hath been said of true Wit, that

“ She neither says too little, nor too much.”

ψ. 459. — *a gloomy clerk.*] The epithet *gloomy* in this line may seem the same with that of *dark* in the next. But *gloomy* relates to the uncomfortable and disastrous condition of an irreligious sceptic, whereas *dark* alludes only to his puzzled and embroiled systems.

Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
 When moral evidence shall quite decay,
 And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
 Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize :)
 Let others creep by timid steps, and slow, 465
 On plain experience lay foundations low,
 By common sense to common knowledge bred,
 And last, to Nature's cause thro' Nature led.
 All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
 Mother of Arrogance, and source of Pride! 470
 We nobly take the high Priori road,
 And reason downward, till we doubt of God :

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V. 462. *When moral evidence shall quite decay.*] Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of moral evidence by mathematical proportions: according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Caesar was in Gaul, or died in the Senate-house. See Craig's *Theologia Christianæ Principia Mathematica*. But as it seems evident, that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago; it is plain, that if in fifty more they quite disappear, it must be owing, not to their arguments, but to the extraordinary power of our Goddels; for whose help therefore they have reason to pray.

V. 465,—468. *Let others creep—thro' Nature led.*] In these lines are described the *disposition* of the rational enquirer; and the *means* and *end* of knowledge. With regard to his *disposition*, the contemplation of the works of God with human faculties, must needs make a modest and sensible man timorous and fearful; and that will naturally direct him to the right *means* of acquiring the little knowledge his faculties are capable of, namely, *plain and sure experience*; which, though supporting only an humble *foundation*, and permitting only a very slow progress, yet leads, surely, to the *end*, the discovery of the *God of Nature*.

V. 471. —*the high Priori road.*] Those who, from the effects in this visible world, deduce the eternal power and

Make Nature still incroach upon his plan ;
 And shove him off as far as e'er we can :
 Thrust some mechanic cause into his place ; 475
 Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.
 Or, at one bound o'er-leaping all his laws,
 Make God Man's image, Man the final Cause,

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godhead of the First Cause, though they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet discover so much of him as enables them to see the end of their creation, and the means of their happiness: whereas, they who take this high *Priori* road (such as Hobbes, Spinoza, Des Cartes, and some better reasoners), for one that goes right, ten lose themselves in mists, or ramble after visions, which deprive them of all sight of their end, and mislead them in the choice of wrong means.

ψ. 472. *And reason downward, till we doubt of God.*] This was in fact the case of those who, instead of reasoning from a *visible world* to an *invisible God*, took the other road; and from an *invisible God* (to whom they had given attributes agreeable to certain metaphysical principles formed out of their own imaginations) reasoned *downwards*, to a *visible world* in theory, of man's creation; which not agreeing, as might be expected, to that of God's, they began, from their inability to account for *evil* which they saw in his world, to doubt of that God whose being they had admitted, and whose attributes they had deduced *a priori*, on weak and mistaken principles.

ψ. 473. *Make Nature still.*] This relates to such as being ashamed to assert a mere mechanic cause, and yet unwilling to forsake it entirely, have had recourse to a certain *plastic nature, elastic fluid, subtle matter, &c.*

ψ. 475. *Thrust some mechanic cause into his place,—Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.*] The first of these follies is that of Des Cartes; the second, of Hobbes; the third, of some succeeding philosophers.

ψ. 477. *Or, at one bound, &c.*] These words are very significant: in their physical and metaphysical reasonings it was a *chain of pretended demonstrations* that drew them into all these absurd conclusions. But their errors in *morals* rest only on bold and impudent *assertions*, without the

Find Virtue local, all Religion scorn,
 See all in *Self*, and but for self be born :
 Of nought so certain as our *Reason* still,
 Of nought so doubtful as of *Soul* and *Will*.
 Oh hide the God still more! and make us see
 Such as Lucretius drew, a God like thee :
 Wrapt up in self, a god without a thought,
 Regardless of our merit or default.
 Or that bright Image to our fancy draw,
 Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,

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least shadow of proof, in which they *overleap* all the laws of argument as well as truth.

Y. 478, &c. *Make God man's image, man the final Cause;—Find Virtue local, all Religion scorn—See all in Self.*] Here the Poet, from the errors relating to a deity in natural philosophy, descends to those in moral. Man was made according to *God's image*; this false theology, measuring his attributes by ours, makes God after *man's image*. This proceeds from the imperfection of his *reason*. The next, of imagining himself the final cause, is the effect of his *pride*: as the making virtue and vice arbitrary, and morality the imposition of the magistrate, is of the *corruption* of his *heart*. Hence he centres every thing in *himself*. The progress of Dulness herein differing from that of madness; one ends in *seeing all in God*, the other in *seeing all in Self*.

Y. 481. *Of nought so certain as our Reason still.*] Of which we have most cause to be diffident. *Of nought so doubtful as of soul and will*: two things the most self-evident, the existence of our soul, and the freedom of our will.

Y. 484. *Such as Lucretius drew.*] Lib. i. ver. 57.

“ Omnis enim per se Divum natura necesse’st

“ Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur,

“ Semota ab nostris rebus, summotaque longe—

“ Nec bene pro meritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.”

From whence the two verses following are translated, and wonderfully agree with the character of our Goddess.

Scribl.

Y. 487. *Or that bright Image.*] *Bright Image* was the title given by the later Platonists to that vision of *Nature*,

While thro' poetic scenes the GENIUS roves,
Or wanders wild in academic groves; 490.

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which they had formed out of their own fancy, so bright that they called it *Αὐτοπλον* "Ἰδαλμα, or the *Self-seen Image*, i. e. seen by its own light.

This *ignis fatuus* has, in these our times, appeared again in the north; and the writings of Geddes, and other followers of Hutcheson, are full of its wonders. For in this *Lux Borealis*, this *Self-seen Image*, these second-sighted philosophers see every thing else. *Scribl.*

ψ. 487. Or that bright Image.] i. e. Let it be either the Chance God of Epicurus, or the Fate of this Goddess.

ψ. 488. Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw.] Thus this philosopher calls upon his friend, to partake with him in these visions:

" To-morrow when the eastern sun

" With his first beams adorns the front.

" Of yonder hill, if you're content

" To wander with me in the woods you see,

" We will pursue those loves of ours,

" By favour of the Sylvan nymphs:

" and invoking first the *Genius* of the place, we'll try to

" obtain at least some faint and distant view of the sove-

" reign *Genius* and first *Beauty*." Charact. vol. ii. p. 245.

This *Genius* is thus apostrophized (p. 345.) by the same philosopher:

" —O glorious *Nature*!

" Supremely fair, and sovereignly good!

" All-loving, and all lovely! all divine!

" Wise substitute of Providence! impower'd

" *Creatress*! or Thou impow'ring deity,

" *Supreme Creator*!

" Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore."

Sir Isaac Newton distinguishes between these two in a ve-

ry different manner: (*Princ. Schol. gen. sub §n.*)—"Hunc

" cognoscimus solummodo per proprietates suas et attri-

" buta, et per sapientissimas et optimas rerum structuras, et

" causas finales; veneramur autem et colimus ob dominium.

" Deus etenim sine dominio, providentia, et causis finalibus,

" nihil aliud est quam *Fatum* et *Natura*."

ψ. 489. —roves,—Or wanders wild in academic groves.]

" Above all things I loved ease; and, of all philosophers,

That NATURE our society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.

Rous'd at his name, up-rose the bowzy fire,
And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire; 494

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"these who reasoned most at their ease, and were never
"angry or disturbed, as those called *sceptics* never were.
"I looked upon this kind of philosophy as the *prettiest*,
"agreeablest, roving exercise of the mind, possible to be
"imagined." Vol. ii. p. 206.

Y. 491. *That Nature our society adores.*] See the *Pantheisticon*, with its liturgy, and rubrics, composed by Toland, which very lately, for the edification of the Society, has been translated into English, and sold by the booksellers of London and Westminster.

Y. 492. *Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.*] It cannot be denied but that this fine stroke of satire against Atheism was well intended. But how must the reader smile at our Author's officious zeal, when he is told, that at the time this was written, you might as soon have found a wolf in England as an *Atheist*? The truth is, the whole species was exterminated. There is a trifling difference indeed concerning the author of the *Atchievement*. Some, as Dr Astenhurst, gave it to Bentley's Boylean Lectures. And he so well convinced that great man of the truth, that wherever afterwards he found *Atheist*, he always read it *aTheist*. But, in spite of a claim so well made out, others gave the honour of this exploit to a latter Boylean lecturer. A judicious apologist for Dr Clarke, against Mr Whiston, says, with no less elegance, than positiveness of expression, "It is a
"most certain truth, that *the demonstration of the being*
"*and attributes of God*, has extirpated and banished *A-*
"*theism* out of the Christian world," p. 18. It is much to be lamented, that the clearest truths have still their dark side. Here we see it becomes a doubt which of the two Herculeses was the monster-queller. But what of that? Since the thing is done, and the proof of it so certain, there is no occasion for so nice a canvassing of circumstances.

Scribl.

Ibid. *Silenus.*] Silenus was an Epicurean philosopher, as appears from Virgil, *Ecl. vi.* where he sings the principles of that philosophy in his drink.

Then snapt his box, and stroak'd his belly down;
 Rosy and rev'rend, tho' without a gown.
 Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
 Led up the youth, and call'd the Goddess *Dame*.
 Then thus. From Priestcraft happily set free,
 Lo! ev'ry finish'd Son returns to thee: 500
 First slave to Words, then vassal to a Name,
 Then dupe to Party; child and man the same;
 Bound by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,
 A trisling head, and a contracted heart.
 Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen, 505
 Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a Queen?

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Y. 494. — *seeds of fire*] The Epicurean language, *Semina rerum*, or atoms. *Virg. Ecl. vi. Semina ignis—semina flamma.*

Y. 499. 500. — *From Priestcraft happily set free,—Lo! ev'ry finish'd son returns to thee.*] The learned Scriblerus is here very whimsical. It would seem, says he, by this, as if the *Priests* (who are always plotting mischief against the *Law of Nature*) had inveigled those harmless youths from the bosom of their mother, and kept them in open rebellion to her, till Silenus broke the charm, and restored them to her indulgent arms. But this is so singular a fancy, and at the same time so unsupported by proof, that we must in justice acquit them of all suspicions of this kind.

Y. 501. *First slave to words, &c.*] A recapitulation of the whole course of modern education described in this book, which confines youth to the study of *words* only in schools; subjects them to the authority of *systems* in the universities; and deludes them with the names of *party distinctions* in the world. All equally concurring to narrow the understanding, and establish slavery and error in literature, philosophy and politics. The whole finished in modern free-thinking; the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and destructive to the happiness of mankind, as it establishes *self-love* for the sole principle of action.

Y. 506. — *smil'd on by a Queen?*] *i. e.* This Queen or Goddess of Dulness.

Mark'd out for Honours, honour'd for their Birth,
 To thee the most rebellious things on earth:
 Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
 All melted down in Pension, or in Punk!
 So K**, so B** sneak'd into the grave,
 A Monarch's half, and half a Harlot's slave.
 Poor W** nipt in Folly's broadest bloom,
 Who praises now? his Chaplain on his Tomb.
 Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast!
 Thy *Magus*, Goddess! shall perform the rest.

With that, a WIZARD OLD his *Cup* extends;
 Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,

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Ψ. 517. *With that a Wizard old, &c.*] Here beginneth the celebration of the *greater mysteries* of the Goddess which the Poet in his invocation, ver. 5. promised to sing. For when now each aspirant, as was the custom, had proved his qualification and claim to a participation, the high priest of Dulness first initiateth the assembly by the usual way of *libation*. And then each of the initiated, as was always required, putteth on a *new nature*, described in ver. 530. *Firm impudence, and stupefaction mild*, which the ancient writers on the *mysteries* call τῆς ψυχῆς ἑρμῆς, the great prop or fulcrum of the human mind. When the High-priest and Goddess have thus done their parts, each of them is delivered into the hands of his conductor, an inferior minister or *herophant*, whose names are *Impudence, Stupefaction, Self-conceit, Self-interest, Pleasure, Epicurism, &c.* to lead them through the several apartments of her mystic dome or palace. When all this is over, the sovereign Goddess, from ver. 565 to 600, conferreth her *titles and degrees*; rewards inseparably attendant on the participation of the *mysteries*: which made the ancient Theon say of them—καλλίστα μὲν ὦν, ἔ τῶν μεγίστων ἀγαθῶν τὸ Μυστηρίων μετέχειν. Hence being enriched with

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Ψ. 518. *Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends—Sire, &c.*] *Homer* of the *Nepenthe*, *Odyss.* iv.

Αὐτίκ' ἄρ' εἰς οἶνον βάλε φάρμακον, ἔνθεν ἔπινον
 Νηπιεύς τ' ἀχολόν τε κακῶν ἐπιληθὼν ἀπάντων.

fire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
Up to a *Star*, and like Endymion dies :

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A *Feather*, shooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain ; and principle is fled ;
Lost is his God, his country, ev'ry thing ;
And nothing left but homage to a king !

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So many various gifts and graces, *Initiation* into the mysteries was anciently, as well as in these our times, esteemed a necessary qualification for every high office and employment, whether in church or state. Lastly, the great mother, the *Bona Dea*, shutteth up the solemnity with her gracious benediction, which concludeth in drawing the curtain, and laying all her children to rest. It is to be observed that Duinefs, before this her restoration, had her pontiffs in *partibus*; who from time to time held her mysteries in secret, and with great privacy. But now, on her re-establishment, she celebrateth them, like those of the Cretans (the most ancient of all mysteries) in open day, and offereth them to the inspection of all men.

Ibid. — *his Cup—Which whose tastes, &c.*] *The cup of Self-love*, which causes a total oblivion of the obligations of friendship, or honour ; and of the service of God, or our country ; all sacrificed to vain-glory, court-worship, or the yet meaner considerations of lucre and brutal pleasures. From ver. 520 to 528.

Y. 518. — *forgets his former friends.*] Surely there little needed the force of charms or magic to set aside an *useless* friendship. For of all the accommodations of fashionable life, as there are none more reputable, so there are none of so little charge as friendship. It fills up the void of life with a name of dignity and respect ; and at the same time is ready to give place to every passion that offers to dispute possession with it. Scribl.

Y. 523, 524. *Lost is his God, his country—And nothing left but homage to a king.*] So strange as this must seem to a mere English reader, the famous Mons. de la Bruyere declares it to be the character of every good subj. et in a monarchy : “ Where (says he) *there is no such thing as love of our country*; the interest, the glory, and service of the “ Prince, supply its place.” *De la Republique*, ch. x.

Of this duty another celebrated French author speaks, in-

The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
To run with Horses, or to hunt with Dogs;
But, sad example! never to escape
Their infamy, still keep the human shape.

But she, good Goddess, sent to ev'ry child
Firm Impudence, or Stupescation mild;
And straight succeeded, leaving shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
But as the flatt'rer or dependent paint,
Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.

REMARKS.

deed, a little more disrespectfully; which for that reason, we shall not translate, but give in his own words, "L'Amour de la patrie, le gaand motif des premiers heros, n'est plus regarde que comme une chimere; l'idee du service du roi, etendue jusqu' a l'oubli de tout autre principe, tient lieu de ce qu'on appelloit autrefois grandeur d'ame et fidelite." *Boulainvilliers Hist. des Anciens Parlemens de France, &c.*

ψ. 528. — *still keep the human shape.*] The effects of the Magus's Cup, by which is allegorized a total corruption of heart, are just contrary to that of Circe, which only represents the sudden plunging into pleasures. Her's, therefore, took away the shape, and left the human mind; his taken away the mind, and leaves the human shape.

ψ. 529. *But she, good Goddess, &c.*] The only comfort people can receive, must be owing in some shape or other to Dulness; which makes some stupid, others impudent, gives self-conceit to some, upon the flatteries of their dependants, presents the false colours of interest to others, and busies or amuses the rest with idle pleasures or sensuality, till they become easy under any infamy. Each of which species is here shadowed under allegorical persons.

ψ. 532. *Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.*] i.e. She communicates to them of her own virtue, or of her Royal Collegues. The *Cibberian forehead* being to fit them for self-conceit, self-interest, &c. and the *Cimmerian gloom*, for the pleasures of opera and the table.

Scribb.

On others int'rest her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'rest, that waves on Party-colour'd wings :
Turn'd to the Sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise. 540

Others the Syren Sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K**, 545
Why all your toils? your Sons have learn'd to sing.
How quick Ambition hates to ridicule!

The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.
On some, a Priest succinct in amice white
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight! 550
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge Boar is shrunk into an Urn :
The board with specious miracles he loads,
Turns Hares to Larks, and Pigeons into Toads.

REMARKS.

¶ 544. *The balm of Dulness.*] The true *balm of Dulness*, called by the Greek physicians *Κολακεῖα*, is a sovereign remedy against inanity, and has its poetic name from the Goddess herself. Its ancient dispensators were *her poets*; and for that reason our Author, book ii. ver. 207. calls it *the poet's healing balm*: but it is now got into as many hands as Goddard's drops, or Daffy's elixir. It is prepared by the *clergy*, as appears from several places of this Poem: and by ver. 534, 535, it seems as if the *nobility* had it made up in their own houses. This, which Opera is here said to administer, is but a *spurious fort*. See my Dissertation on the *Silphium* of the *Ancients*. Bentl.

¶ 553. *The board with specious miracles he loads, &c.*] Scriblerus seems at a loss in this place. *Speciosa miracula* (says he) according to Horace, were the monstrous fables of the Cyclops, Laestrygons, Scylla, &c. What relation have these to the transformation of hares into larks, or of pigeons into toads? I shall tell thee. The Laestrygons dipped men upon spears, as we do larks upon skewers; and

Another (for in all what one can shine?)
 Explains the *seve* and *verdeur* of the Vine. 55
 What cannot copious Sacrifice atone?
 Thy Treuffles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayhonne!
 With French Libation, and Italian Strain,
 Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain. 56

REMARKS.

the fair pigeon turned to a toad, is similar to the fair virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beast. But here is the difficulty, why pigeons in so shocking a shape should be brought to a table. Hares indeed might be cut into larks at a second dressing, out of frugality: yet that seems no probable motive, when we consider the extravagance before-mentioned, of dissolving whole oxen and boars into a small vial of jelly; nay it is expressly said, that *all flesh is nothing in his sight*. I have searched in Apicius, Pliny, and the feast of Trimalchio, in vain; I can only resolve it into some mysterious superstitious rite, as it is said to be done by a *priest*, and soon after called a *sacrifice*, attended (as all ancient sacrifices were) with *libation* and *song*. Scribble.

This good scholiast, not being acquainted with modern luxury, was ignorant that these were only the miracles of French cookery, and that particularly *pigeons en crapeau* were a common dish.

ψ. 556. — *seve and verdeur*.] French terms relating to wines, which signify their flavour and poignancy.

“ Et je gagerois que chez le commandeur,

“ Villandri prîseroit sa *seve* et sa *verdeur*.” Despreaux. St Evremont has a very pathetic letter to a nobleman in *disgrace*, advising him to seek comfort in a *good table*, and particularly to be attentive to *these qualities* in his Champagne.

ψ. 560. — *Bladen—Hays*.] Names of gamesters. Bladen is a black man. Robert Knight cashier of the South-sea company, who fled from England in 1720, (afterwards pardoned in 1742.)—These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by princes of the blood of France.

Ibid. — *Bladen, &c.*] The former note of *Bladen* is a black man, is very absurd. The manuscript here is partly obli-

KNIGHT lifts the head; for what are crouds undone,
To three essential Partridges in one?

Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending Princes mount them in their Coach.

Next bidding all draw near on bended knees, 565

The Queen confers her *Titles and Degrees*.

Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,

Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court,

REMARKS.

terated, and doubtless could only have been, *Wash Black-moors white*, alluding to a known proverb. Scribl.

¶ 567, 568. *Her children first of more distinguish'd sort, Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court.*] Ill would that scholiast discharge his duty, who should neglect to honour those whom Dulness has distinguished, or suffer them to ly forgotten, when their rare modesty would have left them nameless. Let us not, therefore, overlook the services which have been done her cause, by one Mr Thomas Edwards, a gentleman, as he is pleased to call himself, of Lincoln's inn; but, in reality, a gentleman only of the Dunciad; or, to speak him better, in the plain language of our honest ancestors to such mushrooms, a gentleman of the last edition: who nobly eluding the solicitude of his careful father, very early retained himself in the cause of Dulness against Shakespeare, and with the wit and learning of his ancestor Tom Thimble in the Rehearsal, and with the air of good-nature and politeness of Caliban in the Tempest, hath now happily finished the *dunce's progress*, in personal abuse. For a libeller is nothing but a Grubstreet critic run to seed.

Lamentable is the dulness of these gentlemen of the Dunciad. This Fungoso and his friends, who are all gentlemen, have exclaimed much against us for reflecting on his *birth*, in the words, a gentleman of the last edition, which we hereby declare concern not his *birth* but his adoption only: and mean no more than that he is become a gentleman of the last edition of the Dunciad. Since gentlemen, then, are so captious, we think it proper to declare, that Mr Thomas Thimble, who is here said to be Mr Thomas Edwards's ancestor, is only related to him by the Muse's side. Scribl.

This tribe of men, which Scriblerus has here so well ex-

Impale a Glow-worm, or Virtu profess,
 Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
 Some, deep Free-masons, join the silent race,
 Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
 Some Botanists, or Florists at the least,
 Or issue Members of an Annual feast.
 Nor past the meanest unregarded, one
 Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
 The last, not least in honour or applause,
 His and Cam made DOCTORS of the LAWS.

Then, blessing all, Go, Children of my care!
 To Practice now from Theory repair.
 All my commands are easy, short, and full:
 My Sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.

REMARKS.

emplified, our Poet hath elsewhere admirably characterised in that happy line,

A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead.

For the satire extends much farther than to the person who occasioned it, and takes in the whole species of those on whom a good education (to fit them for some useful and learned profession) has been bestowed in vain. That worthless band

Of ever listless loit'ers, that attend

No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend;

who, with an understanding too dissipated and futile for the offices of *civil* life; and a heart too lumpish, narrow, and contracted for those of *social*, become fit for nothing: and so turn *wits* and *critics*, where sense and civility are neither required nor expected.

ψ. 571. *Some, deep Free-masons, join the silent race.* The Poet all along expresses a very particular concern for this silent race: he has here provided that in case they will not waken or open (as was before proposed) to a *humming-bird* or a *cockle*, yet at worst they may be made free-masons; where *taciturnity* is the only essential qualification, as it was the *chief* of the disciples of Pythagoras.

ψ. 576, — *a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.* A sort of lay-brothers, *slips* from the root of the free-masons.

Guard my prerogative, assert my throne:

This nod confirms each privilege your own.

The cap and switch be sacred to his Grace; 585

With staff and pumps the Marquis leads the race;

REMARKS.

Y. 581, 582. *All my commands are easy, short, and full:—My Sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.*] We should be unjust to the reign of Dulness not to confess that her's has one advantage in it rarely to be met with in modern governments, which is, that the public education of her youth fits and prepares them for the observance of her laws, and the exertion of those virtues she recommends. For what makes men *prouder* than the empty knowledge of words; what more *selfish* than the free-thinker's system of morals, or duller than the profession of true *virtuosity*? Nor are her *institutions* less admirable in themselves, than in the fitness of these their several relations, to promote the harmony of the whole. For she tells her sons, and with great truth, that “all her commands are *easy, short, and full.*” For is any thing in nature more *easy* than the exertion of *pride*; more *short* and *simple* than the principle of *selfishness*; or more *full* and *ample* than the sphere of Dulness? Thus birth, education, and wise policy, all concurring to support the throne of our goddess, great must be the strength thereof. *Scribl.*

Y. 584. —*each privilege your own, &c.*] This speech of Dulness to her sons at parting, may possibly fall short of the reader's expectation; who may imagine the Goddess might give them a charge of more consequence, and, from such a theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of something more extraordinary, than to personate running footmen, jockeys, stage coachmen, &c.

But if it be well considered, that whatever inclination they might have to do mischief, her sons are generally rendered harmless by their inability; and that it is the common effect of Dulness (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design; the Poet, I am persuaded, will be justified, and it will be allowed that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be expected from them.

Y. 585. *The cap and switch, &c.*] The Goddess's political balance of favour, in the distribution of her rewards, deserves our notice. It consists in joining with those ho-

From stage to stage the licens'd Earl may run,
 Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer the Sun;
 The learned Baron Butterflies design,
 Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line; 590
 The Judge to dance his brother serjeant call;
 The Senator at Cricket urge the ball;
 The Bishop stow (pontific luxury!)
 An hundred souls of turkeys in a pye;
 The sturdy Squire to Gallic masters stoop, 595
 And drown his lands and manors in a soup.
 Others import yet nobler arts from France,
 Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.
 Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
 Proud to my list to add one monarch more; 600
 And nobly conscious, Princes are but things
 Born for first ministers, as slaves for Kings,

REMARKS.

nours claimed by birth and high place, others more adapted to the genius and talents of the candidates. And thus has great fore-runner, John of Leyden, King of Munster, entered on his government, by making his ancient friend and companion, Knipperdolling, general of his horse and hangman. And had but Fortune seconded his great schemes of reformation, it is said he would have established his whole household on the same reasonable footing. *Scribl.*

ψ. 590. — *Arachne's subtile line.*] This is one of the most ingenious employments assigned, and therefore recommended only to peers of learning, of weaving stockings of the webs of spiders. See the Phil. Transf.

ψ. 591. *The Judge to dance his brother serjeant call.*] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and solemn dance, entitled *A call of serjeants*.

ψ. 598. *Teach Kings to fiddle.*] An ancient amusement of sovereign princes, viz. Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though despised by Themistocles, who was a republican—*Make Senates dance*, either after their prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia.

Tyrant supreme! shall three estates command,
And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE
LAND!

More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All Nature
nods: 605

What mortal can resist the yawn of gods?
Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd;
(St James's first, for leaden G—— preach'd;)
Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall scarce kept
awake;

The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak: 610

REMARKS.

ψ. 606. *What mortal can resist the yawn of gods?*] This verse is truly Homeric; as is the conclusion of the action, where the great Mother composes all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the *Odyssey*.—It may indeed seem a very singular epitaph of a poem, to end as this does, with a *great yawn*; but we must consider it as the *yawn of a God*, and of powerful effects. It is not out of nature, most long and grave counsels concluding in this very manner: nor without authority, the incomparable Spenser having ended one of the most considerable of his works with a *roar*; but then it is the *roar of a lion*, the effects whereof are described as the catastrophe of the poem.

ψ. 607. *Churches and chapels, &c.*] The progress of this yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. First, it seizeth the churches and chapels; then catcheth the schools, where, though the boys be unwilling to sleep, the masters are not: next Westminster-Hall, much more hard indeed to subdue, and not totally put to silence even by the Goddess: then the convocation, which, though extremely desirous to speak, yet cannot: even the House of Commons, justly called the *Sense of the nation*, is *lost* (that is to say *suspended*) during the yawn, (far be it from our Author to suggest it could be lost any longer!) but it spreadeth at large over all the rest of the kingdom, to such a degree, that Palinurus himself (though as incapable of sleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment: the effect of which, though ever so momentary, could not but cause some relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs.

Scribi.

Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn unison went round :
 Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm ;
 Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm :
 The vapour mild o'er each Committee crept ; 615
 Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept ;
 And chiefs's armies doz'd out the campaign ;
 And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.
 O Muse ! relate, (for you can tell alone,
 Wits have short memories, and dunces none), 619

REMARKS.

Ψ. 610. *The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak.*] Im-
 plying a great desire so to do, as the learned scholiast on the
 place rightly observes. Therefore, beware, reader, lest thou
 take this *gape* for a *yawn*, which is attended with no de-
 sire but to go to rest: by no means the disposition of the
 convocation, whose melancholy case in short is this: she
 was, as is *reported*, infected with the general influence of
 the Goddess; and while she was yawning carelessly at her
 ease, a wanton courtier took her at advantage, and in the
 very nick clapped a *gag* into her chops. Well, therefore,
 may we know her meaning by her *gaping*; and this distress-
 ful posture our Poet here describes, just as she stands at this
 day, a sad example of the effects of Dulness and Malice un-
 checked and despised. Bent.

Ψ. 615, 618.] These verses were written many years ago,
 and may be found in the state-poems of that time. So that
 Scriblerus is mistaken, or whoever else have imagined this
 poem of a fresher date.

Ψ. 620. *Wits have short memories.*] This seems to be the
 reason why the poets, when they give us a catalogue, con-
 stantly call for help on the Muses, who, as the daughters of
 Memory, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer,
Iliad ii.

Πληθὺν δ' ἔκ ἀν' ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι ὅδ' ὀνομήνω,
 Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
 Θυγαῖρες, μνησαίανθ'. —

Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
 Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest;
 What charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
 The venal quiet, and intrance the dull;
 Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right,
 and Wrong—— 615
 O sing, and hush the nations with thy Song!

In vain, in vain,—the all-composing hour
 Resistless falls: The Muse obeys the Pow'r.
 She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
 Of Night primæval, and of *Chaos* old! 630

REMARKS.

And Virgil, *Aen.* vii.

“ Et meministis enim, Divae, et memorare potestis:

“ Ad nos vix tenuis famae perlabitur aura.”

But our Poet had yet another reason for ~~putting~~ this task upon the Muse, that, all besides being *asleep*, she only could relate what passed. *Scribl.*

Y. 624. *The venal quiet, and, &c.*] It were a problem worthy the solution of that profound scholiast, Mr Upton himself, (and perhaps not of less importance than some of those so long disputed amongst Homer's) to inform us, which required the greatest effort of our Goddess's power, to *intrance the dull*, or to *quiet the venal*. For though the *venal* may be more unruly than the *dull*, yet, on the other hand, it demands a much greater expence of her virtue to *intrance* than barely to *quiet*. *Scribl.*

Y. 629. *She comes! she comes! &c.*] Here the Muse, like *Jove's eagle*, after a sudden swoop at ignoble game, soareth again to the skies. As prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of poesy, our Poet here foretells from what

IMITATIONS.

Y. 621. *Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
 Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest.*]

“ Quem telo primum, quem postremum aspera Virgo

“ Dejicis? aut quot humi, morientia corpora fundis?”

Virg.

Before her, *Fancy's* gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
 As one by one, at dread *Medea's* strain,
 The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
 As *Argus's* eyes, by *Hermes's* wand oppress'd,
 Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
 Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after *Art* goes out, and all is Night:
 See sculking *Truth* to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of *Casuiſtry* heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.

REMARKS.

we feel, ~~what~~ we are to fear; and in the style of other prophets, hath used the future tense for the preterit: since what he says shall be, is already to be seen, in the writings of some even of our most adored authors, in divinity, philosophy, physics, metaphysics, &c. who are too good indeed to be named in such company.

Ibid. *The sable throne behold.*] The sable thrones of Night and Chaos, here represented as advancing to extinguish the light of the Sciences, in the first place blot out the colours of *Fancy*, and damp the fire of *Wit*, before they proceed to their work.

ψ. 641. — *Truth to her old cavern fled.*] Alluding to the saying of Democritus, That *Truth* lay at the bottom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her: though *Butler* says, "He first put her in, before he drew her out."

ψ. 643. *Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n.*] *Philosophy* has at length brought things to that pass, as to have it

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 637. *As Argus's eyes, &c.*]

"Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,

"Parte tamen vigilat—

"—Vidit Cyllenius omnes

"Succubuisse oculos," &c.

Ovid. Met. lib.

*Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!*

645

REMARKS.

seemed unphilosophical to rest in the *First Cause*; as if its ends were an endless indagation of cause after cause, without ever coming to the first. So that to avoid this unlearned disgrace, some of the propagators of our best philosophy have had recourse to the contrivance here hinted at. For this philosophy, which is founded in the principle of *gravitation*, first considered that property in matter as something extrinsic to it, and impressed immediately by God upon it: which fairly and modestly coming up to the First Cause, was pushing natural enquiries as far as they should go. But this stopping, though at the extent of our ideas, and on the maxim of the great founder of this philosophy, Baron, who says, *Circa ultimates rerum frustranea est inquisitio*, was mistaken by foreign philosophers as recurring to the *occult* qualities of the peripatetics.

"Pulsantes equidem vires intelligo nusquam

"Occultas magicisque pares—

"Sed gravitas etiam crescat, dum corpora centro

"Accedunt propius. Videor mihi cernere terra

"Emergens quidquid caliginis ac tenebrarum

"Pellaei Juvenis Doctor conjecerat olim

VARIATIONS.

[§. 643.] In the former editions it stood thus:

Philosophy, that reach'd the Heav'ns before,

Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more.

And this was intended as a censure of the Newtonian philosophy. For the Poet had been misled by the prejudices of foreigners, as if that philosophy had recurred to the *occult qualities of Aristotle*. This was the idea he received of it from a man educated much abroad, who had read every thing, but every thing superficially. Had his excellent friend Dr A. been consulted in this matter, it is certain that so unjust a reflection had never discredited so noble a satire. When I hinted to him how he had been imposed upon, he changed the lines, with great pleasure, into a compliment (as they now stand) on that divine genius, and a satire on the folly by which he, the Poet himself, had been misled.

See *Mystery* to *Mathematics* fly!

In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.

REMARKS.

“ In Physicæ studium : solitum dare nomina rebus,
“ Pro causis, unoque secans problemata verbo.”

Anti-Lucr.

To avoid which imaginary discredit to the new theory, it was thought proper to seek for the *cause* of *gravitation* in a certain *elastic fluid*, which pervaded all body. By this means, instead of really advancing in natural enquiries, we were brought back again, by this ingenious expedient, to an unsatisfactory *second cause* :

Philosophy, that *lean'd* on Heav'n before,
Shrinks to her *second cause*, and is no more.

For it might still, by the same kind of objection, be asked, what was the *cause* of that *elasticity*? See this folly censured, ver. 475.

ψ. 645, 646. *Physic of Metaphysic, &c.*—*And Metaphysic calls. &c.*] Certain writers, as Malbranche, Norris, and others, have thought it of importance, in order to secure the existence of the *soul*, to bring in question the reality of *body*; which they have attempted to do by a very refined *metaphysical* reasoning: while others of the same party, in order to persuade us of the necessity of a Revelation which promises immortality, have been as anxious to prove that those qualities which are commonly supposed to belong only to an immaterial Being, are but the result from the sensations of matter, and the soul naturally mortal. Thus, between these different reasonings, they have left us neither soul nor body; nor the sciences of physics and metaphysics the least support, by making them depend upon, and go a-begging to one another.

ψ. 647. *See Mystery to Mathematics fly.*] A sort of men, who make human reason the adequate measure of all truth, having pretended that whatsoever is not fully comprehended by it, is contrary to it; certain defenders of religion, who would not be outdone in a paradox, have gone as far in the opposite folly, and attempted to shew that the mysteries of religion may be mathematically demonstrated; as the authors of *philosophic*, or *astronomic principles* of religion, *natural* and *revealed*; who have much prided themselves on reflecting a fantastic light upon religion from the frigid subtilty of school-moonshine.

Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares *Morality* expires. 650
 Nor *public* flame, nor *private*, dares to shine;
 Nor *human* spark is left, nor glimpse *divine*!
 Lo! thy dread empire, CHAOS! is restor'd;
 Light dies before thy uncreating word:
 Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall; 655
 And universal Darkness buries All.

REMARKS.

Y. 649. Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires.] Blushing as well at the memory of the *past* overflow of Dulness, when the barbarous learning of so many ages was wholly employed in corrupting the simplicity, and defiling the purity of religion, as at the view of these her false supports in the *present*; of which it would be endless to recount the particulars. However, amidst the extinction of all other lights, she is said only to withdraw hers; as hers alone in its own nature is unextinguishable and eternal.

Y. 650. And unawares *Morality* expires.] It appears from hence that our Poet was of very different sentiments from the author of the *Characteristics*, who has written a formal treatise on *Virtue*, to prove it not only real but durable, without the support of religion. The word *unawares* alludes to the confidence of those men, who suppose that morality would flourish best without it, and consequently to the surprise such would be in (if any such there are) who indeed love virtue, and yet do all they can to root out the religion of their country.





By the A U T H O R,
A
D E C L A R A T I O N.

WHEREAS certain *Haberdashers of Points and Particles*, being instigated by the spirit of *Pride*, and assuming to themselves the name of *Critics* and *Restorers*, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our *Glorious Ancestors, Poets of this Realm*, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base allay, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine: The said *Haberdashers* having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such Poets, to all or any of them: Now *We*, having carefully revised this our *Dunciad*, * beginning with the words *The Mighty*

* Read thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the word *Book*, and ending with the word *flies*," as formerly it stood: read also, "containing the entire sum of *one thousand, seven hundred, and fifty-six verses*," instead of "*one thousand twelve lines*;" such being the initial and final words, and such the true and entire contents of this Poem.

Mother, and ending with the words *buries All*, containing the entire sum of *One thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses*, declare every word, figure, point, and comma of this impression to be authentic: And do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever, to erase, reverse, put between *books*, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. *And* we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow *this our example*, which we heartily wish our great Predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses. *Provided always*, that nothing in this Declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this Realm, to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any Poem or Poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred thirty and two.

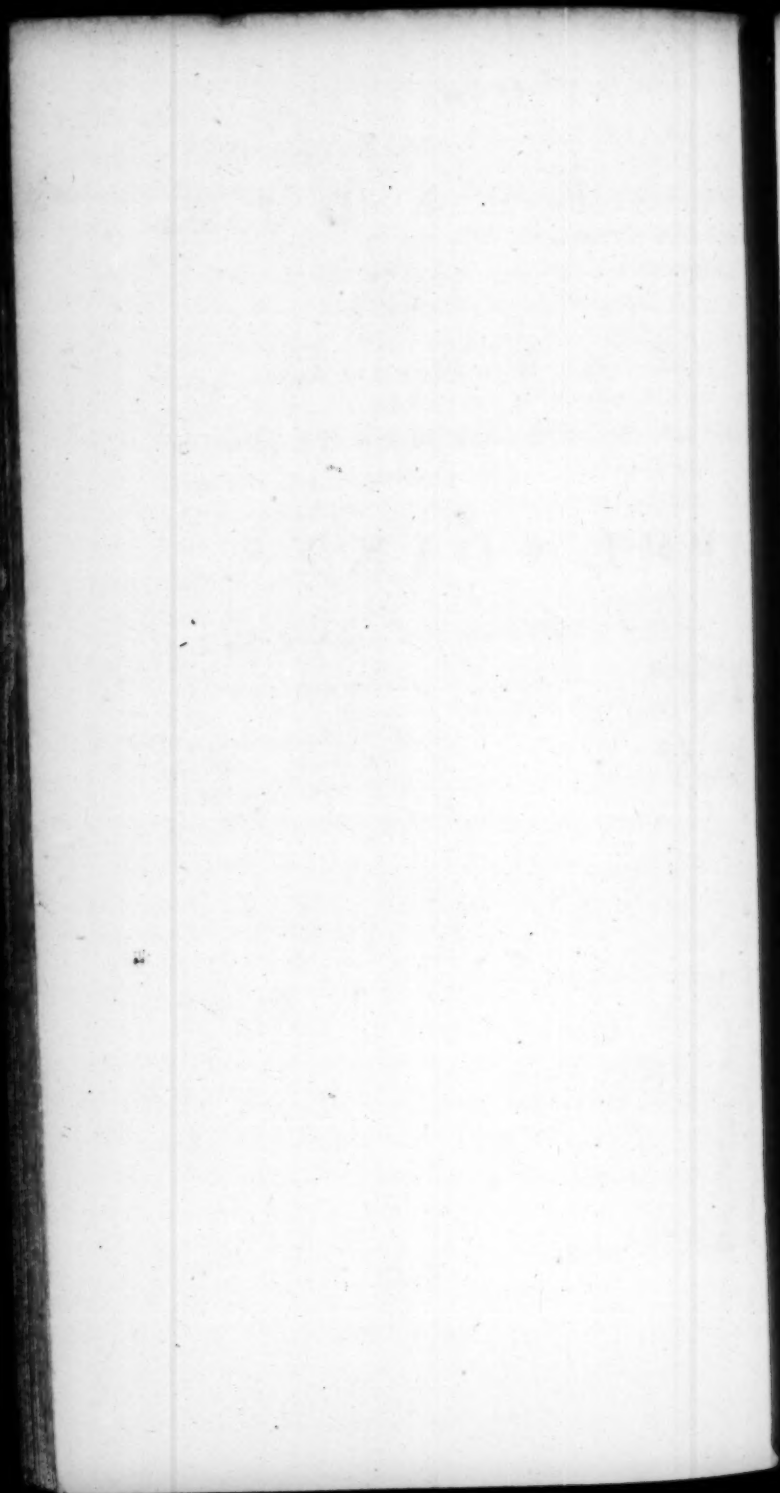
Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

Thou art to know, reader! that the first edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the Author (though living and not blind :) the editor himself confessed as much in his preface; and no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The editor of this had as boldly suppressed whole passages, yea the entire last book, as the editor of *Paradise Lost* added and augmented. Milton himself gave but *ten* books, his editor *twelve*; this Author gave *four* books, his editor only *three*. But we have happily done justice to both; and presume we shall live, in this our last labour, as long as in any of our others. *Emtl.*



APPENDIXES.

T 3



A P P E N D I X.

I.

P R E F A C E

Prefixed to the five first imperfect Editions of the DUNCIAD, in three books, printed at DUBLIN and LONDON, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727.

The PUBLISHER to the READER.

IT will be found a true observation, tho' somewhat surprizing, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or literature, the public in general afford it a most quiet reception; and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: whereas, if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scriblers, bookfellers, and printers whatsoever.

The Publisher.] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to Dungen, "That most judges are of opinion this preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr Swift, who, whether publisher or not, may be said in sort to be author of the poem. For when he, together with Mr Pope, (for reasons specified in the preface to their Miscellanies), determined to own the most trifling pieces in

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with pamphlets; advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr Pope: and

which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power; the first sketch of this Poem was snatched from the fire by Dr Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows:

There was published in these Miscellanies, a Treatise of the Bathos; or, Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part, at random. But such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontroull'd licence of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happiness, that by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to his design.

Pamphlets, advertisements, &c.] See the list of those anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inserted before the Poem.

that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, which by modest computation may be about a hundred thousand in these kingdoms of England and Ireland; (not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the New World, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages;) of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the author of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr Pope's integrity, join'd with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Faither, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem * attacked no man living, who had not before printed, or published, some scandal against this gentleman.

About a hundred thousand.] It is surprising with what simplicity this preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the Laureate (Letter to Mr Pope, p. 9.) "Though I grant the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever was writ; yet, when I read it with those *vain-glorious* encumbrances of notes and remarks upon it, &c.—it is amazing that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a *low avarice of praise*," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others, were the Author's own.)

The Author of the following Poem, &c.] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr Pope himself.

* The Publisher in these words went a little too far; but it is certain, whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such; and the exception is only of

How I came possessed of it, is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly nothing in his style and manner of writing which can distinguish or discover him; for if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr Pope 'tis not improbable but it might be done on purpose with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a labour (not to say affected) *shortness* in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed, that this work was the labour of full six years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures

two or three, whose dulness, impudent scurrility, or self-conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

There is certainly nothing in his style, &c.] This irony had small effect in concealing the Author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole Town gave it to Mr Pope.

The labour of full six years, &c.] This also was honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, preface to Sawney: "We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application: it is no great compliment to the Author's sense, to have employed so large a part of his life," &c. So also Ward, preface to Durgen, "The Dunciad, as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the author six years retirement from all the pleasures of life; though it is somewhat dis-

of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript.

“ O mihi bisseños multum vigilata per annos,

“ Duncia †!”

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem; which with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the *Iliad*, of Virgil the *Æneid*, of Camoens the *Lusiad*, we may pronounce, could have been, and can be no other than

The D U N C I A D.

It is styled *Heroic*, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dar'd to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the *Names* in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others in their niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible that the poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem. I should judge that they were clapp'd in as they

“scult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it “could be so long in hatching,” &c. But the length of time and closeness of application were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it.

They just as well understood what Scriblerus said of the poem.

† The prefacer to *Curl's Key* (p. 3.) took this word to be really in Statius: “By a quibble on the word *Duncia*, the “*Dunciad* is formed.” Mr Ward also follows him in the same opinion.

rose, fresh and fresh, and chang'd from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decypher them; since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judg'd it better to preserve them as they are, than to exchange them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr T. Mr E. Sir R. B. &c. but now all that unjust scandal is saved, by calling him by a name which, by good luck, happens to be that of a real person.

II.

A LIST OF
BOOKS, PAPERS, and VERSES,

In which our Author was abused, before the Publication of the DUNCIAD; with the true Names of the Authors.

REFLECTIONS critical and satirical on a late Rhapsody, called, An Essay on Criticism. By Mr Dennis, printed by B. Lintot, price 6 d.

A New Rehearsal; or, Bays the younger; containing an Examen of Mr Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [by Charles Gildon] printed for J. Roberts, 1714. price 1 s.

Homerides; or, a Letter to Mr Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel. [Tho. Burnet and G. Ducket Esquires] printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9 d.

Æsop at the Bear-garden; a vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6 d.

The Catholic Poet; or, Protestant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs Centlivre, and others, 1715, price 1 d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Ducket Esq. printed by E. Curl.

A complete Key to the What-d' ye-call-it. Anon. [by Griffin a player, supervised by Mr Th—] printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true character of Mr P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. [Dennis] printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3 d.

The Confederates, a farce. By Joseph Gay, [J. D. Breval] printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1 s.

Remarks upon Mr Pope's Translation of Homer; with two Letters concerning the Windfor-Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr Dennis, printed for E. Curl, 1717, price 1 s. 6 d.

Satires on the Translators of Homer, Mr P. and Mr T. Anonym. [Bez. Morris] 1717, price 6 d.

The Triumvirate; or, a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anonym. [Leonard Welsted] 1711, folio, price 1 s.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem. By Tho. Cooke, printed for J. Roberts. Folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anonym. [Eliza Haywood] Octavo, printed in 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in prose. By the author of the Critical History of England. [J. Oldmixon] Octavo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample Preface and Critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. By Jonathan Smedley, printed by J. Roberts. Octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or, an Account of the Writings, Characters, &c. of several Gentlemen libelled by S— and P—, in a late Miscellany. Octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr Pope's Rape of the Lock, in Letters to a Friend. By Mr Dennis; written in 1724, although not printed till 1728. Octavo.

Verſes, Letters, Eſſays, or Adverſifements,
in the public Prints.

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [Writ by M. Concanen.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philomauri. [James-Moore Smith.]

Idem. March 29. A Letter about Therſites; accusing the Author of diſaffection to the Government. By James-Moore Smith.

Miſt's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Eſſay on the Arts of a Poet's ſinking in Reputation; or, A Supplement to the Art of ſinking in Poetry. [Suppoſed by Mr Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By James-Moore Smith.

Flying-Poſt, April 4. A Letter againſt Gulliver and Mr P. [By Mr Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James-Moore Smith.

The Flying-Poſt, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatiſe upon Swift and Pope. By Mr Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the ſame. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Adverſifement by James-Moore Smith.

Flying-Poſt, April 13. Verſes againſt Dr Swift, and againſt Mr P—'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the tranſlation of the character of Therſites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr P. at large. Anonym. [John Dennis.]

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled, A Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements occasioned by Mr Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen. Anonym. octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1 s. Others, of an elder date, having lain as waste paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary booksellers, (in hopes of some possibility of vending a few), by advertising them in this manner:—"The Confederates, " a farce. By Capt. Breval, (for which he was put " into the Dunciad.) An Epilogue to Powel's Puppet-show. By Col. Ducket, (for which he was put " into the Dunciad.) Essays, &c. By Sir Richard " Blackmore. (N. B. It was for a passage of this " book that Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad.)" And so of others.

After the DUNCIAD, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad. Octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9. it was formally declared, " That the complaint of the aforesaid libels " and advertisements was forged and untrue; that " all mouths had been silent, except in Mr Pope's " praise; and nothing against him published, but by " Mr Theobald."]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad; with a Critique on that poem. By J. Ralph, [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after]. Printed for J. Roberts. Octavo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curl, 12mo. price 6 d.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curl, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo. price 6 d.

The Curliad. By the same E. Curl.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same Mr Curl, 12mo. price 6 d. With the metamorphosis of P. into a stinging nettle. By Mr Foxton, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, pr. 6 d.

The Dunciad dissected. By Curl and Mrs Thomas, 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present Times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon. Printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon. Octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr Dennis, dedicated to Theobald. Octavo.

A Supplement to the Profound. Anonym. By Matthew Concanen. Octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long letter, signed W. A. writ by some or other of the club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who, for some time, held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A letter signed Philo-scriblerus, on the name of Pope — Letter to Mr Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. [Bezaleel Morris] against Mr P—. Many other little epigrams about this time in the same papers, by James Moore, and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying-Post, Aug. 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, Aug. 8. Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with Treason.

Durgen: A plain Satire on a pompous Satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana Secunda. Being a Collection of many of the libels in the newspapers, like the former volume, under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9. 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "*Anything which Anybody*" should send as Mr Pope's or Dr Swift's, should be "inserted and published as theirs."

Pope Alexander's Supremacy and Infallibility examined, &c. By George Duckett, and John Dennis, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the ivth chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A paper of verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into *One Epistle*, and was published by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of Dulness and Scandal, folio, 1731.

There have been since published,

Verses on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady [or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-squire.] Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton-Court, [Lord H——y.] Printed for J. Roberts. Folio.

A Letter from Mr Cibber to Mr Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent-Garden. Octavo.

III.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO the FIRST EDITION with Notes,
in Quarto, 1729.

IT will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the DUNCIAD, than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipped into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt, the Author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very *obscurity* of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *secret*, which most people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the *persons* it was judged proper to give some account: for since it is only in this monument that

they must expect to survive (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen ANNE and King GEORGE,) it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, when he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient, barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The imitations of the ancients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them: together with some of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the Poem too much a Cento, our Poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest; and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly valued themselves.

IV.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the First Edition of

The **FOURTH** BOOK of the **DUNCIAD**,
when printed separately in the Year 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the Author of the three first books of the *Dunciad*, that we publish this fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the library of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly shewed it to be not only *incorrect*, but *unfinished*. That the Author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his Poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that *the design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it*: and from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that *the accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad*. But whether or no he be the Author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it than *Tucca* and *Varius* for that of the last six books of the *Æneid*, though perhaps inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete: in which we

also promise to insert any *criticisms* that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the *names* of the *authors*; or any letters sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed, under the title of *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*; which, together with some others of the same kind, formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this Poem.

V.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the complete EDITION of 1743.

I HAVE long had a design of giving some sort of notes on the works of this Poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his Essay on Man, and have since finished another on the Essay on Criticism. There was one already on the Dunciad, which had met with general approbation; but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of Scriblerus, and even to those written by Mr Cleland, Dr Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the Author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving *this Poem*, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a *more considerable hero*. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the hero it had, purely for want of a better, not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this post, as has since obtained the *laurel*: but since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to *him* or the Dunciad.

And yet I will venture to say, there was another

motive which had still more weight with our Author: this person was one who, from every folly (not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a *vanity*; and therefore was the *man in the world who would least be hurt by it.* W. W.

VI.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

Printed in the JOURNALS, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occasion of certain pieces relating to the Gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest, as if they looked upon them as an *abuse*: We can do no less than own it is our opinion, that to call these gentlemen *bad authors* is no sort of *abuse*, but a great *truth*. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no *wit*, or *poet*, provided he procures a certificate of his being really such, from any *three of his companions* in the Dunciad, or from Mr Dennis *singly*, who is esteemed equal to *any three* of the number.

VII.

A

P A R A L L E L
O F T H E
C H A R A C T E R S
O F

Mr DRYDEN and Mr POPE,

As drawn by certain of their Cotemporaries.

Mr D R Y D E N,

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR DRYDEN is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good sense *. A true republican son of monarchical Church †. A republican Atheist ‡. Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοπρόσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue so to the last ||.

In the Poem called Absalom and Ahithophel are notoriously traduced, The KING, the QUEEN, the LORDS and GENTLEMEN, not only their honourable persons exposed, but the whole NATION and

* Milbourn ed. Dr. n^o. V. gil, 8vo. 1698. p. 6.

† Page 38.

‡ Page 192.

|| Page 8.

VII.

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As drawn by certain of their Cotemporaries.

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HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR POPE is an open and mortal enemy to his country, and the commonwealth of learning *. Some call him a Popish Whig, which is directly inconsistent †. Pope, as a Papist, must be a Tory and High flyer ‡. He is both Whig and Tory ||.

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments §.

In his Miscellanies, the persons abused are, The KING, the QUEEN, His late MAJESTY, both Houses

* Dennis Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p. xii.

† Dunciad dissected. ‡ Pref. to Gulliveriana.

‡ Dennis, Character of Mr P.

§ Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.

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* Milbourn ed. Dryden's Virgil, 8vo. 1698. p. 6.

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|| Dennis, Character of Mr P.

§ Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.

its REPRESENTATIVES notoriously libelled. It is *scandalum magnatum*, yea of MAJESTY itself §.

He looks upon God's Gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor ††. His very Christianity may be questioned ††. He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his own reflections on others ††. With as good a right as his Holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility *.

Mr DRYDEN only a Versifier.

His whole libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre §§. Mr Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his Versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only, is a question **.

Mr DRYDEN's VIRGIL.

Tonson calls it *Dryden's Virgil*, to shew that this is not that Virgil so admired in the Augustan age; but a Virgil of another stamp; a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer. None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus carp'd at Virgil †; and none but such unthinking vermin admire his Translator †. It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love—but Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expressions; not an ambling Muse running on carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket racer.—He has numberless faults in his Author's meaning, and in propriety of expression ††.

§ Whip and Key, 4to, printed for R. Janeway, 1682, Pref.
 †† Ibid. †† Milbourn, p. 9. †† Ibid. p. 175. * Page 39. §§ Whip and Key, Pref. ** Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 84. † Milbourn, p. 2. † Page 35. † Page 22, and 192.

of PARLIAMENT, the Privy-Council, the Bench of BISHOPS, the established CHURCH, the present MINISTRY, &c. To make sense of some passages, they must be construed into ROYAL SCANDAL **.

He is a Popish rhymster, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred Writings *. His religion allows him to destroy Heretics, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed Popish principles †. It deserved vengeance to suggest, that Mr Pope had less infallibility than his namesake at Rome ‡.

Mr POPE only a Versifier.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit ||. It must be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse §.

Mr POPE'S HOMER.

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some bog for his Hippocrene §§. He has no admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge |||.

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either genius or good sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish

** List, at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8vo. Printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the Preface to it, p. 6. * Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p.

27. † Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11. ‡ Dedication to the Collection of Verses, Letters, &c. p. 9. || Milt's Journal of June 8, 1728. § Character of Mr P. and Dennis on Hom. §§ Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p.

12. ||| Ib. p. 14.

Mr DRYDEN understood no Greek nor Latin.

Mr Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster school: Dr Busby would have whipt him for so childish a Paraphrase |||. The meanest pedant in England would whip a lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly §§. The Translator is mad, every line betrays his stupidity **. The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr Dryden did not, or would not understand his Author ††. This shews how fit Mr D. may be to translate *Homer*! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the Printer well enough, but *ἐχάρ* for *ἰχάρ*, must be the error of the Author: nor had he art enough to correct it at the press ††. Mr Dryden writes for the Court Ladies—He writes for the Ladies, and not for use |||.

The Translator puts in a little burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated Subscribers §.

Mr DRYDEN trick'd his Subscribers.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unsuitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking! A man ought to value his Reputation more than Money; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be imposed upon, merely by a partially and unseasonably celebrated Name *. *Poetis quidlibet audendi*, shall be Mr Dryden's motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets †.

Names bestowed on Mr DRYDEN.

An APE.] A crafty ape dress'd up in a gawdy gown—Whips put into an ape's paw, to play pranks with—None but apish and Papish brats will heed him ‡.

||| Milbourn, p. 72. §§ Pag. 203. ** Pag. 78.

†† Pag. 206. †† Pag. 19. ||| Pag. 144, 190.

§ Pag. 67. * Pag. 192. † Pag. 125.

‡ Whip and Key, Pref.

Homer, are the beauties of his diction and the harmony of his versification—But this little author, who is so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions ††.

Mr POPE understood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little §§. I wonder how this Gentleman would look, should it be discovered, that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of Homer with justice to the Poet; and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not understanding Greek **. He has stuck so little to his Original, as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question †. I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's excellencies which has so delighted the Ladies, and the Gentlemen who judge like Ladies ‡.

But he has a notable talent at burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqued Homer without designing it |||.

Mr POPE trick'd his Subscribers.

'Tis indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work: but 'tis too late to dissuade, by demonstrating the madness of the project. The Subscribers' expectations have been raised in proportion to what their pockets have been drained of §. Pope has been concerned in jobs, and hired out his name to booksellers *.

Names bestowed on Mr POPE.

[An APE.] Let us take the initial letter of his

†† Character of Mr P. p. 17. and Remarks on Hom. p. 91.

§§ Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12. ** Daily Jour.

April 23, 1728. † Suppl. to the Profound, Pref. ‡ Old-

mix. n, Essay on Criticism, p. 66. ||| Dennis's Remarks, p.

2. § Homeride, p. 1. &c. * British Journ. Nov. 25, 1727.

AN ASS.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all ||.

A FROG.] Poet Squab, endued with the Poet Maro's spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an ox §.

A COWARD.] A Clinias or a Damatas, or a man of Mr Dryden's own courage *.

A KNAVE.] Mr Dryden has heard of Paul, the Knave of Jesus Christ: and, if I mistake not, I've read somewhere of John Dryden, servant to his Majesty †.

A FOOL.] Had he not been such a self-conceited fool ‡.—Some great Poets are positive blockheads ||.

A THING.] So little a Thing as Mr Dryden §§.

- ¶ Milb. p. 105. § P. 11. * Pag. 176. † P. 57.

‡ Whip and Key, Pr. || Milb. p. 34. §§ Ibid. p. 35.

Christian name, and initial and final letters of his surname, viz. A. P. E. and they give you the same idea of an ape as his face ††, &c.

An Ass.] It is my duty to pull off the lion's skin from this little ass ††.

A FROG.] A squab short Gentleman—a little creature that, like the frog in the fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an ox ††.

A COWARD.] A lurking, way-laying coward §§.

A KNAVE.] He is one whom God and Nature have marked for want of common honesty §.

A FOOL.] Great fools will be christened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called Homer †.

A THING.] A little abject Thing †.

†† Dennis, Daily Journal, May 11, 1728.

§§ Dennis's Rem. on Hom. Pref. §§ Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p. 9. §§ Char. of Mr P. p. 3. § Ibid. † Dennis's Rem. on Homer, p. 37. † Ibid. p. 2.

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